The Saturday Evening
POST
September 12, 1959 — 15¢

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PIGSKIN PREVIEW

Are British Schools Better Than Ours?

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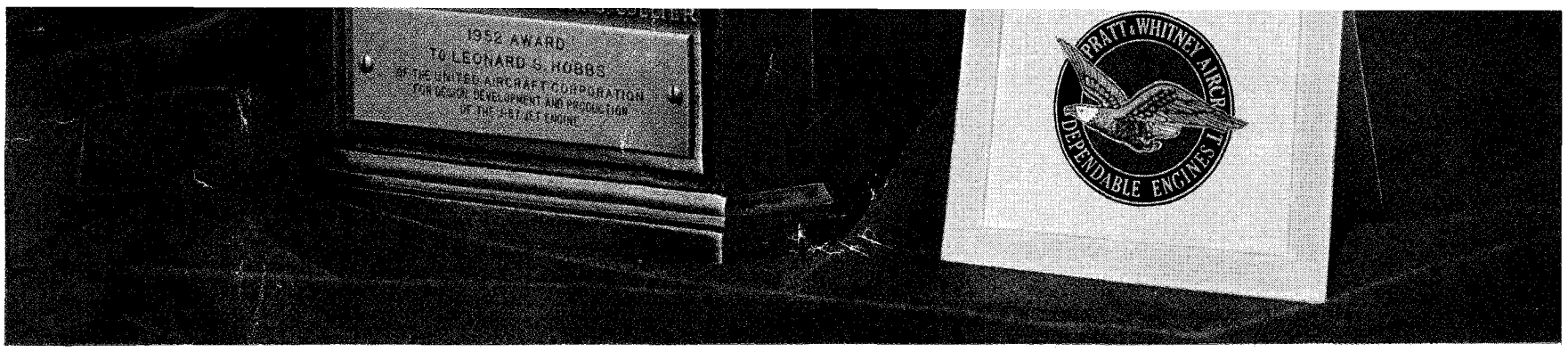

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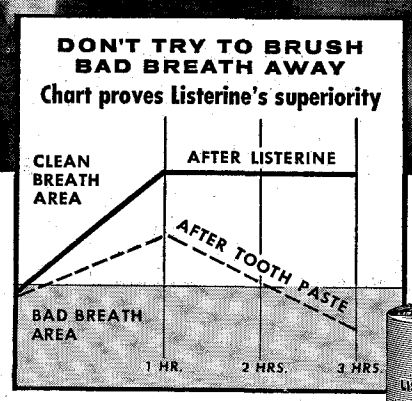

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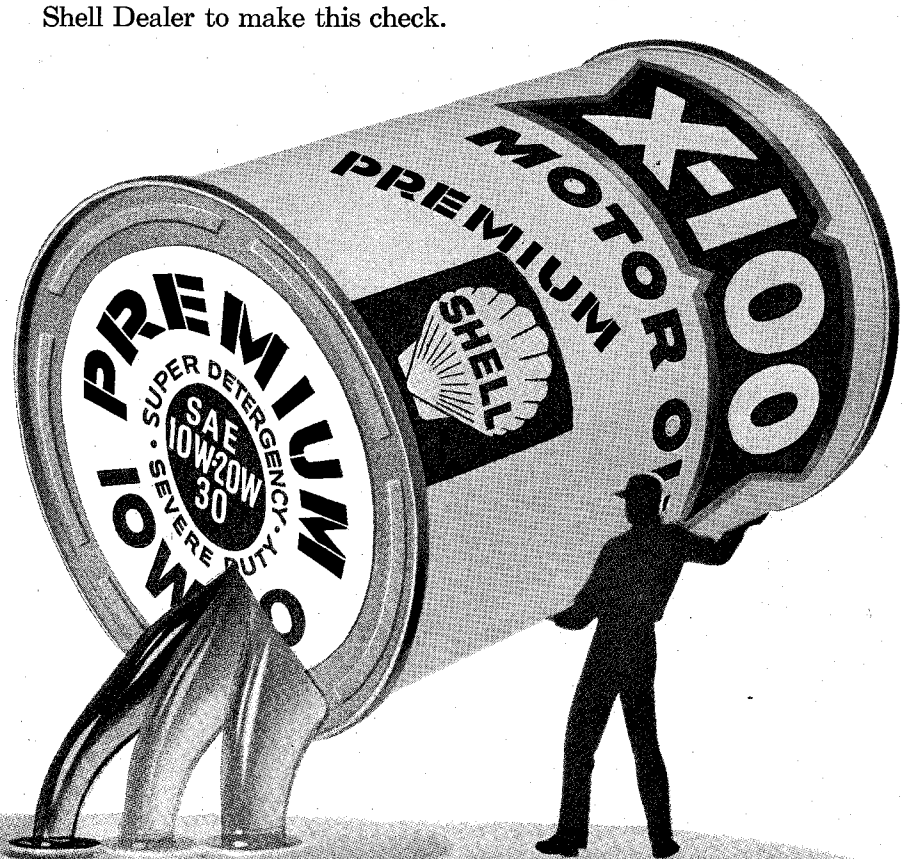

SHELL

It's 3 Motor Oils in 1

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THE COVER

Ah-h-h, this beautiful moment, this sublime hour, this whole exquisite day! Doesn't mother love her children? They are a joy to her, and her love encompasses all the work and care, the headaches and the pains in the neck that accrue to such joy. Nevertheless, ah-h-h! In mother's ears is a faint, faraway ringing—would it be an echo of the youthful din that has dinned in her ears all summer, or does she think she hears what she is merely imagining, a school bell ringing? Anyway, peace. A dive onto the divan. A blessed wiggling of liberated toes. Coffee—and if she doesn't drink some in a hurry, she'll fall asleep and spill it. The husband of artist Amos Sewell's pretty lady won't find her here when he returns from work; long before that the children will come thundering in.

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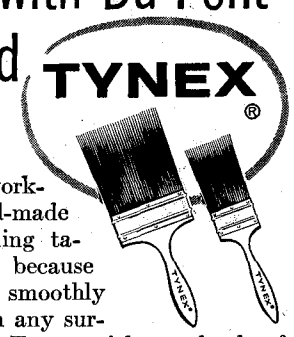

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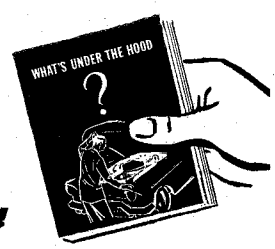

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Letters

Our Softening Servicemen

Dear Sirs:

Hanson W. Baldwin's OUR FIGHTING MEN HAVE GONE SOFT, in your August 8 edition, makes him a worthy candidate for the position of Secretary of Defense.

COL. WILLIAM O. EARECKSON, USAF (*Ret.*)
Sarasota, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Articles such as this make our good fighting men wonder if their fellow citizens are worth fighting for.

BERNICE VOLLICK
Webster, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Baldwin's article relates conditions only too well known to our military leaders. It will require an "All Hands" effort to reverse the trends—"All Hands" meaning the military leaders, the Congress and the people.

FLEET ADM. CHESTER W. NIMITZ, USN
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I have a very high regard for Mr. Baldwin's opinions and I can assure you that it is my intention to introduce legislation to correct some of the deficiencies he has noted.

CARL VINSON, *Chairman*
Committee on Armed Services
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

This is a letter from a "mom"—but a mom with a difference.

At the time my son completed his basic training, I wrote a letter of thanks to the commanding officer who had sent back for his last visit home a slim, trim lad who looked self-confident and completely at peace with himself.

But a peacetime tour of duty in Europe resulted in a young man twenty pounds overweight, who after five years is still struggling to regain the mental and physical alertness which had once been his. In one and a half years on duty in Europe, the lads at his post were taken out on maneuvers twice. There was neither daily drill nor morning sitting-up exercises. . . .

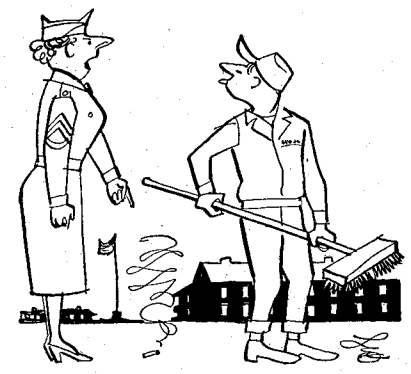
One mother told me she cried when she saw her son come waddling up the path to their house, after peacetime service in Japan. . . .

I am not a fire-eater. I think war insane as a means of securing any good. But as long as there are those who use arms to take our freedom, we have the right to see men and equipment fully prepared for such attack. So prepared, the threat need not eventuate. God bless Hanson Baldwin!

MRS. A. W. GODFREY
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Baldwin overlooked the biggest thing wrong with the American male—the American female. . . .



The only way we will ever develop in our fighting men the fine qualities outlined in the article is to go all the way back to the basic unit of our society, the family unit, and give the leadership back to the man.

PAT HEALEY
Deer Lodge, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Baldwin failed to include the great impact of modern weaponry. Justifying training to kill-the-man-trying-to-kill-you is one thing; preparing to fire nuclear weapons of mass destructive power, on combatants and civilians alike, is another. Mr. Baldwin will find a great many young men who cannot reconcile the latter with the training of church, school or home.

PFC. DWIGHT CLARK, USA
Fort Ord, Calif.

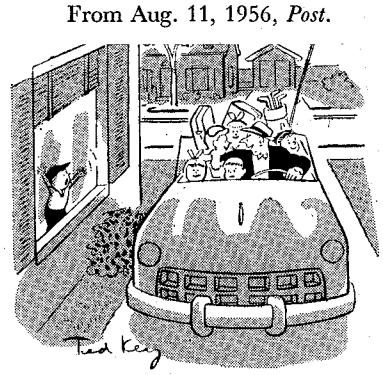
Dear Sirs:

In a most contradictory fashion Mr. Baldwin speaks of the values of integration and then goes on to say, "It certainly has not increased—and has probably reduced—over-all combat effectiveness; and it has posed some major morale prob-

(Continued on Page 6)

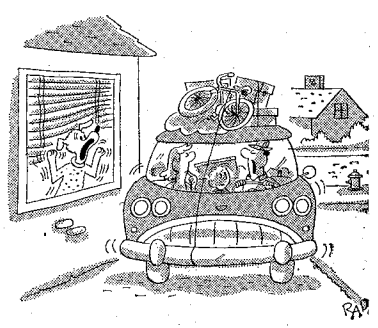
FORGETFUL

From Aug. 11, 1956, *Post.*



"Think. You're sure you haven't forgotten anything?"

From July 18, 1959, *Post.*



"Think—did we forget anything?"

Dear Sirs:

Please *think* before you print version No. 3. (Nos. 1 and 2 weren't very funny.)

MARY HELEN RICHARDS
Kingston, Ontario

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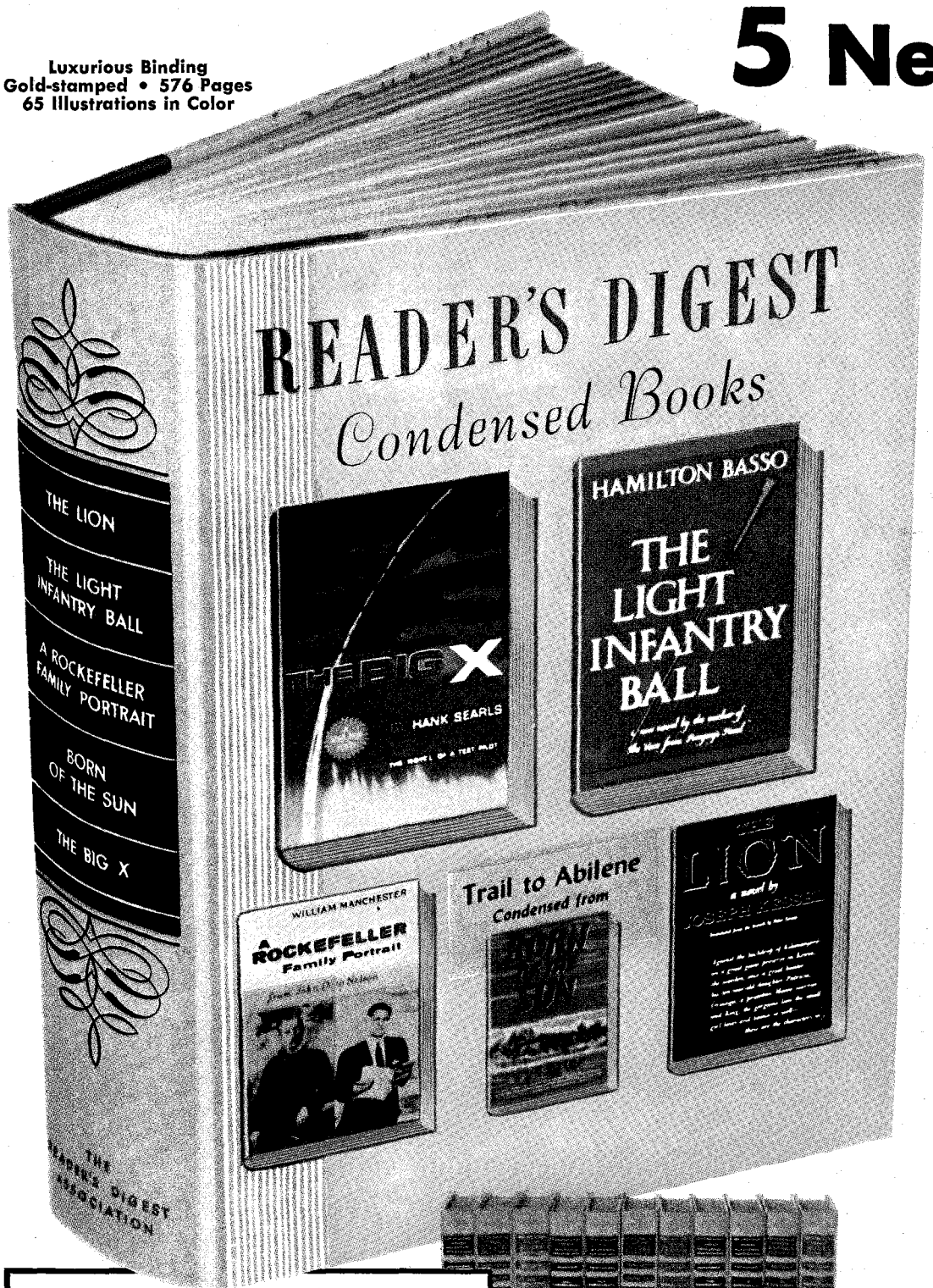

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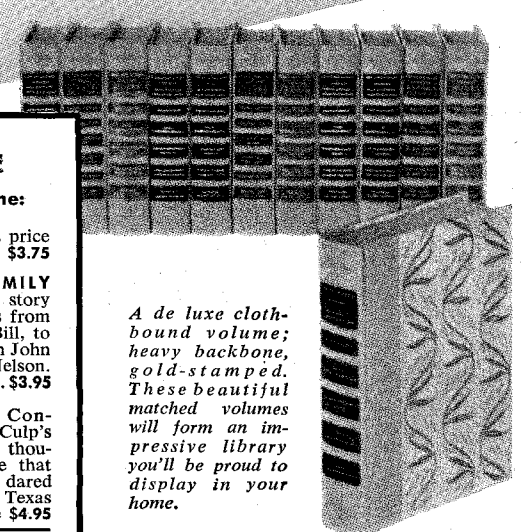

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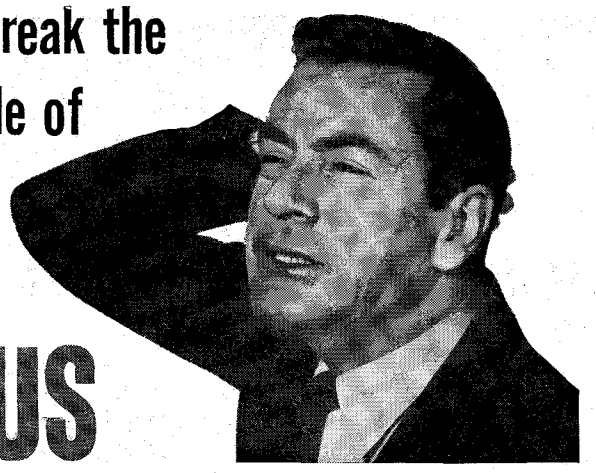
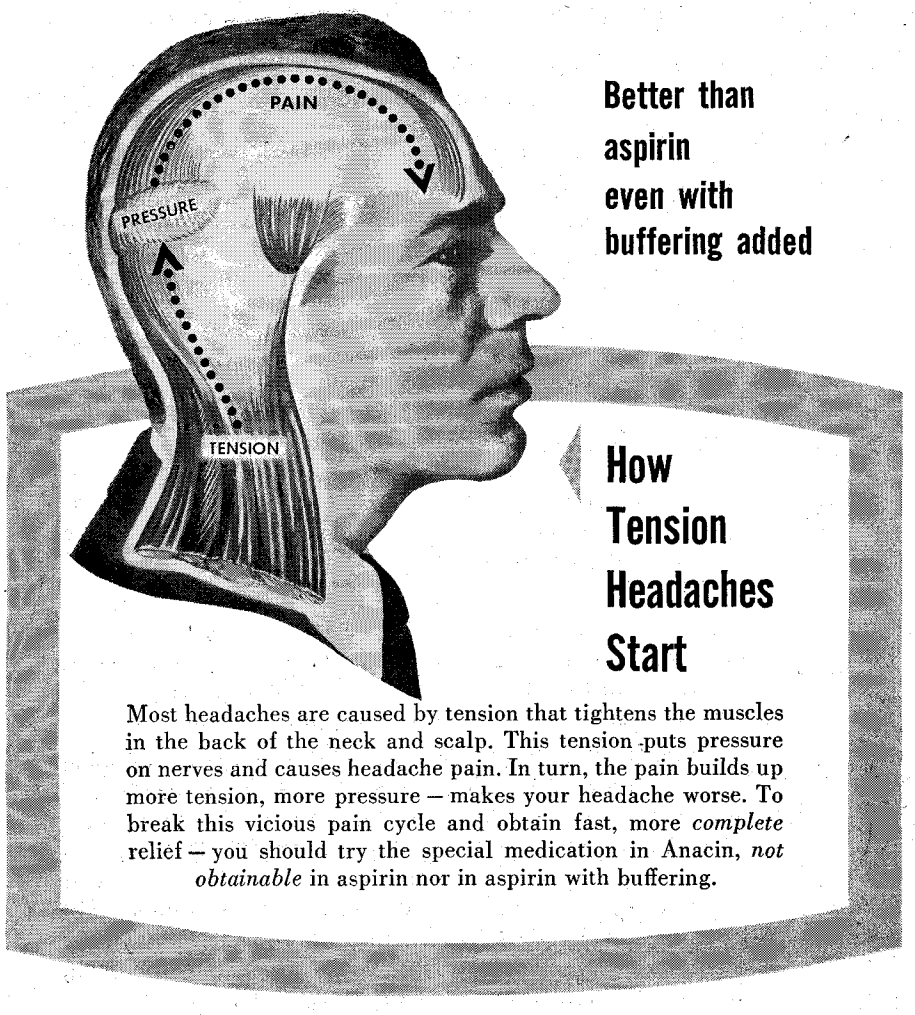


NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHE



Better than aspirin even with buffering added

How Tension Headaches Start

Most headaches are caused by tension that tightens the muscles in the back of the neck and scalp. This tension puts pressure on nerves and causes headache pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure – makes your headache worse. To break this vicious pain cycle and obtain fast, more *complete* relief – you should try the special medication in Anacin, *not obtainable* in aspirin nor in aspirin with buffering.

ANACIN® relaxes tension

● releases pressure ● relieves pain fast

Tension headaches need the *extra* medication in Anacin. So why limit yourself to aspirin or buffered aspirin which contains *only one* pain reliever and has *no* special medication to relax your tension? Anacin is a special *combination* of medically approved ingredients which 3 out of 4 doctors recommend for pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Anacin Tablets give a better TOTAL effect in pain relief because they relax tension, release pressure and relieve pain fast. They break up the vicious pain cycle! Safer, too. Anacin does not upset your stomach. See if Anacin doesn't *work better* for you.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in ····

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

lems." I wonder what those problems are. Mr. Baldwin gives no elaboration of his statement. If they are merely the problems of human beings coming to understand each other, then it is high time all of us meet these problems head on and solve them.

REV. OLIVER T. CHAPIN, *Chaplain*
The Protestant Chaplaincy of Bellevue Hospital
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

If the American Negro survives the crucible through which he and his children must pass each day of their lives, beset by bombs here and by literary stilettos there, he could become, ironically, the Baldwin-sought Spartan.

ROY WILKINS
Executive Secretary, N.A.A.C.P.
New York, N. Y.

Saturday Evening Swat

Dear Sirs:

Thank you very much for enabling me to buy every week or so a new issue of *The S.E.P.* It's a really wonderful weekly, for where else do you get 100 . . . pages made of good, shining, heavy paper, filled with gaily coloured advertisements, well-thought articles and enlightening stories, to kill gnats with? . . . .

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If all your 50 states are crowded with those little monsters, too, just tell your compatriots about my method. I'm sure it will highly stimulate the sell of your paper.

BEN J. STAM
Krimpen, Holland

Unfair?

Dear Sirs:

In our opinion your article of August 8, DANGER: BOSS LADY AT WORK [by Peter Wyden] does great injustice to Mrs. [Olive Ann] Beech and to Wichita. After close association with her for more than twenty years I would characterize her as kind, considerate, intelligent, capable, and a lady of generosity and refinement. The article also fails to mention even a few of her many contributions to the community, such as president of United Fund, member of University of Wichita Development Board, director of Chamber of Commerce, president of Soroptimist Club. As a director of this bank I regard her highly . . . and regret that the article does not portray her as she is.

A. W. KINCADE, *President and Chairman*
Fourth National Bank
Wichita, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

It appears to be a most prejudiced and unfair article by a man who cannot tolerate a woman's success.

MRS. J. H. SPINES
Wichita, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Your article about Mrs. Beech was interesting, not so much for its content (much of which is pretty well known to us in Wichita), but for its "slants". . . .

Mrs. Beech has many facets. She is a kind and gracious person socially, a good mother and she has her own cultural and recreational life that is distinctly hers. Those who know her, like her. The majority of people in Wichita respect her.

Unfortunately, she suffers a fate that every good woman executive must suffer: The "executive" role seems out of character for a woman. We are used to men as top executives. We do not criticize the male executive for his impatience (wanting things yesterday) or his realization that neither friendship nor soft-heartedness justifies a bad business decision in the eyes of the stockholders or employees. . . .

But America has not yet reached the point at which these traits are accepted in a woman. They seem foreign to our stereotypes of womanhood. In my work as an industrial psychologist and personnel consultant I have yet to find a capable woman executive who was not thought of as somewhat "mean" or "hard" by those around her. In their private lives they may be very feminine, but they have the faculty of being "all business" when they enter their offices. . . .

Mrs. Beech: woman and executive.

Your reporter got mixed up a little. He could not separate the woman executive from the woman. Mrs. Beech does a good job of being both and is in good character in each role.

BENTLEY BARNABAS
Wichita, Kans.

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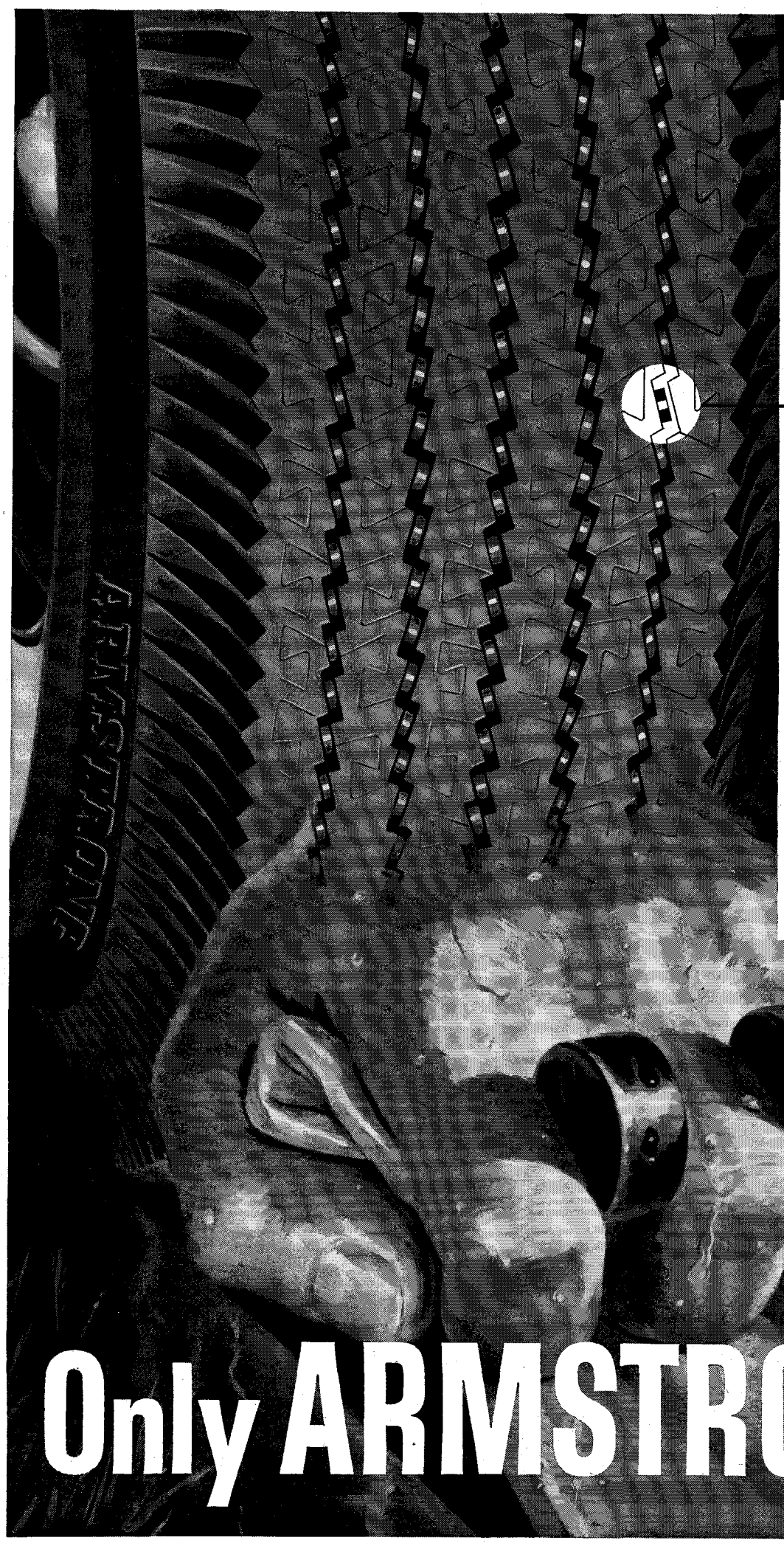
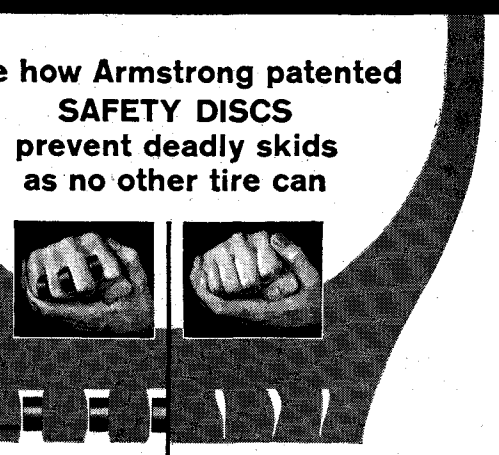


See how Armstrong patented SAFETY DISCS prevent deadly skids as no other tire can



ARMSTRONG TIRES
Safety Discs Keep Tread Open

Over 1,000 Safety Discs, molded between the tread ribs, keep the tread edges apart, always ready to grip, prevent skids. Like the fingers of the fist above, the tread can't squeeze shut, even under heaviest braking pressure.

ORDINARY TIRES
No Discs—Tread Squeezes Shut

Like the fist above, ordinary tires can squeeze shut under braking pressure. Tread's gripping edges are pushed together, can't "bite" the road. Even brand new tires can squeeze smooth and slippery this way—and suddenly you skid.

EXTRA SAFETY AT NO EXTRA COST! Armstrong "Miracle" Tires give you unmatched protection against today's commonest hazard, skids. They keep you safer on any road, at any speed, in any weather — yet cost no more. And compare the guarantee you get on these rugged tires! Look in the Yellow Pages for your nearest Armstrong Tire dealer. See him soon. Armstrong Rubber Co., West Haven, Conn.

Makers of Armstrong Pure-Foam for furniture and bedding

ARMSTRONG TIRES

Only ARMSTRONG has it!

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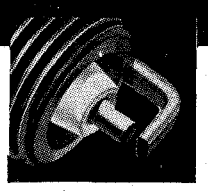

AT LOW SPEEDS—some spark plugs foul quickly. POWER TIP gets hot fast and stays hot to prevent fouling. Harmful deposits are burned away *clean*.

AUTO-LITE RESISTOR SPARK PLUGS WITH POWER TIP

Auto-Lite, the only spark plug in the world with genuine POWER TIP, is the first spark plug ignition-engineered to deliver peak performance and economy in today's high-horsepower engines at all speeds!

Like most drivers, you probably do a lot of "variable-speed" driving. Sometimes you creep at traffic-jam speeds using only 10 per cent of your engine power. This kind of driving quickly tends to foul ordinary spark plugs. At other times you're free to "open her up" on the highway. But at high speeds, overheating of ordinary spark plugs will rob you of engine power and can lead to destructive pre-ignition. Now you can "fire up" your car for top performance and economy at *all speeds* with Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs with Power Tip.

Ask your garage or service station to install Auto-Lite . . . the only spark plugs with Power Tip . . . and start enjoying top performance and economy from your car today.

*Power Tip, with or without Resistor, is ignition-engineered for overhead-valve V-8 engines and for most overhead-valve 6-cylinder engines in all these cars—Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, De Soto, Dodge, Edsel, Ford, Hudson, Imperial, Lincoln, Mercury, Nash, Oldsmobile, Packard, Plymouth, Pontiac, Rambler, Studebaker.

AUTO-LITE® RESISTOR SPARK PLUGS WITH **POWER TIP**

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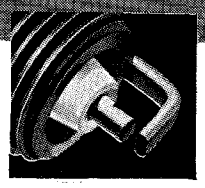
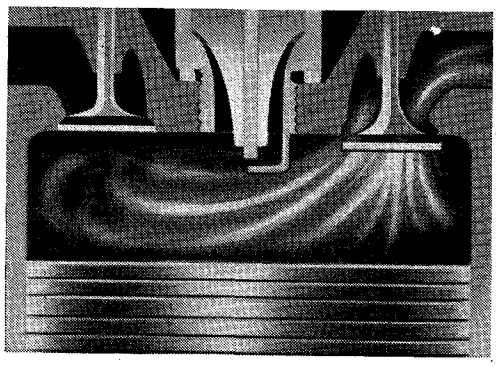
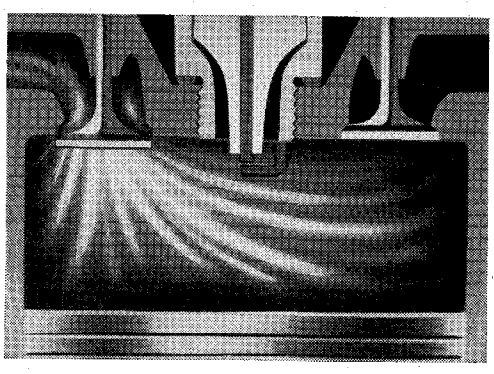


AT HIGH SPEEDS—some spark plugs overheat and pre-ignite the fuel. But POWER TIP stays cooler to effectively check engine-damaging pre-ignition.

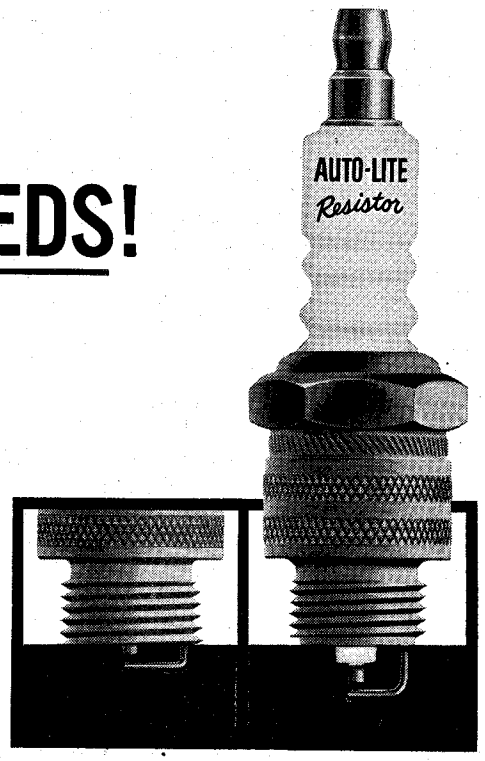
FIRE UP" YOUR ENGINE* AT ALL SPEEDS!



POWER TIP IS HOT AT LOW SPEEDS! At low speeds, the projecting Power Tip is in the thick of combustion where it gets hot quicker and stays hot to burn fouling deposits away *clean*.



POWER TIP IS COOL AT HIGHER SPEEDS! At higher speeds, the projecting tip is in the path of the incoming air-fuel mixture where it stays cooler to effectively *check* engine-damaging pre-ignition.



Ordinary Plug Power Tip

LOOK FOR THE PROJECTING POWER TIP . . . it cleans itself while you drive!

★ LISTEN TO NBC "NEWS ON THE HOUR" BROUGHT TO YOU BY AUTO-LITE, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, 7 A.M. TO 11 P.M

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Editorials

Will Ours Be the "Century of Homeless People"?

One of the heartbreaking tragedies of our "brave new world" is the multitude of people who never can go home. There always have been refugees, but today's bitter ideological revolutions combine with ancient racial and nationalistic grudges to produce an unprecedented constant population of "stateless persons." The United Nations estimates that since World War I at least 130,000,000 people have fled or been driven from their homelands. As many as 50,000,000 of these date from World War II. Of course, millions of refugees have been located in new countries by private agencies, governments, relatives and friends. But there remains a minimum of 2,000,000 refugees still in camps and hostels gloomily awaiting the chance to begin life over again—or to die.

The United Nations has undertaken the Gargantuan task of cleaning up this refugee situation all in one year. The year began on July first and already has a name—World Refugee Year, a sort of switch on the recent International Geophysical Year. The United States is expected to contribute $10,000,000 to help finance this project and also to admit a new lot of refugees over and above national quotas—probably 20,000. Most refugees can be settled where they are, but that takes capital too. In areas which have an unemployment problem it is useless to expect a hearty welcome for more people.

Presumably Congress will authorize some part of America's allotted share in this mission, but whatever we do should not be undertaken with the idea in mind that this will take care of the refugee business for good and all. West Germany will continue to receive thousands of East German refugees as long as the Communist tyranny persists. Recent arrivals include an increasingly large proportion of professional people. Red China is bursting with potential refugees who would dash for the border in a minute if they could make it. Thousands do. In Indochina more refugees every month flee Red North Vietnam for free South Vietnam. Jewish refugees from Iraq, Yemen and North Africa crowd Israel, and nearly a million Arabs, refugees from Palestine, squat hopelessly just outside their homeland. As hubbub rises in Latin America we shall doubtless soon see a new crop of dissenters fleeing the wrath to come in that part of the western world.

When one considers the means now available to make life more than tolerable for all peoples—if they didn't hate one another—one is tempted to go along with the old hymn which described one of these affected areas as a place where "every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

However discouraging the outlook, the immediate need is to move to solve as much of the problem as we can. Writing in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, Morley Cassidy, who has spent a lot of time in refugee-producing areas, put it this way. "Take one refugee, or a pair of them, and you've got a novel that will set the whole world weeping. . . . But take 2,000,000 refugees, and what have you got? You've got a statistic." Few people pause to commiserate with a statistic, unless it is dramatized by Hollywood.

Perhaps during the World Refugee Year all that will be changed, and hardness of heart will be abolished—anyway, by enough of us to make a dent in this tragic mass of despair.

Blabbermouths Can Be of Real Help to Red Propaganda

There are beneficial aspects to exchanges of delegations and tourists between the United States and the Soviet Union, but chance remarks by unthinking Americans can supply the Soviet propaganda mill with some of its best kernels.

Because a Russian acquaintance smiles and speaks English which the American incorrectly believes to have the same meanings as his, the American assumes that casual conversation is as harmless as Rotary-club chitchat. That assumption has an error of only 180 degrees. Here are authentic examples:

A naval reservist who served on the hazardous supply run to Murmansk and was decorated by both the United States and Soviet governments attended a small social affair for members of a visiting Soviet trade mission. Warming to general conversation with the Russians, the American said lightly that he did not believe the United States Government "allowed its people to learn the true story of the Soviet Union."

The night after the first contingent of the trade mission reached home, Radio Moscow had an "interview" with one of them. He quoted the former United States naval officer to indicate the existence of censorship in the U.S.A.

Riding in an Intourist sight-seeing bus in Moscow, accompanied by the normal Soviet escort, an American facetiously asked a staff member of Radio Moscow where the "red-light" district was. When the Soviet propagandist understood the slang term, he declared, "We have no such thing. There is no prostitution in Russia." Instead of dropping the subject, the American sighed and said, "I wish we could do something about it in our country. It's terrible." The radioman's highly efficient, portable tape recorder was grinding away.

The men's class of an American church, conducting an "International Brotherhood" Sunday service, invited persons of other nationalities, including a visiting Soviet group, to attend. Part of the program was songs by a Negro quartet. After the singers departed with profuse thanks and handshakes, the program chairman killed time waiting for the next event by telling two stories with Negroes as butts of the jokes. The Russian visitors commented audibly on this episode while writing in their notebooks.

These cases are cited to illustrate the vast difference between conduct acceptable in a country accustomed to levity and personal freedom of speech and a dictatorship where skillful propagandists are always on the alert for chance admissions or thoughtless gags that can be used against us.

Hawaii Can Sponsor Seminars as Well as Beauty Contests

Most people know Hawaii as a meeting place of races. Only a few, chiefly those who read the Honolulu newspapers, know of it also as a meeting place of minds.

This past summer, while the people of Hawaii were voting seventeen to one for statehood, and mainland coeds were sun-tanning on the beach at Waikiki, the University of Hawaii was holding an East-West Philosophers' Conference, attended by some of the outstanding thinkers of the United States, Europe, Africa and Asia. No brief, perfunctory meeting, it involved six weeks of cerebration on the most difficult problems of philosophy and religion.

What augurs well for our new state is not merely that such a conference was held but that the public attended so numerously that the largest halls were filled, and many had to watch the sages on closed-circuit TV in adjoining rooms and courtyards. Moreover, discussions of such subjects as "The Indian Approach to the Religious Problem" and "Islam and Spiritual Values" were fully covered each day in Honolulu's newspapers—and often hit the front page.

Climaxing the conference, honorary degrees were conferred upon three distinguished philosophers, one each from Japan, Nationalist China and India. They were rewarded not for having given the university a building, but for having provided a glimpse of a brilliant mind at work.

So our newest state honors one of the oldest studies—the search for the basic truths underlying all knowledge and being. And while Henry Kaiser plans new industries for the Islands, a Honolulu newspaper gives page-one space to such a statement as this, by Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan of India: "History is not always made by tumult and applause. Most often it is made silently, as a tree grows."

Can it be that the fabulous lost island of Atlantis—mentioned by Plato and other ancient writers—which sank into the sea somewhere west of Gibraltar, has reappeared in the Pacific?

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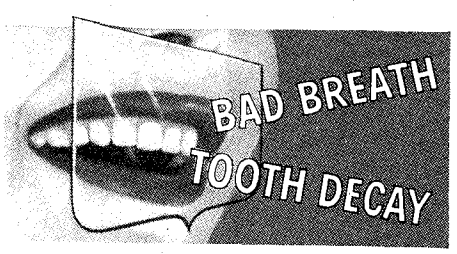
Stop Bad Breath with Colgate

WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Brushing with Colgate helps give the surest protection all day long! Because of all leading toothpastes, only Colgate contains Gardol!

FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY!



COLGATE WITH GARDOL FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY

Colgate with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,† only Colgate contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day. Colgate stops mouth odor all day for most people, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. And remember! Nothing takes the place of brushing—and nothing brushes better than Colgate!

World's Largest Selling Toothpaste

31¢ 53¢ 69¢ 83¢ 98¢

†TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE...GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE. ©1959, COLGATE-PALMOLIVE COMPANY

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

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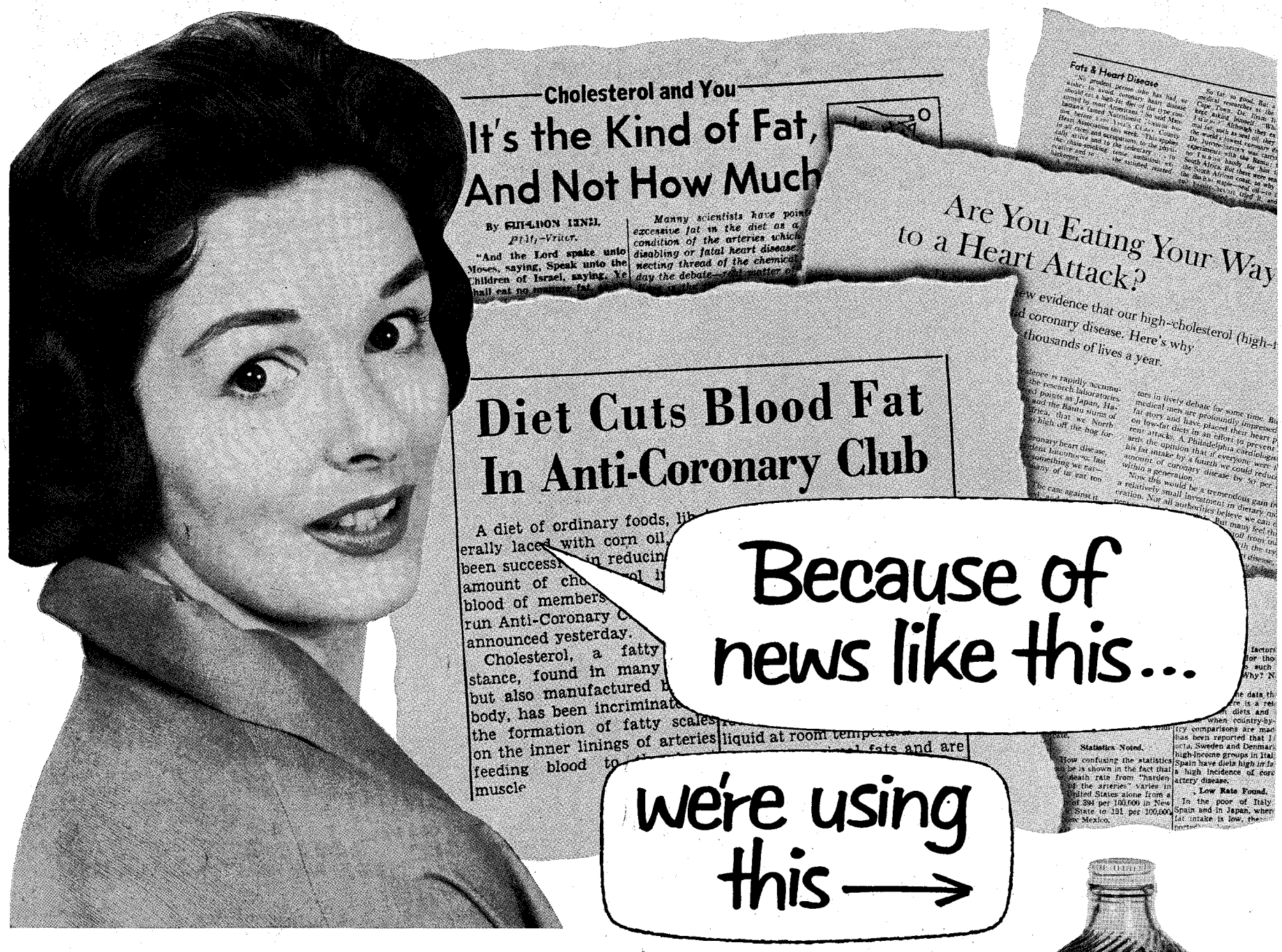
SCIENCE FINDS CORN OIL IMPORTANT TO HEALTH


Cholesterol and You
It's the Kind of Fat, And Not How Much
By SHELDON LEWIS
Staff-Writer.
"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the Children of Israel, saying, Ye shall eat no
Many scientists have point
excessive fat in the diet as a
condition of the arteries which
disabling or fatal heart disease.
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Diet Cuts Blood Fat In Anti-Coronary Club
A diet of ordinary foods, lib
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Are You Eating Your Way to a Heart Attack?
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d coronary disease. Here's why
thousands of lives a year.
Fats & Heart Disease
Statistics Noted.
Low Rate Found.
Because of news like this...
we're using this →

of all leading U.S. brands only MAZOLA® is pure corn oil!

unsaturated, not hydrogenated... lowers cholesterol levels...

More and more, scientific studies demonstrate that Mazola Corn Oil lowers cholesterol levels in the blood stream . . . considered important in both the prevention and treatment of heart disease.

Because Mazola is *unsaturated, not hydrogenated*—so rich in "L-plus" factor, many doctors recommend it be included in daily meals . . . replacing a substantial portion of the fats we now eat. There are many delicious ways to enjoy Mazola . . . and its health benefits. Just use Mazola in salad dressings, for frying and cooking . . . as a shortening.

Rich in The "L-plus" factor

The desirable effect of corn oil in decreasing the amount of cholesterol in the blood has been demonstrated repeatedly.

Doctors believe that the combination of natural substances present in corn oil brings about this desirable effect. For brevity, we call this combination (including Linoleates) the "L-plus" factor. Mazola Corn Oil has a very high "L-plus" factor content.

Since the body cannot make the complete "L-plus" factor, it should be provided regularly in daily meals.

CORN PRODUCTS COMPANY

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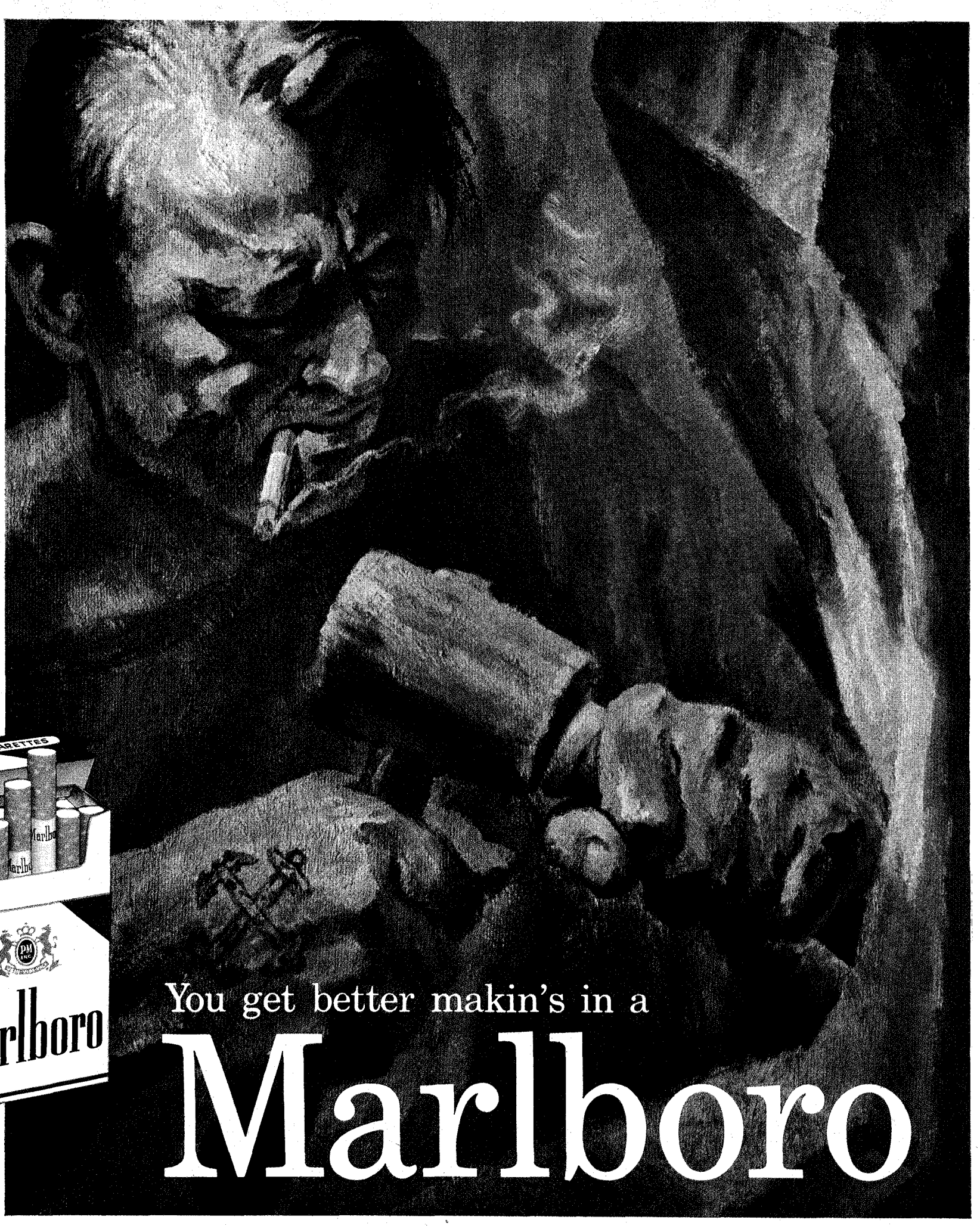
September 12, 1959

The better the makin's, the better the smoke



You get better makin's in a

Marlboro

Also in King-Size soft pack.

Sold and enjoyed in all the 50 states.

If you're thinking of changing brands, tattoo this in your mind... Marlboro's exclusive *Filter-Flavor Formula* gives you flavor you can get hold of. The improved Marlboro filter does what it's there for... You're smoking better when it's Marlboro.

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Firestone proves why in the 7 toughest types

Test-proved Firestone Rubber-X* is the best-proved material in tires. In seven punishing types of testing —on speedways, turnpikes and proving grounds, in city driving, on gravel and dirt by-paths, over twisting mountain grades and on roasting desert roads—only Firestones are tough enough to pass all blazing trials of speed, stamina and mileage. Firestone's seven types of testing combine world-wide research on every conceivable type of road in every kind of weather, with scientific testing in Firestone's own chemical and physical laboratories and on Firestone's 170-m.p.h. test-track, the fastest in the world. To measure Firestones for safety, stability, mileage and other factors that affect your driving, engineers, technician

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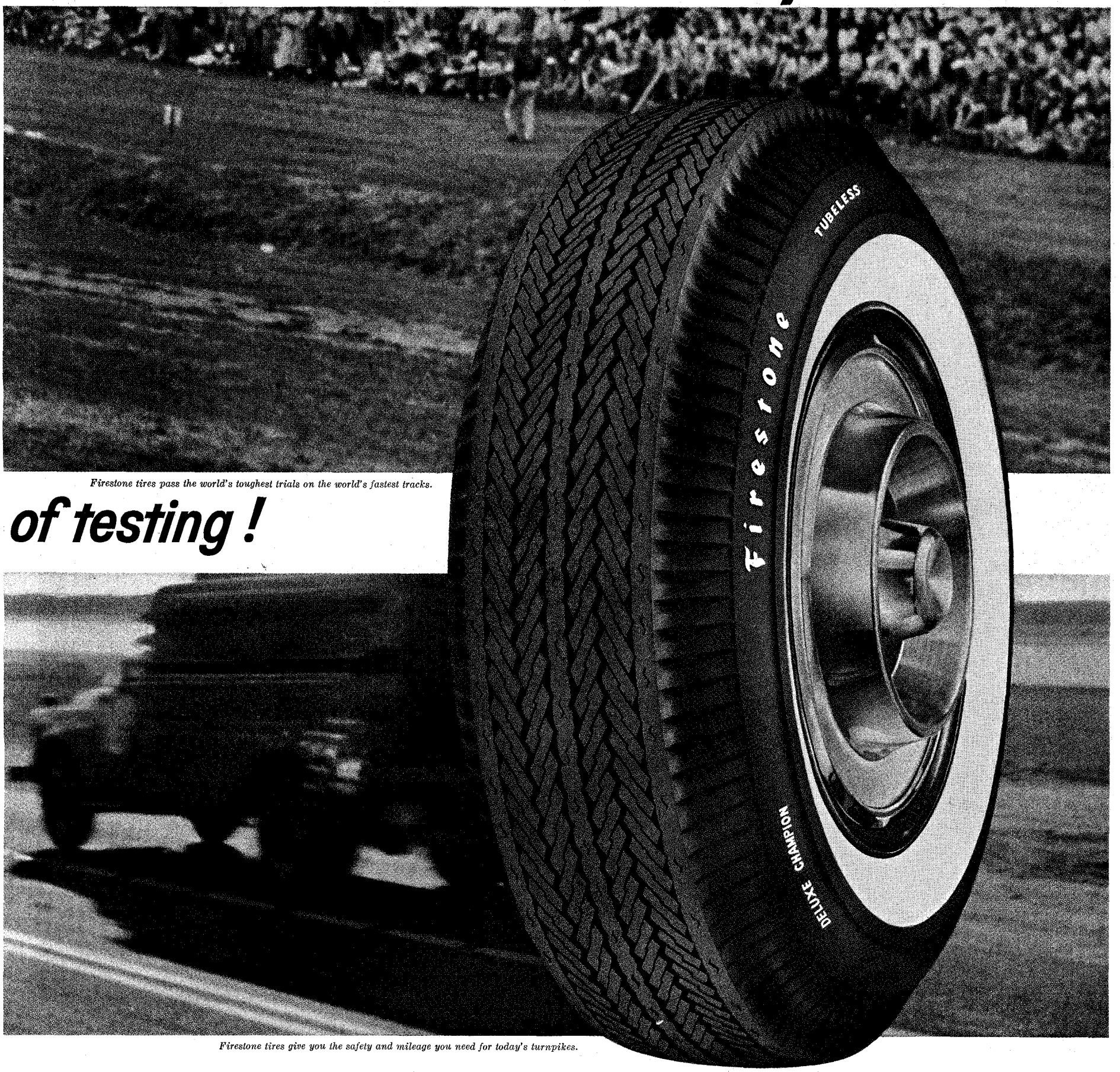
AND TURNPIKES, TOO !



Firestone tires pass the world's toughest trials on the world's fastest tracks.

of testing !

Firestone tires give you the safety and mileage you need for today's turnpikes.

and test-drivers run them millions of miles under conditions far more punishing than you will ever meet in normal driving. Such research helped to bring you tire improvements like speedway-proved S/F (Safety-Fortified) cord—and Firestone Rubber-X, the longest-wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires. Since it costs no more to get test-proved, best-proved Firestone tires, why take less or pay more? Buy them, on convenient terms if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Copyright 1959, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

**Firestone Rubber-X is compounded specifically for each type of Firestone tire*

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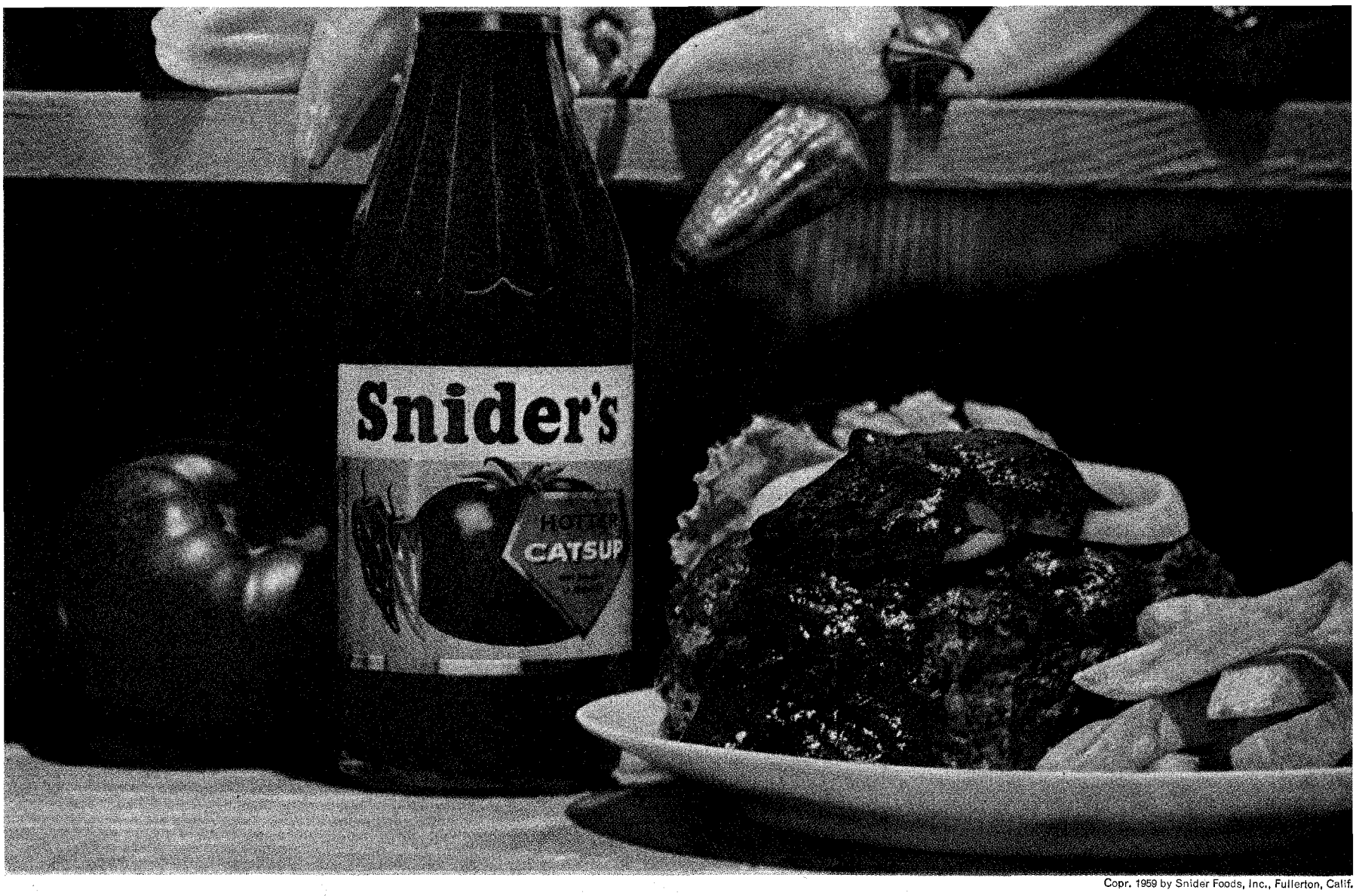

Copr. 1959 by Snider Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

Have you tried the catsup with the one extra spice?

Grandma Snider used to cook up small batches of Snider's catsup in her aroma-filled country kitchen. She'd simmer fat tomatoes in her copper kettle. When the thick red broth had cooled she strained it carefully through fine cheesecloth.

Then she put in precise pinches of onion and garlic, dark cloves, crisp celery bits and pimento berry spice. She laced this work of art lightly with apple cider vinegar and sweet syrup. Now she added one extra spice: A whisper of Capsicum, the red and yellow chili pepper with the bright skin.

We follow Grandma's recipe with a strict conscience today. Sometimes we think we make Snider's too carefully when you tell us your grocer runs out of it too fast. But we won't change the recipe or hurry the cooking. You wouldn't want us to. Neither would Grandma.

Snider's

the chili pepper catsup

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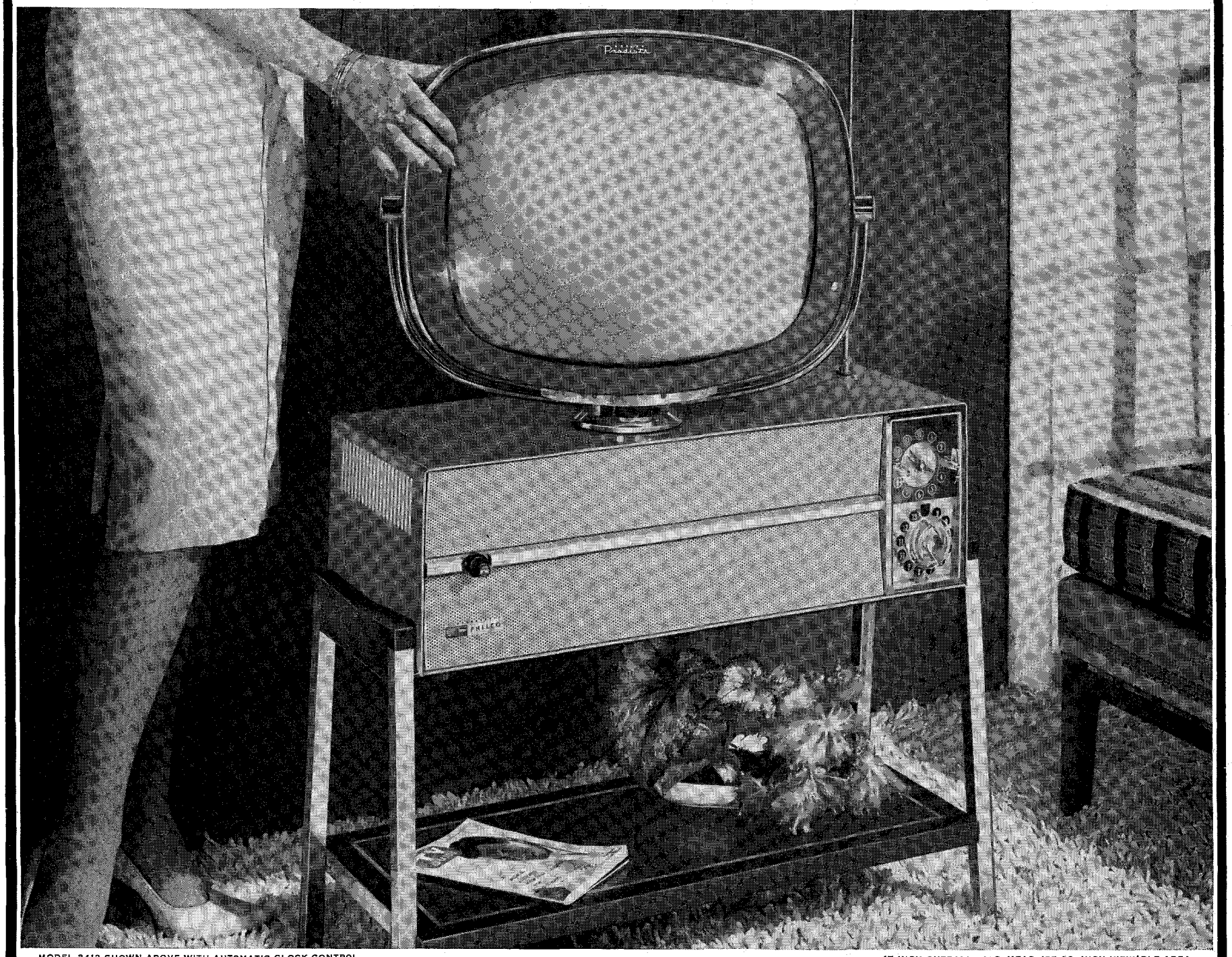
NEW PHILCO SWIVEL-SCREEN CONSOLETTE



MODEL 3412 SHOWN ABOVE WITH AUTOMATIC CLOCK CONTROL

17-INCH OVERALL DIAG. MEAS. 155 SQ. INCH VIEWABLE AREA

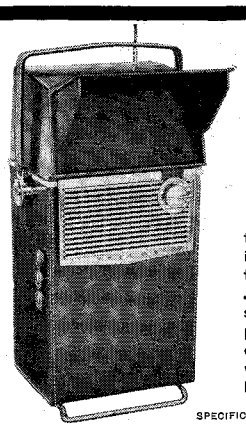
Predicta Decorator TV priced from $199.95 MODEL 3408 WITHOUT CLOCK

Compact, beautiful, and the screen swivels a full circle! Beam the picture in any direction. Siesta, shown above, even has automatic clock controls. Turns on your favorite programs . . . turns itself off at night!

Philco Consolettes come in five fashion-wise colors — gold, charcoal brown, vermilion, beige and mahogany finish. Handsome stand (included at no extra cost!) has gleaming brass legs, useful decorator shelf. Complete unit measures just 12 inches deep!

Super-powered Predicta chassis has Perma-Circuits. Sound out front, fingertip controls, built in Pivot-Tenna! Go see these new Philco Consolettes, priced from $199.95

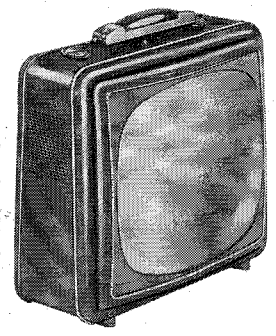
Philco Replacement Tubes improve the picture of any make set. MODEL 3408



PHILCO Safari
World's First Transistor Portable TV!

Plays anywhere...even in the brightest sunlight...on its own rechargeable battery. Sensational picture ...like looking at a theatre screen. Weighs just 15½ pounds. Genuine leather case, natural or black, with handsome stitching. Reserve yours now!

NEW SLENDER SEVENTEENER HAS



REMOTE CONTROL at no extra cost!

New-Matic remote control turns set on and off, changes channels. Exclusive Scan-Tenna handle has powerful, zip-out, 39" dipole antenna. It rotates, locates strongest signal. Slender Seventeeners are available in a variety of colors and finishes.

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PHILCO QUALITY FIRST!

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Refreshing idea: fresh from the Foremost Dairy Kitchens!

Perfect partner for most any snack: farm-fresh Foremost Milk!

Start with a slice of cake or a half-dozen cookies or any favorite snack. Now pour yourself a tall, cold glass of Foremost Homogenized Milk—the kind with cream in every drop. Healthy? Sure. But the important thing is the taste—the wonderful way farm-fresh Foremost Milk makes any snack into something special. Try it. You'll find Foremost's the perfect partner for you.

golden state® Tastemark®

In some areas Foremost Homogenized Milk comes to you under these other Foremost brand names.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

YOUR FAMILY GETS THE MOST FROM FOREMOST

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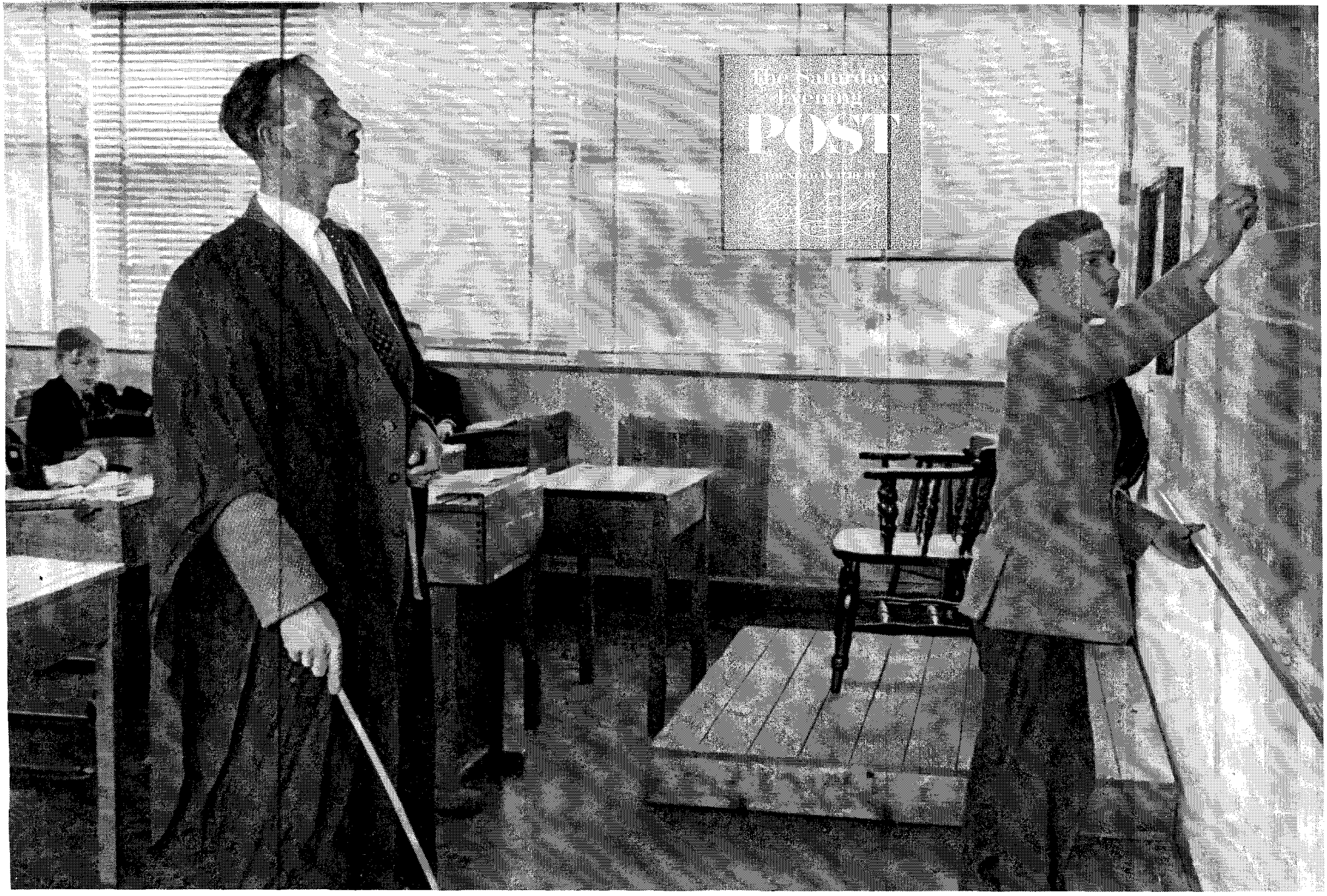

At an English school in Oxford, Tommy Fitzpatrick, 13, of Portland, Oregon, works out a problem under the stern eye of mathematics master Frank Garside. The author found teachers in England too "authoritarian."

Are British Schools Better Than Ours?

By Muriel Beadle

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

The author's son went to school in England for a year. She concluded that our public schools are superior in many respects to the English equivalent.

My husband and I are what school people call "good parents." They are not referring to our relationship with our children, but to the fact that we've taken the trouble to find out how our local schools are run, and why.

As P.T.A. members we've trotted through miles of school corridors, signed dozens of report cards and listened to more school orchestras than we can remember—*I* have, anyway; my husband dozes off easily.

As citizens we've voted for school bonds and school tax increases. We've listened to campaign speeches by school-board candidates, have worked for those we liked, and have even been known to attend board meetings.

I have long been a newspaper reporter whose specialty is education. My husband, a professor of biology at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena and a 1958 Nobel laureate, is well acquainted in the classroom with the end products of American secondary education—that is, with a fair sample of those who propose to become scientists or engineers.

So wouldn't you think we'd have a pretty clear idea of where we stand among critics or supporters of American public schools?

Right: Mrs. Beadle, her son Redmond and her husband George, who was visiting professor at Oxford University. Last year he won the Nobel prize for his work in genetics.

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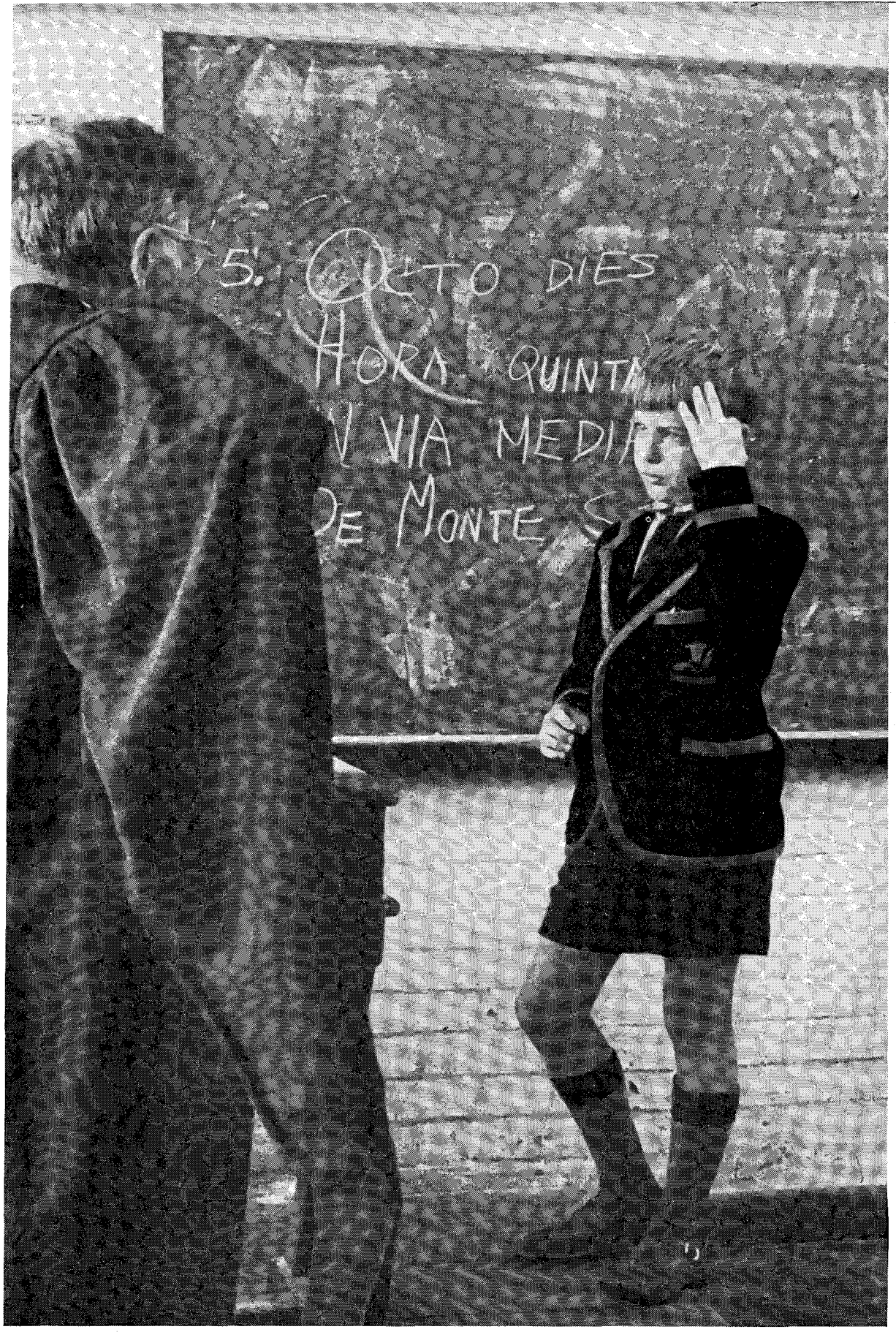

"English schools do a better job of teaching languages," says the author. Above, 12-year-old Stephen Easter, of Buffalo, N.Y., whose father is an American engineer working in Britain, hears what's wrong with his Latin.

Red (left) with a prefect, an older boy chosen to help discipline the younger students. The author doubts any American high school would put up with the prefect system.

The author's son Red (below, wearing glasses) improved his English composition abroad, but gained less from his three science courses. In the physical sciences Mrs. Beadle feels the English "try to do too much."

As a matter of fact, we do; but we had to go to England to get a good perspective. My husband served the past school year as a visiting professor at Oxford University, our son attended an English school, and I kept my eyes and ears open. As a result—and despite the fact that our boy was happier in his English school than in the one he had left behind him—we've come home so proud of the strengths in American schools that their weaknesses don't scare us half so much as they used to.

This conclusion has not made us very popular with those friends who believe there's some magic surrounding the playing fields of Eton which, if only it could be captured and shipped across the Atlantic, would give United States schools just the shot in the arm they need. Our friends may be right, at that: importing the practice of limiting classes to twenty pupils would do for a start.

Unfortunately private boarding schools like Eton are no more typical of English secondary schools than Groton is typical of American secondary schools; and to compare either to tax-supported schools is pointless. The systems that *can* be compared are those maintained in each country to supply free, universal and compulsory education.

These differ in that the English educate their bright 20 per cent of pupils apart from the average majority, in separate schools; whereas Americans keep all children together and try to educate the bright 20 per cent in the same buildings and even in the same classes as the rest. Consequently, as post-Sputnik savants have been pointing out for almost two years now, bright youngsters don't get a fair shake in our system. The English would say they aren't stretched enough.

That's generally true, as far as this pair of Americans can judge. We, too, want to see the brainpower of bright children utilized, but we are now convinced of three things: Part of what ails United States schools in this regard can't be corrected by the schools alone; the part that *can* be corrected seems to be getting enough attention to assure eventual success; and there are worse things for society than wasting a little brainpower.

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Suzan Gilbert, an 18-year-old from Portsmouth, N.H., is a prefect at the Milham Ford School, a grammar school for girls in Oxford. One of her duties is to ring the dinner bell.

Specifically, we should hate to have our fellow citizens lose sight of the fact that American public schools play a unique role in unifying the diverse peoples of this vast and restless nation. They also foster in each child that sense of personal worth without which no individual can realize his full potential.

Big talk, this, and we grant it sounds like Fourth-of-July oratory. Nevertheless, these are qualities one comes to appreciate after living for a year in a country in which the majority of the eleven- to fifteen-year-olds attend schools which tend to stigmatize them as second-rate, which may freeze them in the social class they were born to and which sometimes nips whatever youthful enthusiasm for learning they had when they started formal schooling.

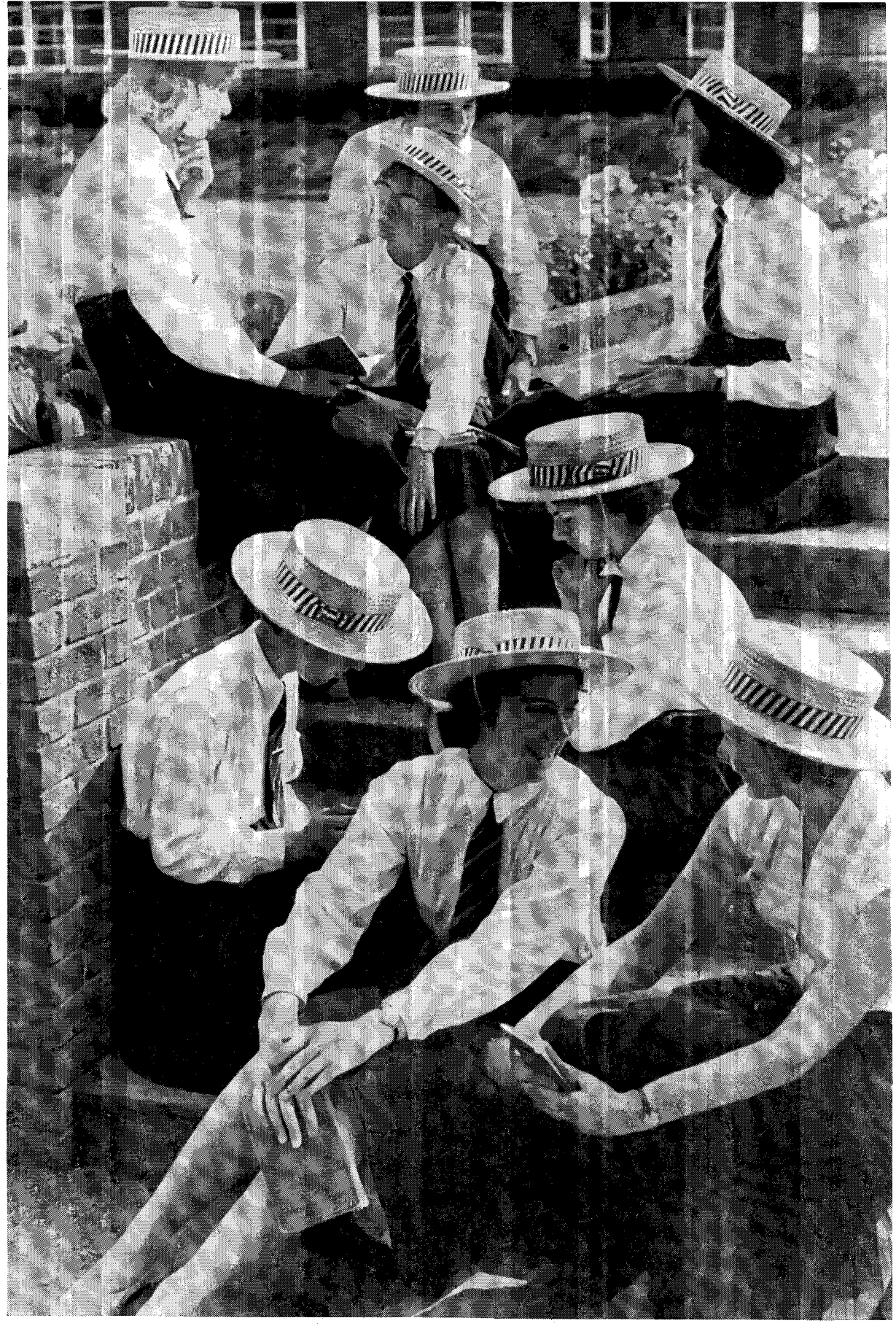
That this has come about, it should be mentioned, is also causing the English great distress. In an article on school-selection procedures, *The Times* of London recently remarked that "a mood of disquiet, and even of neurosis, runs wide and deep across the country."

How come?

In 1944, when the welfare state was abuilding, the English decided to provide secondary education for *all* their children. Before the war, children of average or low mentality drifted, at age fourteen, from what were essentially elementary schools into jobs; and many who belonged in grammar schools either weren't sufficiently motivated to get to one or couldn't find the fees.

To Americans, who tend to use "elementary" and "grammar" as synonymous adjectives when applied to schools, I hasten to point out that the English grammar schools enroll children at age eleven, keep most until age sixteen and the rest to eighteen or nineteen, and combine in one establishment the United States junior high school, senior high school and first year of college. With this exception: they offer only what we could call a college-prep course. The English grammar schools are as venerable as the so-called public schools, such as Eton;

(Continued on Page 44)



Above: At Milham Ford, as at most English girls' schools, students wear uniforms. American mothers living in England, the author says, find uniforms a welcome solution to the problem of dressing their daughters.

Below: Recess at St. Denys School, Oxford, a tax-supported primary school. In white blouses are two American girls—Frances Osborne (left) and Jane Grant—whose fathers are attending Oxford University on fellowships.

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The leopard leaped at him
like an arch of springing steel.

JUNGLE NIGHT

Now it was a double fight—man against man, and man against beast.

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

By BRIAN CLEEVE

The leopard came at dawn. A gray light in the sky. The last stars fading. The Bushman's *kopje*, the thornbushes, the trees growing out of the vanquished darkness. I was lying on the slope of the hillside in my sleeping bag, drowsing after watching for him all night long, since one of the farm boys had told me he'd been seen. And then just as the light was coming and I was falling asleep, he was there. Magnificent as heraldry. Dark, flat, dangerous head carved against the sky. Supple, flowing body, and great pads falling softly, surely on the tough, burned grass and the rocks. Green, burning eyes. Big as a young lion, but more beautiful. Built of steel and silk. Magnificent.

I caught my breath, lying flat to the ground in my small, makeshift *boma* of thorn branches, half wishing I had a camera. But these things, these moments, don't live in a photograph any

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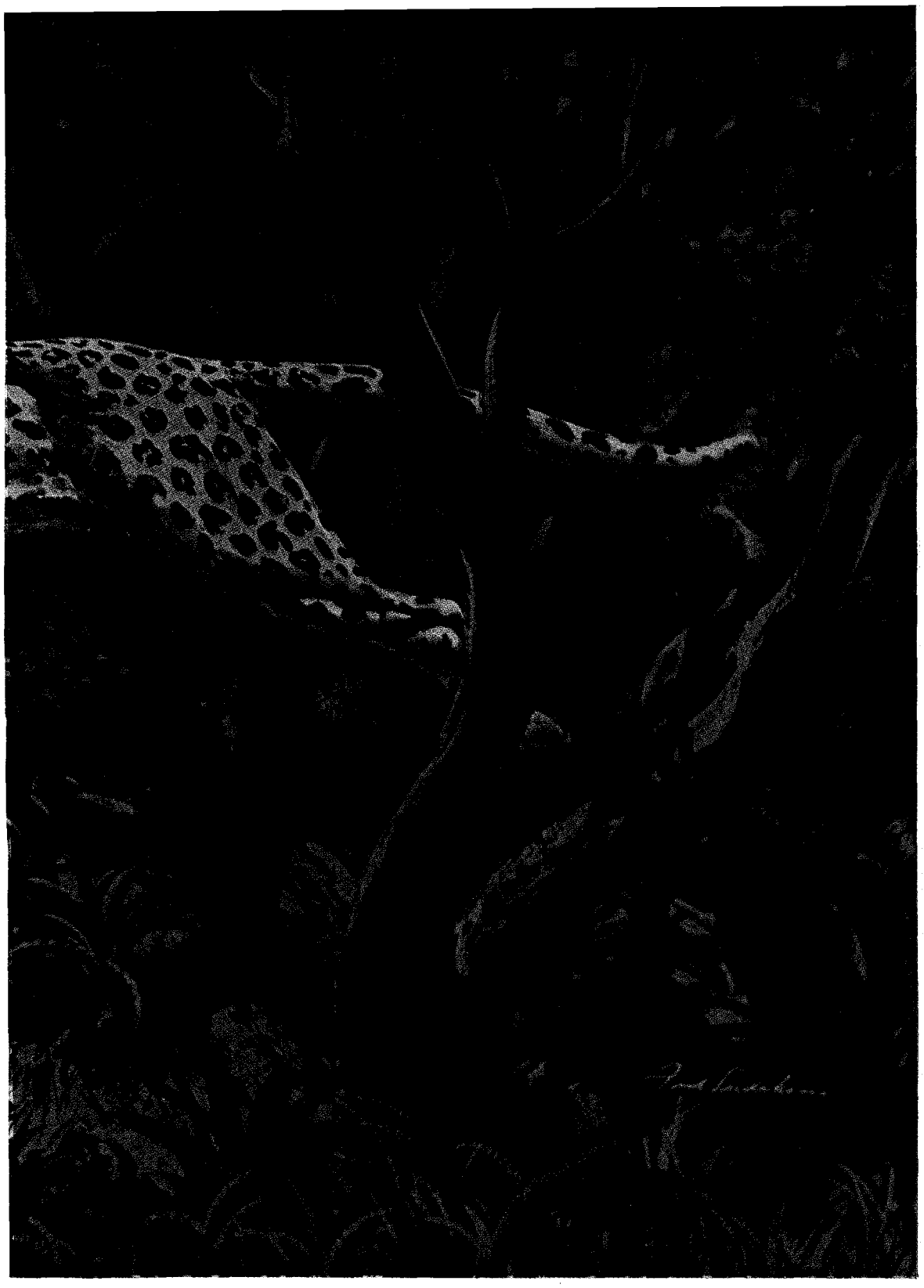

more than they live in a stuffed head on the wall. Only in your mind. Padding softly yet proudly as an exiled king returning, up the slope to the Luipaard's *krans* that had been empty of leopards for ten years. He stopped for a moment, caught by a trace of my scent, or the rustle of dry grass under my body. Stopped and swung his flat, heavy head toward me, considering. And for half a minute we stayed like that, man and leopard, twenty yards between us. And as I looked into his green, smoldering eyes, for some odd reason I thought of Barb. Barbara, who had been my neighbor once, and my friend and my love.

The same greenness of the eyes. The same hungry fierceness, as if their arrogance would challenge the whole world to gain their victories. Indeed, not so odd that the leopard should make me think of her. And then, when was there a day that I didn't remember her? And then tell myself that I was a fool to waste my heart over a childhood friendship, a childhood quarrel. If we hadn't quarreled that day five years ago, we might have been old, staid acquaintances by now, as interesting to each other as a worn-out coat. Or would we?

I watched the leopard and knew in my heart that that was the one thing that could never have happened. And that even now, Barb was the reason that one day soon, this year or next year, I would be leaving here, giving up—though I barely admitted it in my conscious mind. Because every tree, every stone, every contour of the land reminded me of Barb. Even now, as the leopard swung his supple, beautiful smooth shoulders, it was as though she were there, twisting the strings of my heart in her careless, arrogant hands. Then the leopard coughed softly in his throat and went on up the slope. I watched him until he disappeared into the tumbled, sun-split rocks of the *krans*. When he was quite vanished I lay back and slept.

It was Finn who woke me. My big, sand-yellow Ridgeback dog that had once been Barb's. Blunt, lion head, like a great hammer butting at me. Tail like a saber sawing and

cutting at the bright blue morning sky. Warm wet tongue licking my face, paws like sandpaper rasping the skin of my bare chest. I sat up, blinking in the nine-o'clock sun. It was already hot. Down the hillside the river lay like molten metal, curving round the foot of the hill that jutted like a headland into Verschoyle's farm next door to mine. Across the river and up the far slope of the valley lay Verschoyle's house, new and big and blinding white. Verschoyle was going to make trouble about preserving a leopard on my land—and he was coming back today from a long trip to Johannesburg. It might be an idea to go and meet him and get it over with.

It wouldn't be right to say that he and I were enemies. You can't afford anything as dramatic as enemies in a district like Tembe. Maybe twenty Europeans in an area a hundred miles each way. A dozen farmhouses scattered among the coffee farms. And Tembe railhead as a kind of center, with its branch line running down through other similar districts to join the main Rhodesian railway three hundred miles away. Pete Verschoyle wasn't my enemy. It was just that when we met we stood on opposite sides of a glass wall. We preserved the courtesies. He and his elderly, old-maid sister invited me over to dinner now and then. And before my parents retired and went back to live in Europe, we used to invite them over to us. Now I only had them over for sundowners. And we tried to keep the conversation carefully away from things that mattered to either of us—like preserving game.

In the six years that he had had his farm, he had cleared it of almost every living creature larger than a rat; while I had once dreamed of turning my farm and the back blocks behind it, which ran into the wilderness of Eastern Angola, into a game reserve. But not any more. In a year, two years, whenever I got my price for the farm, I would go to Europe and try to forget the kind of moment when the leopard came. The only thing I stopped short at was selling to Verschoyle. And he hated me for it, and sometimes the dislike we felt for each other broke to the surface, like flames licking out of the smoldering heart of a haystack. I'd see his knuckles go white as he gripped the arm of his chair, and I'd feel my own heart hammering with sheer physical hatred. But still we had to live as neighbors, and I'd go to meet him.

So at noon I told his sister that I'd save her the trouble of driving in—neither she nor her brother was the kind to waste demonstrations of affection on each other. Two hours later I was at Tembe—a wooden platform, a corrugated iron shed, a whitewashed station house, a scatter of dusty black pickaninnies waiting big-eyed to see "lo train," the weekly enchantment that the white men brought to them.

Altogether it wasn't much of an enchantment—one carriage, three trucks, a small, clattering engine. I saw Verschoyle step down from the carriage and started forward—and continued to go forward when I saw him handing a woman down. Then I stopped, not believing. Beside me Finn whined, strained for a moment at my hand on his collar and was across the platform like a shot. It was Barb. I felt the sun go dark and the station disappear and five years vanish, until it was the last time that I had seen her. The same dark hair and small, arrogant head. The curls like black flames, the

(Continued on Page 52)

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Verse and symbols illustrating the Lord's Prayer fill seven pairs of windows above the south aisle of the kirk. The first two pairs are shown here.

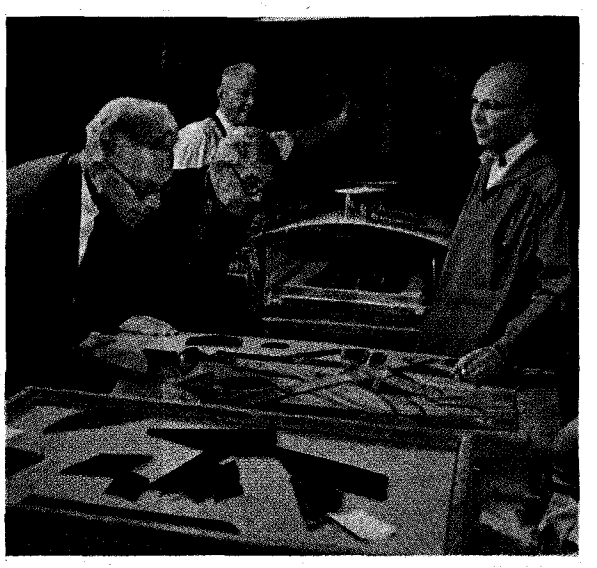
Masters of the "Lost Art"

By ARNOLD NICHOLSON

For congregations which don't want to "go modern," these skilled experts still make colorful windows in the tradition of medieval craftsmen.

Artists Reynolds (left) and Burnham check a "cartoon" which shows the exact size of each piece of colored glass in a window.

The cutter holds glass to daylight to aid in selecting the portion he will fit to the pattern lines of a cartoon.



The cut pieces are shaded, where necessary, with opaque paint which fuses to the glass when heated in small kiln.

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Right: The iconography, or story, in the vaulted chancel window at the Kirk in the Hills recites the Passion of Christ, and is read from the bottom row to the top.

If traditionally Gothic churches go completely out of fashion—and the number built grows progressively smaller each year—stained-glass craftsmen will lose the architectural form which inspired their first work. The persistent belief that stained glass is one of the "lost arts" is almost certain to gain credence, despite the long campaign of the Stained Glass Association of America to convince the public that its members, while few in number, are engaged in the same patient handwork with which the art began in Europe 900 years ago.

The "lost art" belief arose when so-called improvements in glass departed from the traditional during the Victorian era and on into the first quarter of the present century. Church windows became just another surface for painting and illustration, illuminated from behind. Varieties of newly invented glass which included striated, opalescent and enameled forms, became popular. The original purpose of stained glass, to bring light in its gemlike primary colors to the eye indoors, was almost forgotten.

People who were familiar with the glory of Europe's medieval cathedrals assumed that similar stained glass could not be produced by modern craftsmen. "This never was the case," says Wilbur H. Burnham, Jr., former president of the association. "Yet we still have to contend with newspaper stories inspired by slick characters who claim to have unearthed the glass-working secrets of the Middle Ages. It's an easy way to get publicity. There are no secrets. The only change in our craft in almost a thousand years is a division of work.

"Medieval windows are credited to artists who began by fusing sand and metallic salts to create colored glass, who melted down their own lead to join the pieces of glass together and then slowly, patiently assembled their masterpieces under the guidance of the church," Burnham explains. "The modern artist buys glass which is finer than any one of us could create; our lead comes in strips already grooved; and we employ extra hands to help us reach the finished product. But it is not, and never will be, an assembly-line job. In our studio, for instance, the work is directed from start to finish by the artist who creates the design; he is capable of carrying out any step in the process."

Burnham and his father, Wilbur Herbert Burnham, are specialists in stained glass which adheres to traditional design and form. The elder Burnham is one of the artists influenced by the late Ralph Adams Cram and his architectural associates to return to Europe to study the windows in Chartres and other great cathedrals. Cram, known as the great dispenser in stained-glass circles because he controlled and parceled out each window in his magnificent churches, encouraged his first disciples before World War I. A Boston artist, the late Charles Connick, was among this group. Burnham and Joseph G. Reynolds, both men now in their seventies, are Bostonians who followed Connick in the same pattern. They all understood the stained-glass technique; what they acquired and what (Continued on Page 99)

Photographs by George Lazarnick

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Illustrated by Joe Bowler

Day of Always

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Was it her own beauty that led him on, or was it her disturbing resemblance to someone else?

It had been a day of "first times"—the first time Anne Bellamy had flown, the first time she had seen New York City, the first time she had tasted *strega* and the first time she had seen Liam Joyce. Lying in bed that night, she thought that it might well prove to have been a day of "always" too. She would never ride a train or a bus again if she could take a plane. She would never live in Bangor or Augusta or Boston while there was a room available in New York. As for Liam Joyce, it was too soon to decide anything, but their meeting had been unlike any other encounter she had experienced in her twenty-one years.

Laura met her at the airport, and they took a taxi to the apartment on 9th Street which they were going to share. Laura came from the same Maine town as Anne; she had been a senior at the university when Anne was a freshman.

"You made it!" Laura murmured. "I've had my fingers crossed. How did Paul take your departure?"

"Paul is very busy these days," said Anne. "Rising young politicians learn to concentrate on one thing at a time, so I'm temporarily postponed—like an article at town meeting."

Laura laughed. "I wouldn't count on it. Paul not only expects you to be the governor's charming wife, but eventually the nation's first lady."

Anne said nothing. She was looking out the open window of the cab, which was crossing the Queensboro Bridge. The towers of Manhattan rose, slender and glittering, against the sky. Her blue eyes were excited, her cheeks flushed. Suddenly she pulled the small straw hat from her dark hair and tossed it out the taxi window into the path of the oncoming traffic.

Laura asked, "What in the world ——"

"Just a symbol," Anne told her. "Over the goal post!"

"You're crazy," said Laura.

Because it was Anne's first evening in the city, Laura suggested that they go out for dinner. There was an Italian restaurant in the neighborhood, where a number of her friends ate. It was in the basement; a green-covered billiard table was at the right of the entrance, a long mahogany bar at the left.

"Sit against the wall, so you can see," Laura told her.

The first thing that Anne saw was Liam. He was sitting alone, on a high stool at the bar, a glass of red wine in one hand, and he was looking straight at her with such intensity in his gaze that she almost looked over her shoulder to see if there was something behind her.

She concentrated on the menu. She felt as though a blast of scorching air were being directed upon her. When she raised her eyes, he was still staring, and with sudden defiance she stared back. From conventional standards—say, Paul Henderson's—he needed a haircut, although his thick, dark hair fitted his head becomingly and balanced the strength of his broad cheekbones and chin. With the length of the room between them, she could not tell what color his eyes were. He wore a tweed jacket over a dark-blue shirt, a striped necktie.

"Anne?" Laura's voice asked.

Anne tipped over her glass of water. The waiter said cheerfully, "Better water than *vino*," as he mopped the table.

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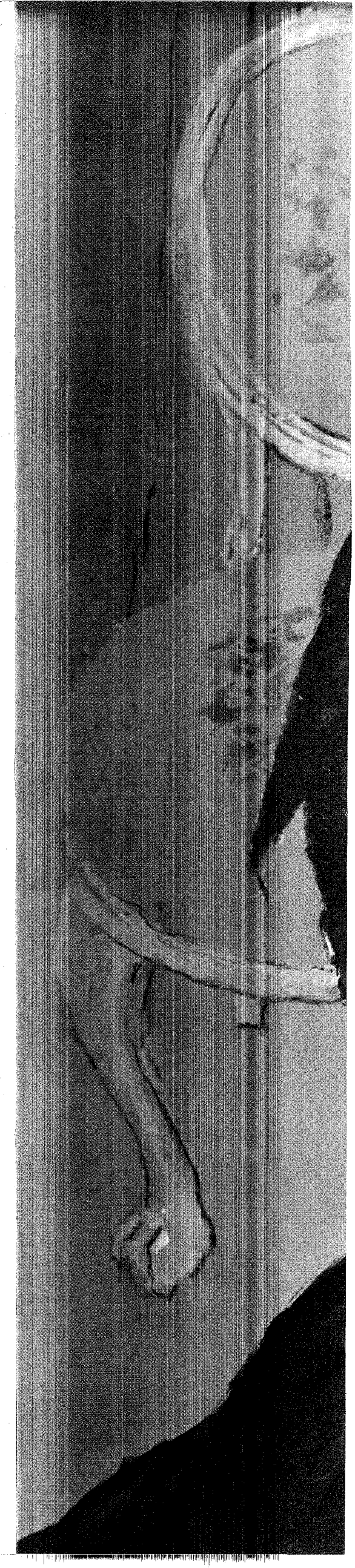

Liam said, "Anne! Do you remember what I said to you in Central Park? *Grad hain thu*. I love you."

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The Conflict of Cultures

By C. P. SNOW

By training I am a scientist; by vocation I am a writer. For thirty years I have had to be in touch with scientists as part of a working existence. During the same thirty years I was trying to shape the books I wanted to write, which in due course took me among writers. It was through living among these groups and through moving regularly from one to the other and back again that I became occupied with the problem of what I call the "two cultures." For constantly I felt I was moving among two groups—comparable in intelligence, not grossly different in social origin, earning about the same incomes—who had almost ceased to communicate at all, who in intellectual, moral and psychological climate had so little in common that they might have inhabited different worlds.

As a result of this cultural dichotomy, I believe the intellectual life of the whole of Western society is increasingly being split into two polar groups. When I say the intellectual life I mean to include also a large part of our practical life, because I should be the last person to suggest the two can at the deepest level be distinguished. At one pole we have the literary intellectuals who, incidentally, while no one was looking, took to referring to themselves as "intellectuals" as though there were no others.

Literary intellectuals are at one pole—at the other, scientists; and, as the most representative, the physical scientists. Between the two lies a gulf of mutual incomprehension. The two groups have, moreover, a curious, distorted image of each other. Their attitudes are so different that even on the level of emotion they find little common ground.

Nonscientists tend to think of scientists as brash and boastful. Nonscientists have a rooted impression that the scientists are shallowly optimistic, *CONTINUED ON PAGE 60*

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND IN BOOK FORM

A selection of twenty-one Adventures of the Mind will be published in book form by Alfred A. Knopf on September 21st. Readers wishing to reserve a copy may do so by writing *The Saturday Evening Post*, Dept. 1808, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Advance reservation price (plus postage and handling costs) for the Regular Edition, $4; for the DeLuxe Edition, $5. Purchasers will be billed when the book is shipped. THE EDITORS

About the Author

Sir Charles Percy Snow, a scientist by training and a novelist by inclination, began his adult life as a molecular physicist upon his graduation from Cambridge in 1930 and entered upon a serious literary career in 1934 with *The Search*, the story of an eminent scientist's rise and decline. During World War II Snow was chief of scientific personnel for the Ministry of Labor—a field in which he is still active. Sir Charles has now reached No. 7 of a projected eleven-volume novel sequence. THE CONFLICT OF CULTURES has been abstracted from the 1959 Rede Lecture delivered at Cambridge University, and since published by the Cambridge University Press as *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*.

Photograph by Eugene Kammerman

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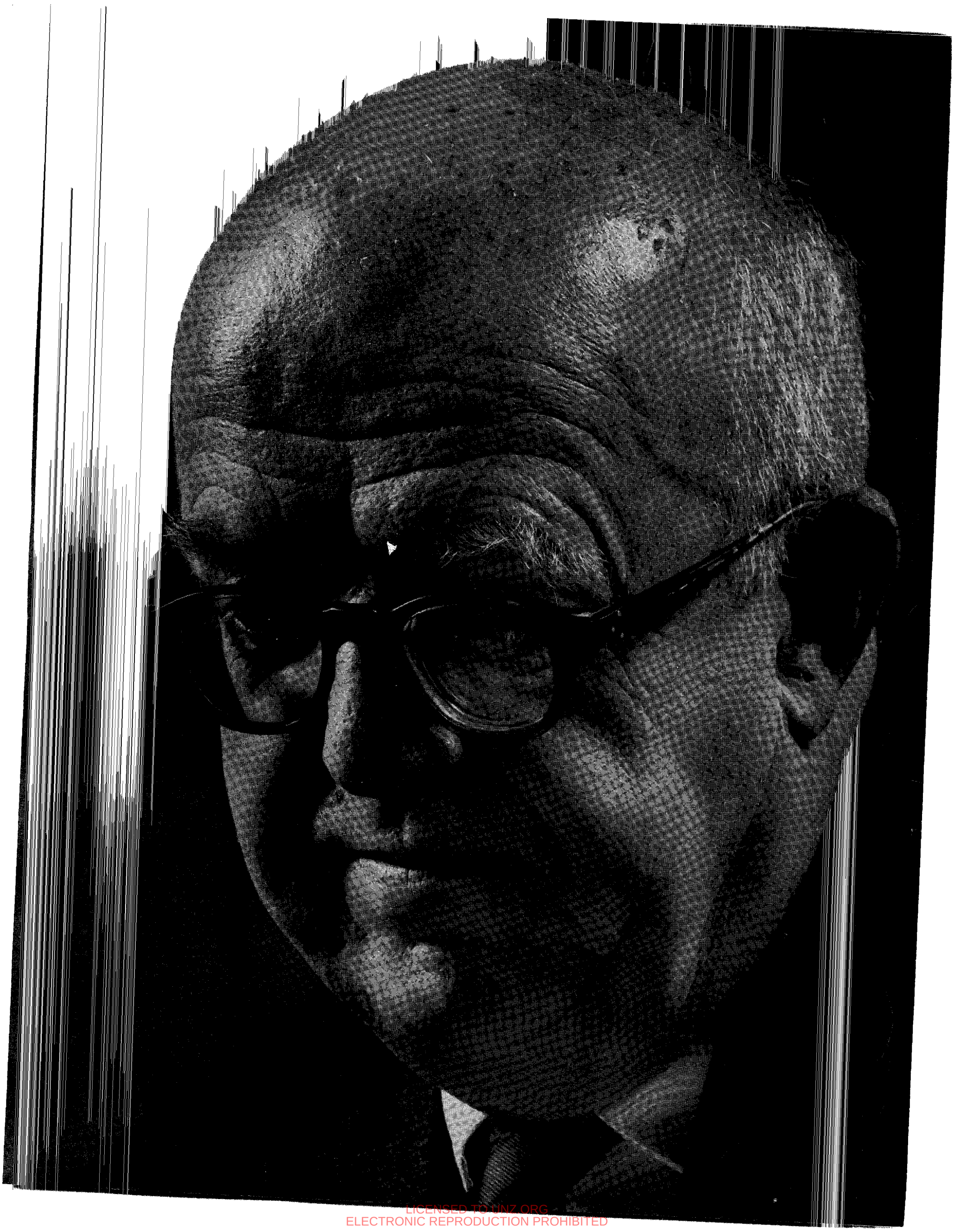

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STRANGER ON THE RIVER

By NEILL C. WILSON

She had a special secret hideaway. And then the invader came.

She awoke and lay blissful, face on arms, listening to the slap and chuckle of the river around her granite block. She knew every sound and smell of these Idaho woods, and this was a privileged spot—that mutter where the rapids were, the hum of insects, the give-off of balsam from the cedar with the dead top —— Abruptly she went rigid. Chatter of jays had stopped.

That pipe tobacco was neither her father's nor her brother's. And there were no neighbors. She was unhidden. Petrified, she lay flat.

Whoever he was on the shore a few yards distant, he smoked musingly. He refilled and relit his pipe. He moved away. Boots swished through grass. Odor of strong tobacco thinned.

She rolled over indignantly and sat up.

The pack on the man's back was massive. Rifle, ax and a curved ribbon of saw steel were strapped to it. He bore it all easily, passing from view under the trees.

By what leave or right had he stood regarding her? She flung back her hair, slid down from the boulder with a scrape of old denim, and made for shore, lithe with youth but careful of her hip from habit. She struck for home. She was mystified and angry. Her boat-shaped rock for long had been a completely secret possession.

At supper her father remarked, "I was on the mountain this evening." John Tinnock and his tall son Macklin grew corn and beans in the narrow canyon bottom and raised horses on the high pastures. Both had the tired red hair, the thin mouth of ancestors who'd tramped heather.

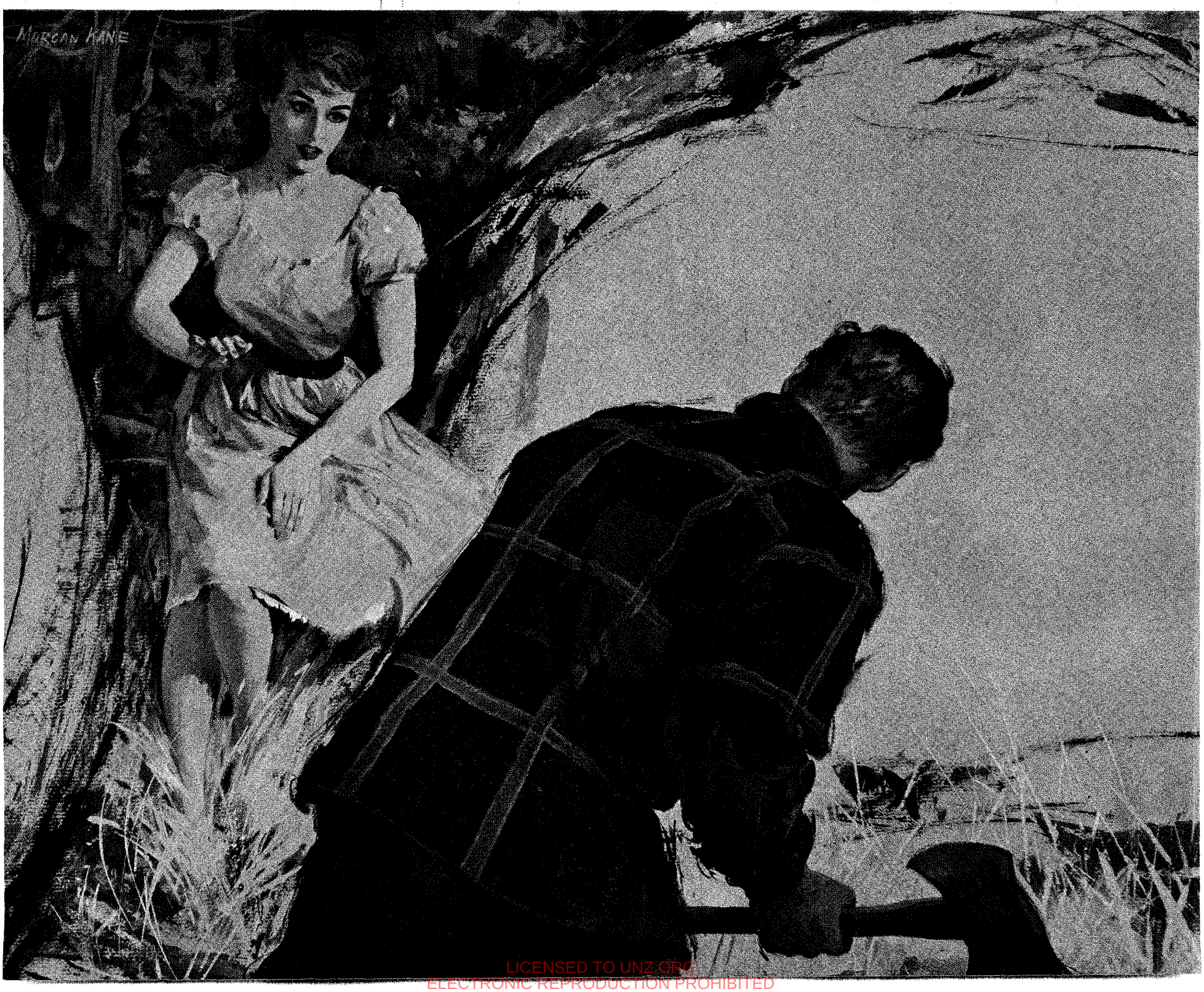
"I glimpsed cook smoke upriver," continued John.

Robina's sister, the one they called Fair Alice, looked up quickly.

Their brother exclaimed, "We don't want any new homesteaders around here!"

Robina said nothing. Her afternoon's adventure wanted (Continued on Page 95)

"Oh, don't! Don't chop it up," she cried.



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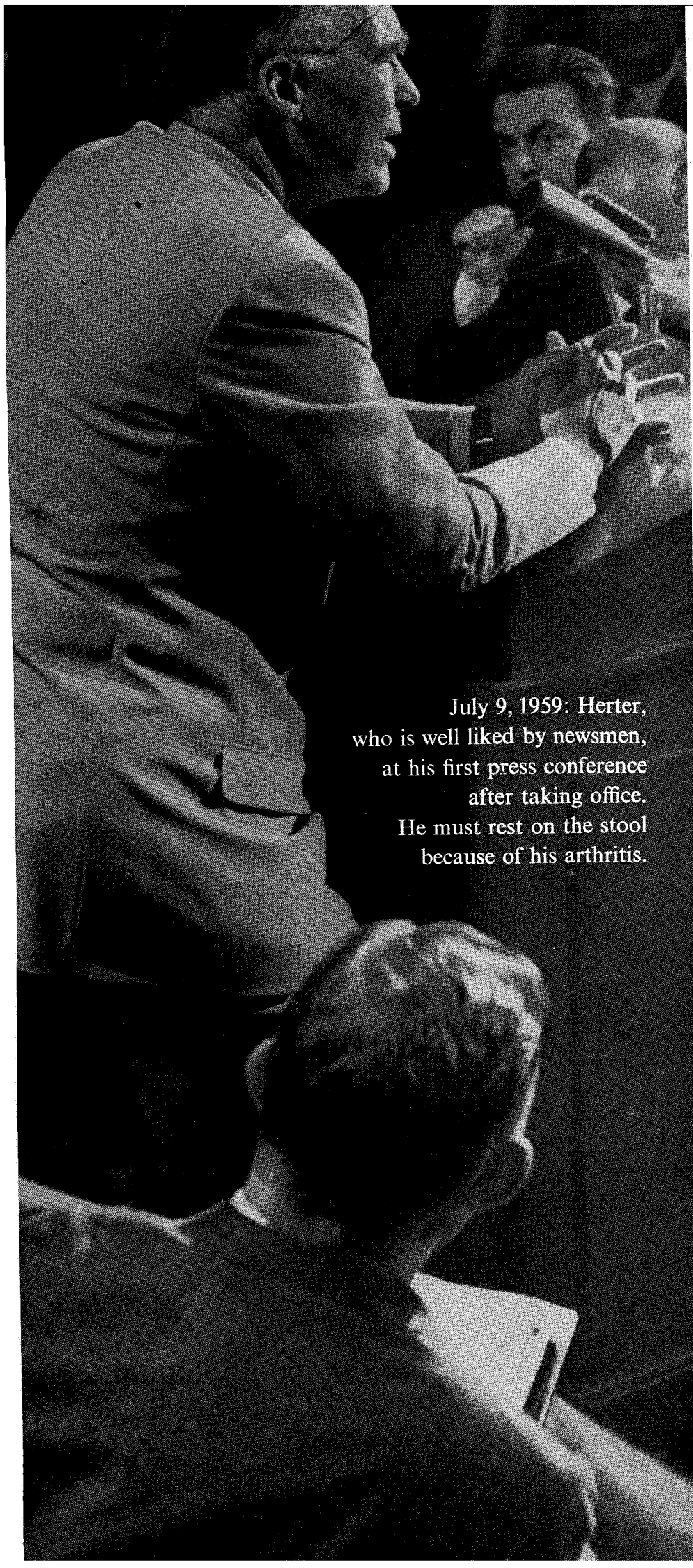

July 9, 1959: Herter, who is well liked by newsmen, at his first press conference after taking office. He must rest on the stool because of his arthritis.

Is Herter Tough Enough?

Can our Secretary of State, schooled in gentility and fair play, stand up to the rough-and-tumble Russians? A *Post* editor's portrait of his friend, Christian Herter.

By STEWART ALSOP

Some men look like tough guys and aren't. Some men look like tough guys and are. Some men don't look like tough guys and are.

Nikita Khrushchev, for example, clearly falls into the second category. You have only to look at Khrushchev—as a great many Americans will shortly have the opportunity to do—to know that here is a very tough guy indeed. Even when he is smiling his broadest grin the toughness shows through in the stocky, powerful body, the beetling brows, the bullet-shaped head.

Secretary of State Christian Herter, on the other hand, the man chiefly responsible for advising President Eisenhower on how to deal with Tough Guy Khrushchev, does not look a bit like a tough guy. The tall gangling figure, usually supported on crutches, the long thin head, the kindly face, the small humorous smile—all combine to give the impression of a gentle fellow who wouldn't knowingly hurt a fly or a human being. His appearance suggests one reason why all Herter's critics sing a single theme song: "Chris Herter's a nice fellow, but he's not tough enough to deal with the Russians."

The purpose of this report is to try to estimate how much truth there is in the rather widespread view that Herter is "not tough enough" to deal with the Russians in general and that tough and wily fellow, Nikita Khrushchev in particular. But it is only fair to begin the report with a confession.

Ideally the relationship between the writer of such a report and his subject ought to be distant and coldly correct. Writing a political profile is like painting a portrait, and the portraitist should have no compunction at all about including in his portrait all visible wens, warts, wrinkles

(Continued on Page 81)

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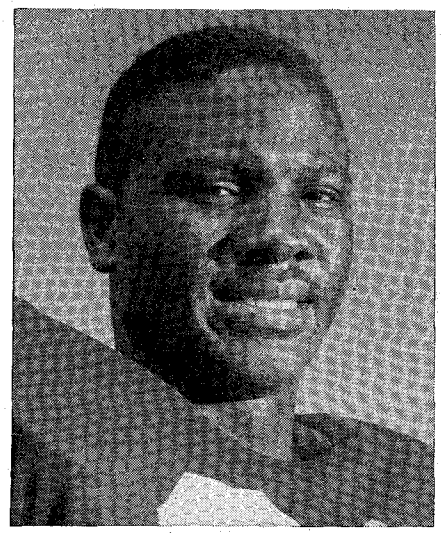
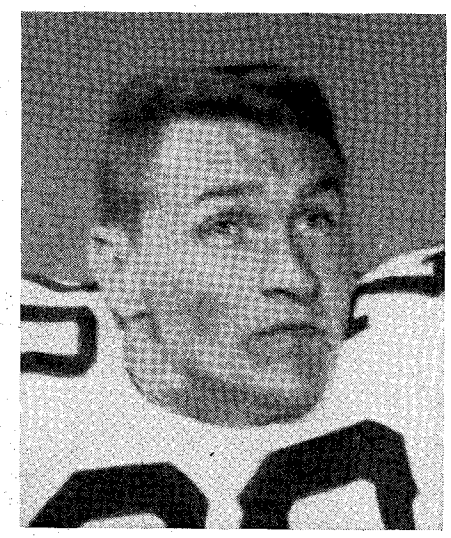
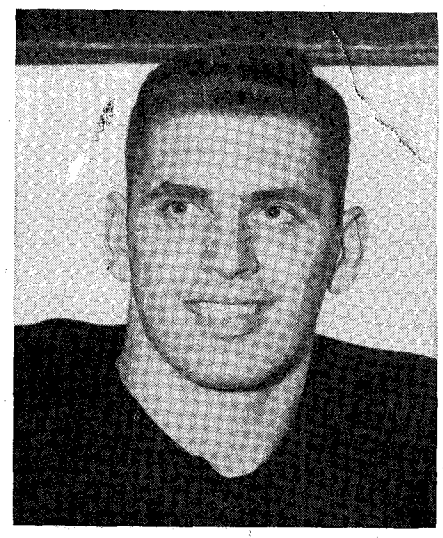


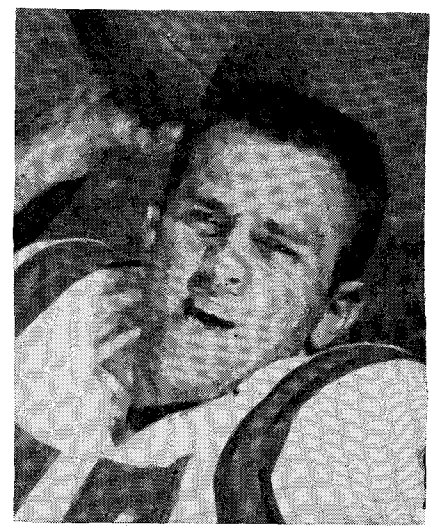
PRENTICE GAUTT, fullback, Oklahoma



BILLY CANNON, halfback, L. S. U.



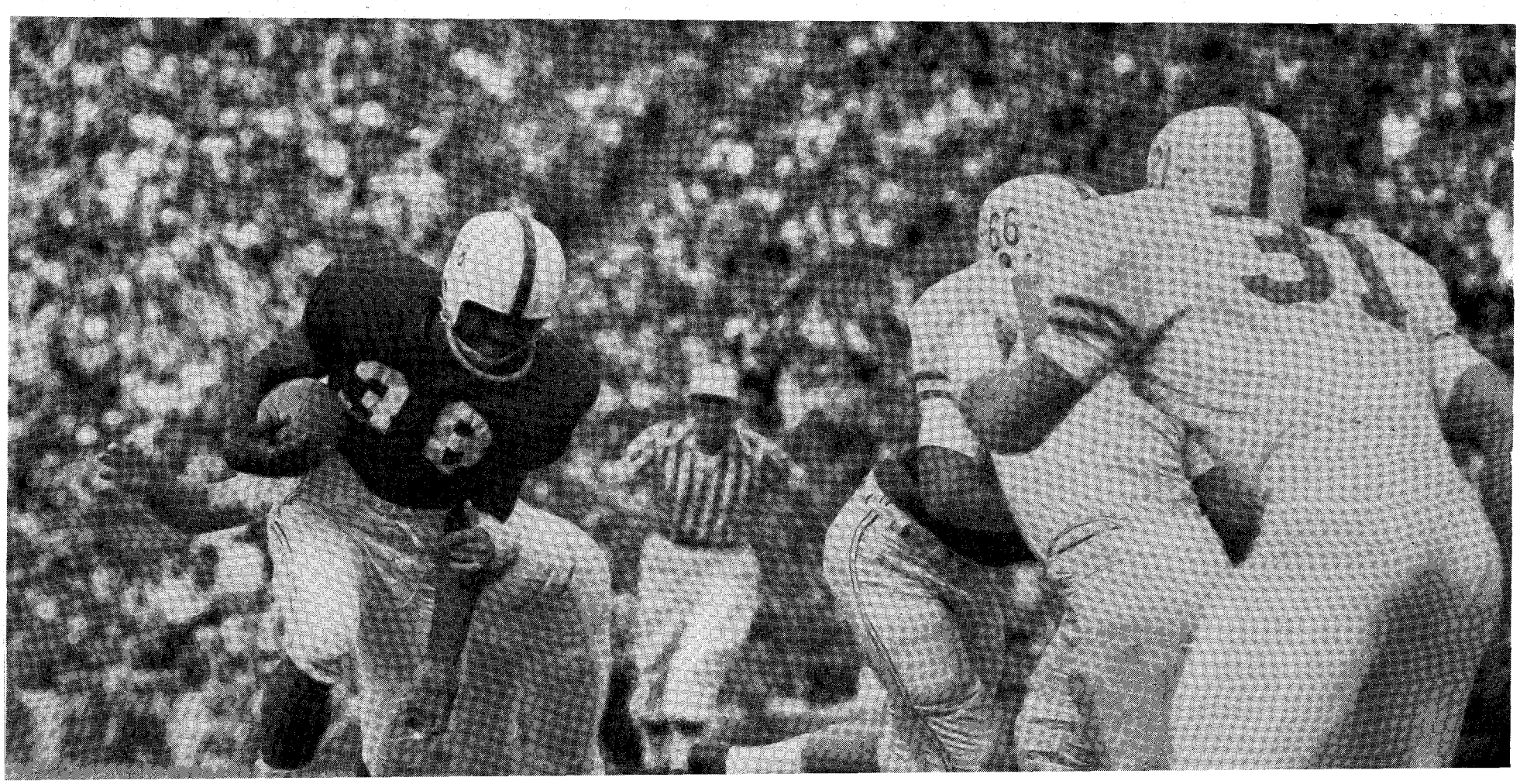
BOB ANDERSON, halfback, Army



DON MEREDITH; quarterback, S. M. U.

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

For the 20th year The Post unveils the coming football campaign, with an expert's pick of the nation's top teams and players. He also provides a guide to the new rules.



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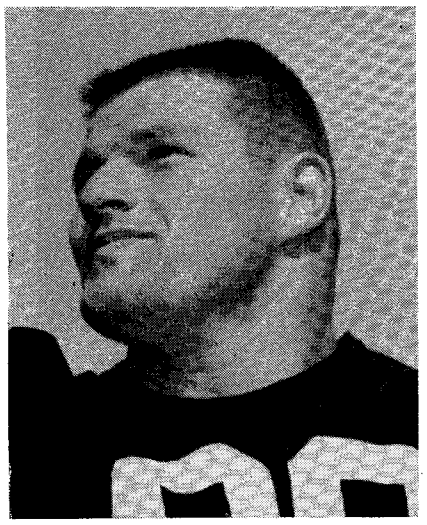
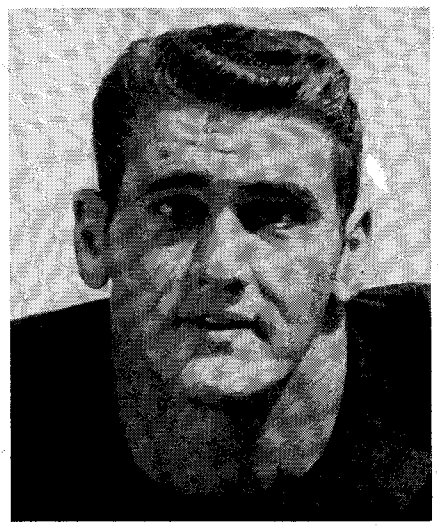
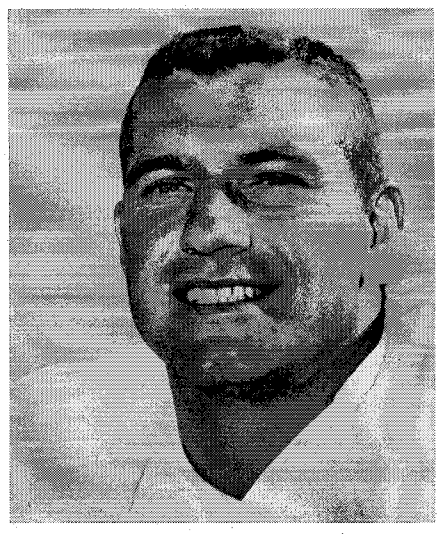
ALL-AMERICAN TEAM



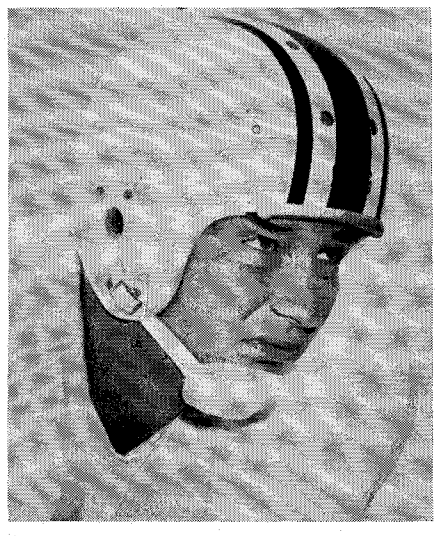
ONTY STICKLES, end, Notre Dame



DON FLOYD, tackle, T. C. U.



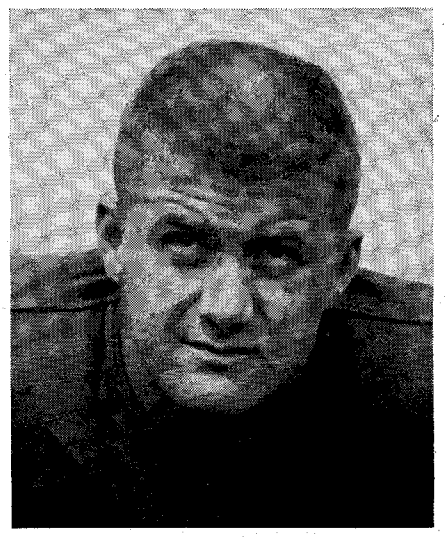
ZEKE SMITH, guard, Auburn



JACKIE BURKETT, center, Auburn

JERRY STALCUP, guard, Wisconsin

DAN FICCA; tackle, Southern California



JAMES HOUSTON; end, Ohio State

By FRED RUSSELL

In college football recently the dominant idea has been to maintain possession of the ball by punching out short but steady gains. Monotonous grind-it-out tactics became so prevalent that if the ball had been surreptitiously removed from the field and the offensive team had run two or three quick hand-off plays without it, many spectators might not even have noticed that the ball was missing. Now, glory be, the college teams are shedding that conservative look. The game is opening up and spreading out. This year it will be wide, wide screen.

There's a significant trend to the wing T, influenced by the 1958 success of Louisiana State, Iowa and the Air Force Academy. This formation blends wingback speed and power with T-quarterback deception. The emphasis is on position rather than possession. Also winning converts is Army's radical "lonely end" deployment; some teams are incorporating it with their flankers and men-in-motion. Almost everywhere the keynote on attack is diversification. The University of Oregon, for example, sums up its 1959 offense as "a variety of variations."

These developments all add up to a fresh cycle in the unending struggle of the offense to keep ahead of the defense, which has pretty well caught up to the straightforward ball-control game. "Something had to be done to make the defensive secondary move back; those nine-man lines were jamming things," said Jim Tatum, North Carolina coach, who before his unexpected death July twenty-third was noted for keeping abreast of football trends.

Paul Bryant of Alabama points out another factor in the rapid spread of the new offensive vogues. "It's just like when the split T came along," he observes. "Lots of us now will be forced to put in the wing T if for no other reason than to find out better how to defend against it."

Field goals, which reached a record high of 103 last year in major-college games, will be even more frequent. The space between the goal-post uprights has been widened from eighteen feet, six inches to twenty-three feet, four inches. Although distance remains a more important factor than width, the broader target stimulates the development of field-goal kickers. Tackle Bob Khayat kicked three to win University of Mississippi's intrasquad game last spring, 9 to 7. "In the past," says Ole Miss Coach John Vaught, "we have thought in terms of a fourth-down field goal any time we got inside our opponent's twenty-five-yard line. Now, with the widened crossbar, our field-goal zone starts on the thirty-yard line."

Many coaches wanted the posts moved up to the goal line. The main reason advanced by the rules committee for not doing this is the injury hazard. When it's argued that cantilever posts with the crossbar extending forward over the goal line would eliminate all risk, the rebuttal is that such construction would be too expensive for some schools. Perhaps so, if the posts were uprooted and carried off too frequently by souvenir-sappy celebrants.

Like field goals, place kicks for the point after touchdown naturally will increase. "It follows," says Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma, "that the gamble in running or passing for two points after a touchdown will become more extreme." Last season major colleges tried the two-point conversion 51.2 per cent of the time, the small colleges 64.3 per cent. This year, more coaches are likely to agree with Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech, who holds, "I would

(Continued on Page 109)

PIGSKIN PREVIEW'S TOP TWENTY TEAMS OF 1959

1. Oklahoma
2. Auburn
3. S. M. U.
4. Purdue
5. L. S. U.
6. Wisconsin
7. Army
8. Ohio State
9. North Carolina
10. Mississippi
11. Texas
12. Notre Dame
13. Syracuse
14. Northwestern
15. Southern California
16. Florida
17. Rice
18. Air Force Academy
19. T. C. U.
20. Clemson

e Sooner fullback Prentice Gautt (38), the first Negro
olay for Oklahoma, picking up three yards against
University of Texas in the only game Bud Wilkinson's
m lost last fall. Final score: 15–14.

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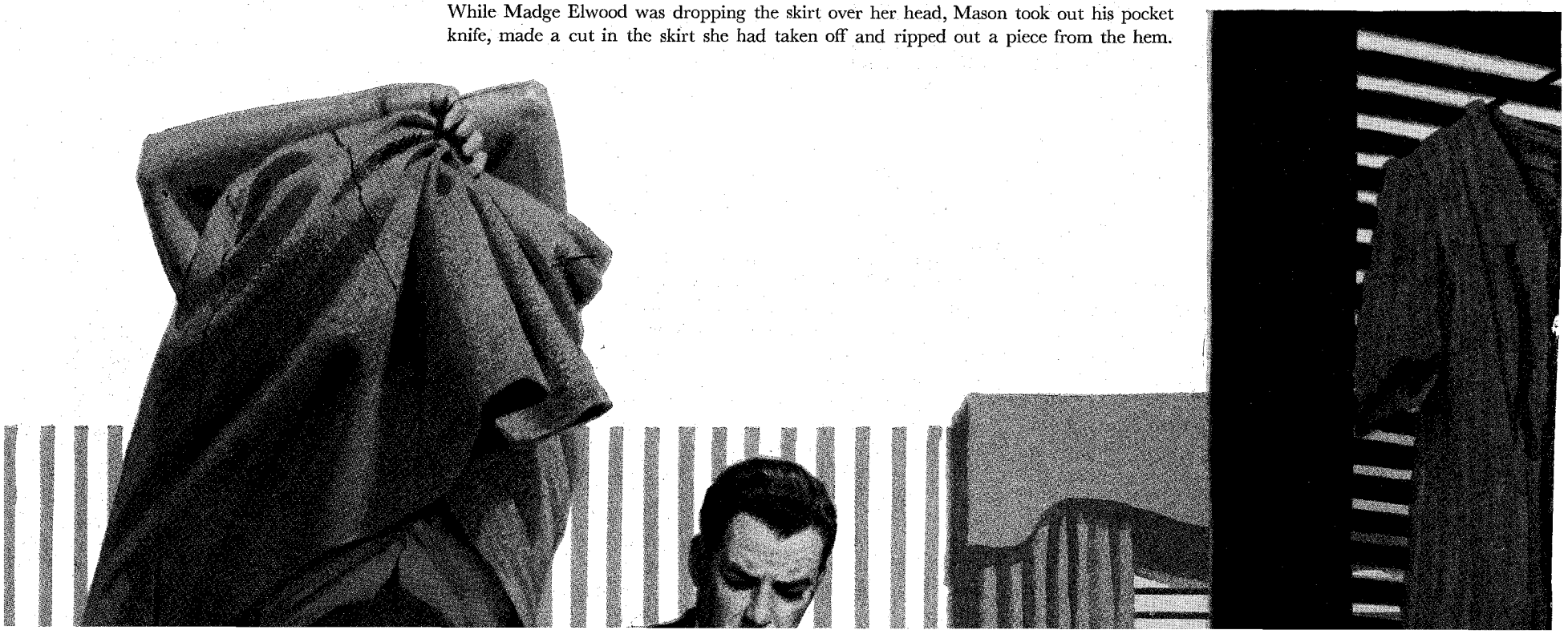
The Case of THE WAYLAID WOLF

Mason's tactics were unusual, but so was his client's plight.

While Madge Elwood was dropping the skirt over her head, Mason took out his pocket knife, made a cut in the skirt she had taken off and ripped out a piece from the hem.



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By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"Just because I work for the company," Arlene Ferris told lawyer Perry Mason, "doesn't mean I'm automatically a plaything for the owner's son!"

The night before, Loring Lamont, son of the head of Lamont Rolling, Casting and Engineering, had offered Arlene a ride home from work. But after making a flimsy excuse he drove instead to his father's lavish retreat in the Los Angeles hills, where he terrified Arlene with violently amorous advances. She fought him off and fled into the woods. When Lamont pursued her, she doubled back and sped off in his car. Now she wanted Perry Mason to teach Lamont a lesson in court.

Perry called in private detective Paul Drake, who had shocking news. "I hate to tell you this," Drake said, "but Loring Lamont was murdered last night."

Moving a half-step ahead of the police, Perry sent Arlene into temporary hiding with her friend Madge Elwood.

II

It was five-forty when Paul Drake's code knock sounded on the exit door of the private office. Mason nodded to Della Street, who opened the door.

"Hi, Della," Paul said, and nodded to Mason. "You want the latest on this Lamont murder? Now, mind you, Perry, I don't know what you know and I don't want to know what you know. I don't want to take that responsibility."

Mason nodded.

"I'm telling you what I know," Drake said.

"Go ahead."

"This rolling, casting and engineering company does some classified work. Not too much, but some. They have the place guarded. You need a clearance in order to get in. They have an executive parking lot reserved for people in the engineering office. There's a little cubbyhole office, and a man stays on duty there. It's his job to see that cars that go in or out have the sticker of the company on them and are driven by authorized personnel. Actually he doesn't pay too much attention to the cars going out, but the cars going in are different. He looks over the car and the driver. If he doesn't recognize the driver or the car isn't properly fixed up with a sticker, he stops the car and makes a detailed check.

"He remembers that last night, about quarter to six, he saw Loring Lamont driving out. There was a young woman in the car with Loring. He's given the police a description of the woman. So far, it's more or less a general description—dark hair, rather young, somewhere in the twenties, good-looking. The police are acting on the theory that Loring Lamont had a date and went to this country place the company maintains in the hills west of the city, that they had a drink, that Lamont cooked up a supper of ham and eggs, and that after supper there was an argument and the girl stabbed him.

"The police aren't releasing anything to the public yet, but of course they're very anxious to find this girl and question her. The general gossip is that Lamont was inclined to be impulsive as far as women were concerned."

Mason digested the information.

"I don't want to make any suggestions," Drake said, "but since the young woman was seen leaving the parking lot with Loring Lamont, the police have an idea that she was some woman who worked in the place. Since Lamont's car went out about five-forty-five, they have the idea that she was probably an employee who may have been working late, that Lamont had a date with her to go out after hours and had waited for her.

"You give the police that much to work with and it won't be long before they come up with an answer. Now, if that answer is going to involve your client, it's going to be a whole lot better to have her come out with her story first and claim that she was protecting herself against attack."

"She stabbed him in the back in self-defense, eh?" Mason asked.

"It could have happened," Drake said.

"Thanks a lot," Mason told him. "Keep your men on the job. Just where is this place, Paul?"

Drake took a map from his pocket. "Here's an automobile map, and here's a large-scale sketch map showing just how you get to the place. I understand the police are still out there, so don't let our mutual friend, Lieutenant Tragg, catch you snooping around or he'll immediately put another two and two together. I understand he's working on the job at the special request of Jarvis P. Lamont, who, as it happens, has a hell of a lot of influence."

Mason nodded, took the map, said, "Keep on the job, Paul. Della and I had planned to go out for dinner, and I was going to get in touch with you after dinner. As it is, we'll probably wait here a little while. I'm going to have to think this thing out."

Drake left the office. Della Street glanced apprehensively at Perry Mason.

Mason looked at his wrist watch. "Give them a couple of hours," he said, "and they'll have the answer."

"And then?" she asked.

"Then," Mason said, "they'll be looking for Arlene Ferris, and—Della, you have that Santa Monica number?"

Della Street nodded.

"Put through a call," Mason said.

"Ask for Arlene Ferris?"

"Heavens no!" Mason said. "Ask for Madge Elwood."

Della Street gave him a quick glance and put through the call. A moment later she said, "Miss Elwood on the line."

Mason picked up the telephone. "Madge Elwood?"

"Yes."

"I'm Perry Mason, the lawyer, but please don't mention my name at your end of the line. Have you talked with Arlene Ferris?"

"Why, yes—but good heavens! You! I'm a fan of yours ——"

"Is Arlene there?"

"Yes."

"I want you to do something."

"Yes. What?"

"Confine yourself to noncommittal answers," Mason said, "that won't let Arlene Ferris know who is talking. I want you to do something that is for her best interests, but she may not approve of what I'm going to do."

"Very well."

"Are you willing to help?"

"Anything."

"Do you have a car?"

"Yes."

"You know where Arlene Ferris has her apartment?"

"Of course."

Mason said, "Make some excuse to Arlene. Tell her that you have a date with a boy friend, tell her to stay there in your apartment and not to go out until you get back."

(Continued on Page 88)

Mason picked Della up, raised her to his shoulder, then pushed her back against the barbed wire.

Illustrated by James Bingham

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THE FACTS ABOUT ME

PART TWO

By JACK WEBB as told to Dean Jennings

"Sergeant Joe Friday" candidly discusses his war record and his marriage to Julie London, and tells how he almost passed up *Dragnet*, the TV show that brought him fame.

Jack gave Donna Sue Needham a part in his new film *-30-* after seeing her on TV as Miss Arkansas in the 1959 Miss Universe contest.

I had a fan letter from San Quentin the other day. It was interesting to note we had a loyal following at the prison, of course, especially since some of the men doing time were sent there by the Los Angeles detectives, whose exploits we dramatize on the *Dragnet* show. But aside from that, this particular fan mentioned a couple of things which have plagued me.

Dear Jack Webb, I thought you might like to know you have many friends here in Q.

They say crime does not pay and this must give you a laugh. You've made it pay all right. You've made a million dollars and now you're a great actor and a famous man. It must be wonderful. Believe me, when I get out I'm going into television. I've got an idea for a crime show, and if you don't mind my saying so, I'm experienced in this subject. You make it look easy, and this is for me. When I get out I'm coming to you for advice.

ED GRANT, LB-5560

P.S. By the way we have our own name for *Dragnet*. We call it *This Is Your Life*. Ha-ha!

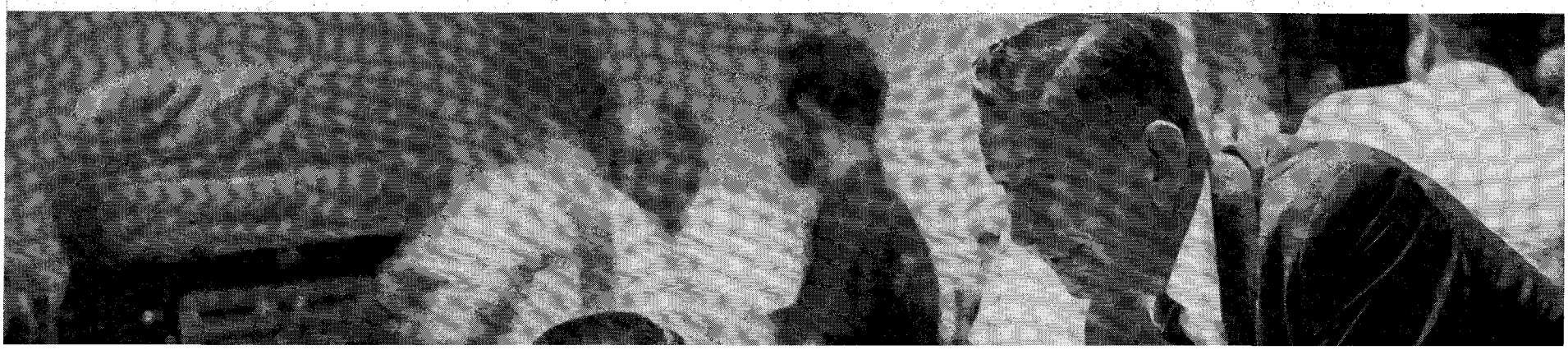
I wonder where Mr. Grant gets his information. I do not have a million dollars, for instance. You don't keep that kind of money in my high tax bracket. I don't know what kind of aerials or sets they have at San Quentin, but if the reception is good enough to make me look like a great actor they ought to put the same installation in homes too. He may be right about my being famous, and to him it looks wonderful.

At this moment, somewhere in the United States, a man is impersonating me and probably getting away with it. Four or five times a year, at least, the police in distant cities report that some trusting citizens cashed checks for a "Jack Webb." When the checks bounce, the victims naturally blame me. I have never been able to understand how these so-called doubles of mine can swindle people who have seen me on *Dragnet*.

In another city a young woman I never met says I am the father of her unborn baby. Here again some philandering phony has called himself Jack Webb, and I can only conclude that the girl in the case never saw her betrayer in daylight.

(Continued on Page 84)

Webb (at center, below) with his friend, Los Angeles police Capt. James Hamilton, who for many years was technical adviser on *Dragnet*.



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"Is it not a miracle!" shouted Totov.

The Sign of an American

By MAURICE FLAGG

In order to be a good citizen, Nikolai believed, one had to own an automobile—whether one could drive or not.

Nikolai Andreyevich Totov sat behind a table that had earlier held plates of pastries and morosely watched the dancers. The smoke of a cigarette held loosely at the center of his lips curled up before his long, narrow-featured face. He was profoundly unhappy.

Nikolai Andreyevich had been in the United States two years. He worked as a repairman in a used-furniture shop, a job the Russian Orthodox priest who was his only social acquaintance had found for him after his sponsorship period ended. It was the priest who made him come to events like this bazaar and social evening, hoping he would come out of his shell.

Once upon a time Nikolai Andreyevich had been able to look forward to a comfortable career as a lawyer in the Soviet provinces. The Germans put an end to that. They captured him during the war's first summer and sent him into Germany to do forced labor. He came to the United States in 1949 after several years in the DP camps.

America, however, overwhelmed him. He was a deliberate kind of man, and the—to him—frantic pace of American life was frightening. He had learned almost no English, although some kind people at the church that sponsored him had tried to help. He believed that at his age—nearly forty—he could never begin again.

He was thus sunk in himself when a chunky, blond woman appeared before the table and said almost saucily in Russian, "You want to dance?" Her smile showed wide-spaced teeth.

"We dance poorly," he replied, speaking of himself in the formal way.

"*Nichevo*. So what?" She reached across the table and seized his hand. "I have been seeing you three times sit alone and speak to no one. In America you must have fun."

He arose and went out on the dance floor somberly, like a (Continued on Page 72)

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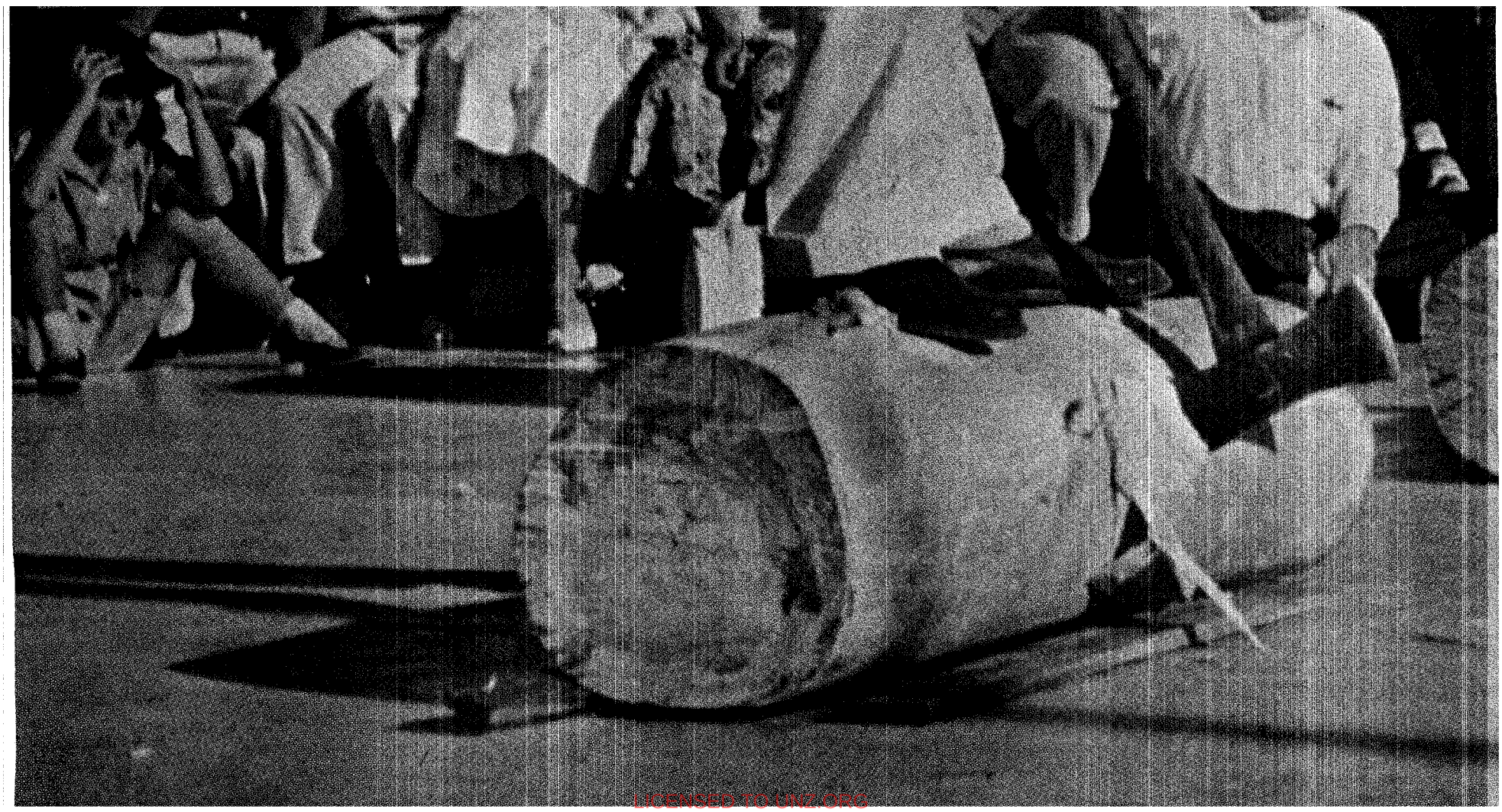

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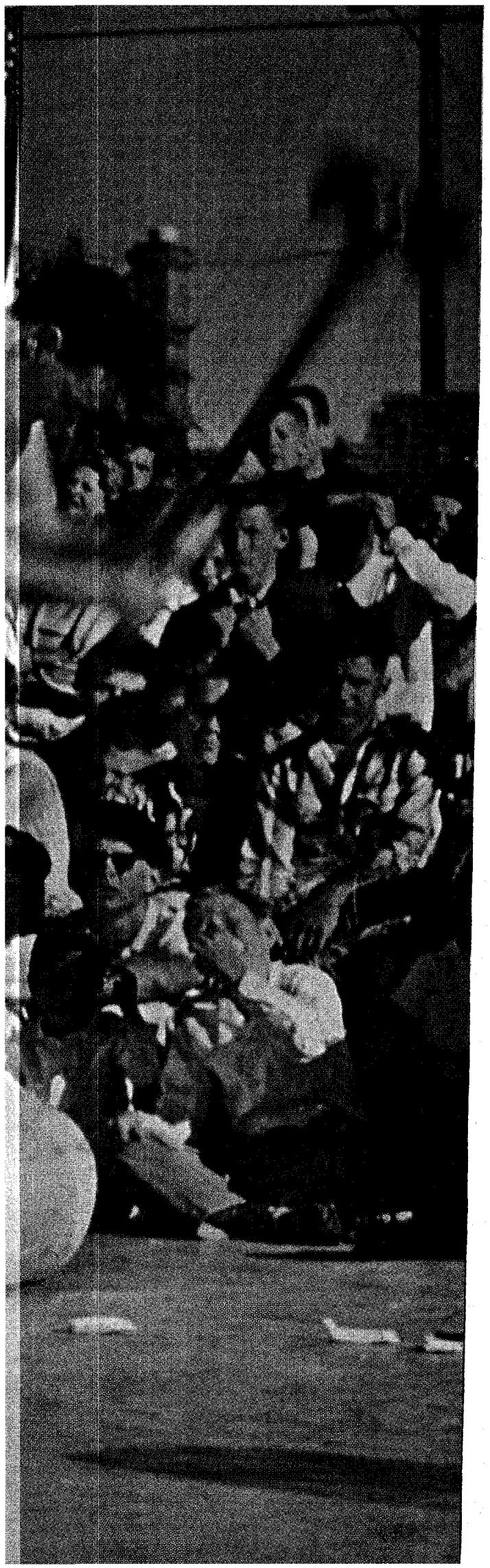

The Face of AMERICA

Proud Mountaineers

These muscular choppers were part of the fun and games at the first annual Western Basque Festival, staged this past June at Reno and Sparks, Nevada. Bonny Elorrieta (left) and Ben Goitiandie both hail from the Spanish province of Vizcaya, where wood-chopping contests are traditional festival features. There are French Basques, Spanish Basques, South American Basques and, in our Western mountain states, thousands of American Basques who work mainly in the cattle-raising and sheepherding industries—but wherever they settle, these sturdy and self-reliant people always remain Basques. The first Basques arrived on this continent from their homeland in the western Pyrenees as part of the California gold rush; moving inland to Nevada, Utah and Idaho, they took over the hard and lonely job of herding sheep on their months-long migrations from valley to mountain pasturage and back again. In 1949 the late United States Sen. Pat McCarran, of Nevada, persuaded Congress to enact a "private law for the relief of Basque aliens," and many began migrating from Spain at that time. Young Basques are still brought from Europe for their special skills; some return home with their savings after a few years, but more remain to become a colorful and individualistic part of the American scene. Twenty-seven-year-old Ben Goitiandie won the wood-chopping contest by cutting through the twenty-three-inch aspen log in three and one fourth minutes. His prize was fifty dollars and a trophy. Both men walked away from the contest with all their toes. ● Photograph by Don W. Jones

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Post Scripts

"Go Down and Talk to Him, Mother!"

SATURDAY AFTERNOON:

"Hello, Don. I'm Karen's mother. She isn't quite ready yet; she's looking for her bowling shoes. Sit down, won't you? Well, Don, I guess you're getting eager for the baseball season to begin. Are you going to pitch again this year?"

"No, ma'am, that's Dan Betts. I didn't make the team."

SUNDAY EVENING:

"Come in, Jerry; how are you this evening? Karen will be down in a minute. Well, Jerry, I've been wanting to congratulate you ever since Karen told us you were elected class president."

"No, ma'am, that's Gary Brown. I lost."

FRIDAY NIGHT:

"Karen's almost ready, Bill. Sit down and make yourself at home. Well, Bill, I hear that your family has a beautiful new Oldsmobile!"

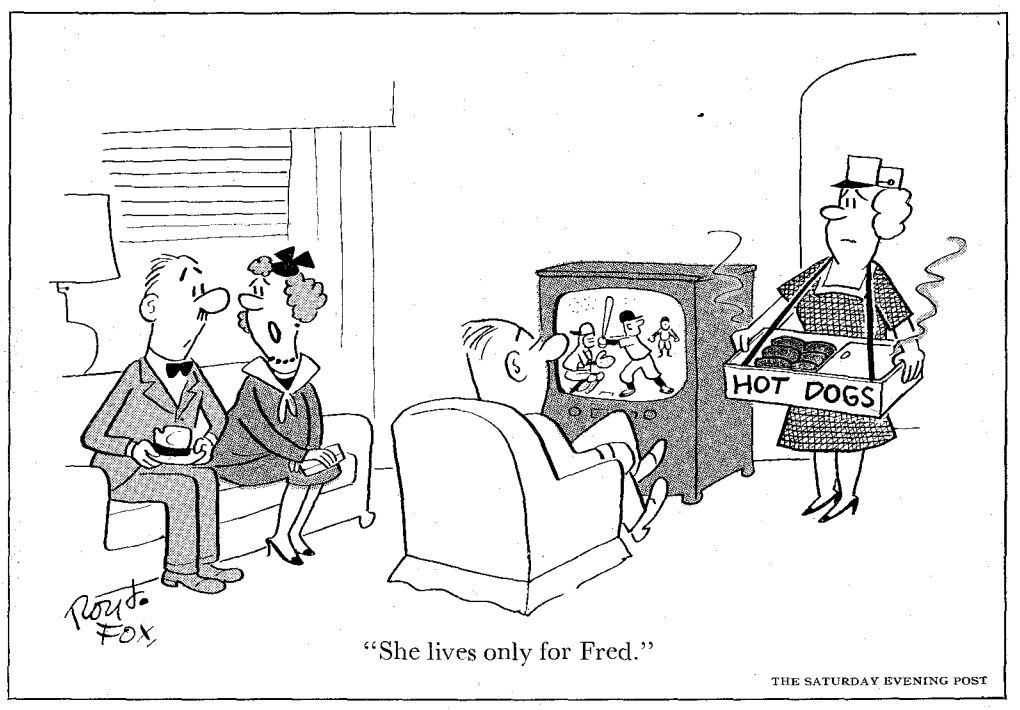
"No, ma'am, that's Bill Whitaker. My dad's a Dodge dealer."

SATURDAY EVENING:

"Hello, Tom. Karen will be right down. How's tricks?"

"Oh, Trix is swell, Mrs. Nelson, and her puppies are real neat. She had six. Gee, Mrs. Nelson, how did you know about my dog, Trix? You're really on the ball!"

KAY NELSON



"She lives only for Fred."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Xanthippe's Song

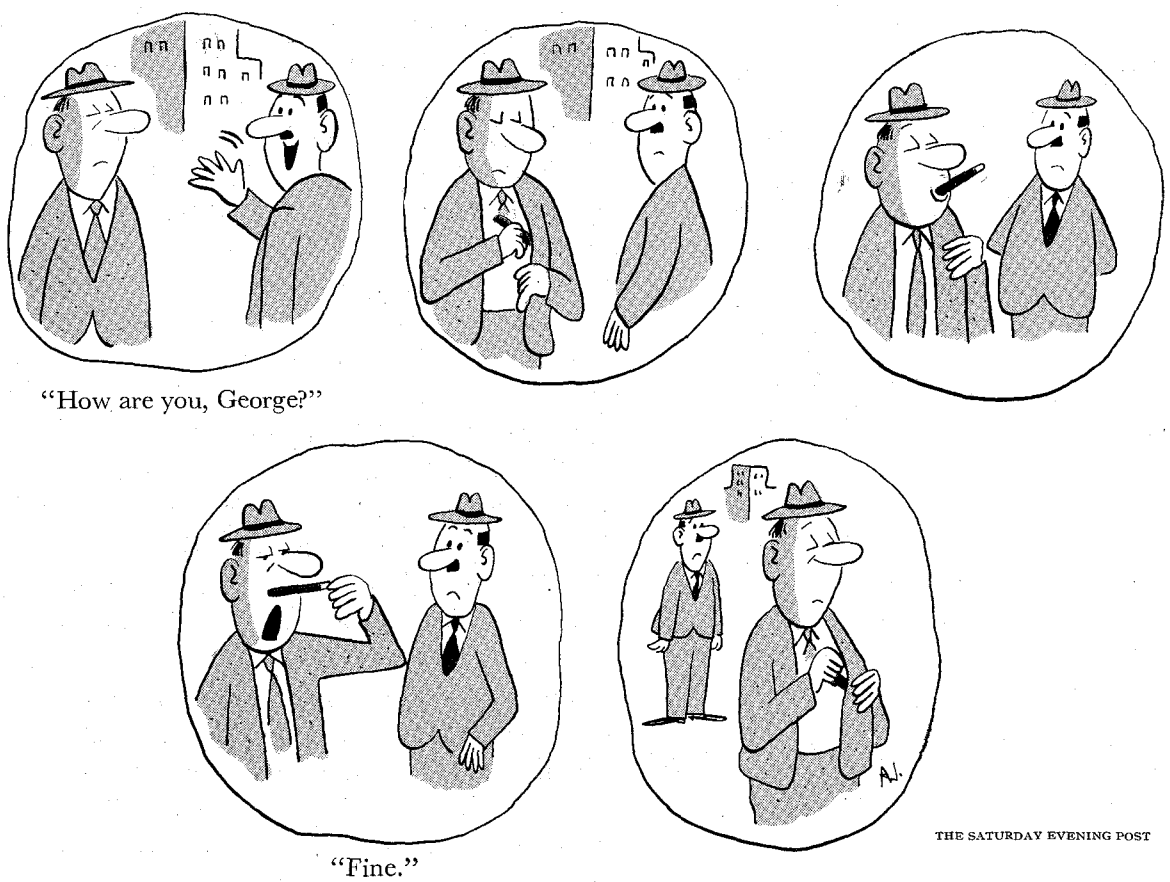
It's true, as husbands have long opined,
That logic eludes the feminine mind.
Though any woman can find herself
A towel on a well-stocked bathroom shelf.

How very rarely a woman sticks
To basic issues in politics.
But babes at the polls though women are,
They never vote for a free cigar.

And distaff thinking is downright funny
On any question involving money.
Yet few indeed are the women who think
That three-inch steaks make a meat bill shrink.

Oh, women are people that men love dearly,
But let's not say they can reason clearly.
For women aren't logical. But then
What does it matter? They're married to men!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"How are you, George?"

"Fine."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Labor News on the Local Scene

A wildcat strike threatened on Maple Street today, but swift arbitration had workers back on the job before sundown. "Frankly," says Mrs. George Gabble, speaking for management, "it's a relief to hear those lawn mowers working again."

The dispute arose late this morning. Reports employee George Gabble, speaking for the Maple Street Local of the Lawn Care Union, "We won the five-hour Saturday back in 'Fifty-six. Long ago the bosses admitted our right to get to the TV set by two P.M. for the day's game."

Trouble came at 11:30 A.M. when management tried to insert a stairway clause, Alice Bender revealed. "We get worn out trying to manage the kids on those moving stairs in Merriam's Department Store," she says. "That's where we go Saturdays. But with the kids in tow we lost out on two big clearances last week alone."

"All we said," comments Jennifer Harbeck, "was, why can't the kids watch TV too?"

"By noon we saw the handwriting on the wall," says Tom Bender. "We weren't going to spend the day watching Kartoon Karavan. We had no choice. We walked out, right down to Joe's Grill."

Within minutes, management had summoned Irma Gabble, the sixty-two-year-old mediator who is a veteran of many a labor dispute. Half an hour later the men were back on the job.

Late this afternoon the resourceful Irma Gabble emerged from 411 Maple Street, bleary-eyed and tired, but victorious. "I'm used to this sort of thing," she smiled wanly. "After all, it's peace that counts, and this isn't the first time I've gone through Kartoon Karavan. Probably," she added with a sigh, "it won't be the last."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

The Headlines Tell a Familiar Story

FABULOUS NEW FREEWAY PLANNED
MAYOR RECOMMENDS THIRD AVENUE ROUTE
HIGHWAY CHIEF FEENEY SUGGESTS BLAKISTON STREET
BLAKISTON STREET NOT FEASIBLE—MAYOR
THIRD AVENUE POOR CHOICE—FEENEY
FREEWAY WRANGLE IN FIFTH DAY
SIXTH STREET COMPROMISE MEASURE NIXED
BLAKISTON STILL LOGICAL CHOICE—FEENEY
FEENEY EXCEEDING AUTHORITY—MAYOR
MAYOR PLAYING POLITICS—FEENEY
MAYOR CLAIMS FEENEY IS HOODWINKING PUBLIC
I MAY NAME NAMES—FEENEY
MAYOR TERMS BLAKISTON STREET "LOGICAL CHOICE"

CHARLES MATTESON

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GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN... when...

...busy-night suppers are soup suppers

Somebody going someplace? Good things begin to happen when you plan a quick, easy supper around good, hot, hearty soup.

Speed happens! Ready in 4 minutes for the early birds who take off to Scouts. You can open another can of soup for the head of the house who's eating late. With a big nourishing bowl as the main hot dish, even a hurry-up supper is a wonderful meal. You'll know your family is going places well fed, well satisfied.

For there's something about soup – the good way it smells, the good way it feels, the good way it tastes, the good and nourishing things it does for you – that just seems to make folks feel good all over.

Take Campbell's Minestrone with its generous helping of garden vegetables, tender spaghettini, its zip of cheese. There's a soup 'most everybody likes that's almost a meal in itself.

Add something simple – cold cuts, good bread, a basket of eat-in-the-hand fresh fruit – and you've pleased the family.

Yes, good things can happen any time when you have plenty of Campbell's Soup on the shelf. Good meals. Good appetites. Good dispositions. Good nutrition. Good things you want for your family every single day.

Say! Have *you* had your soup today?

Once a day...every day...enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

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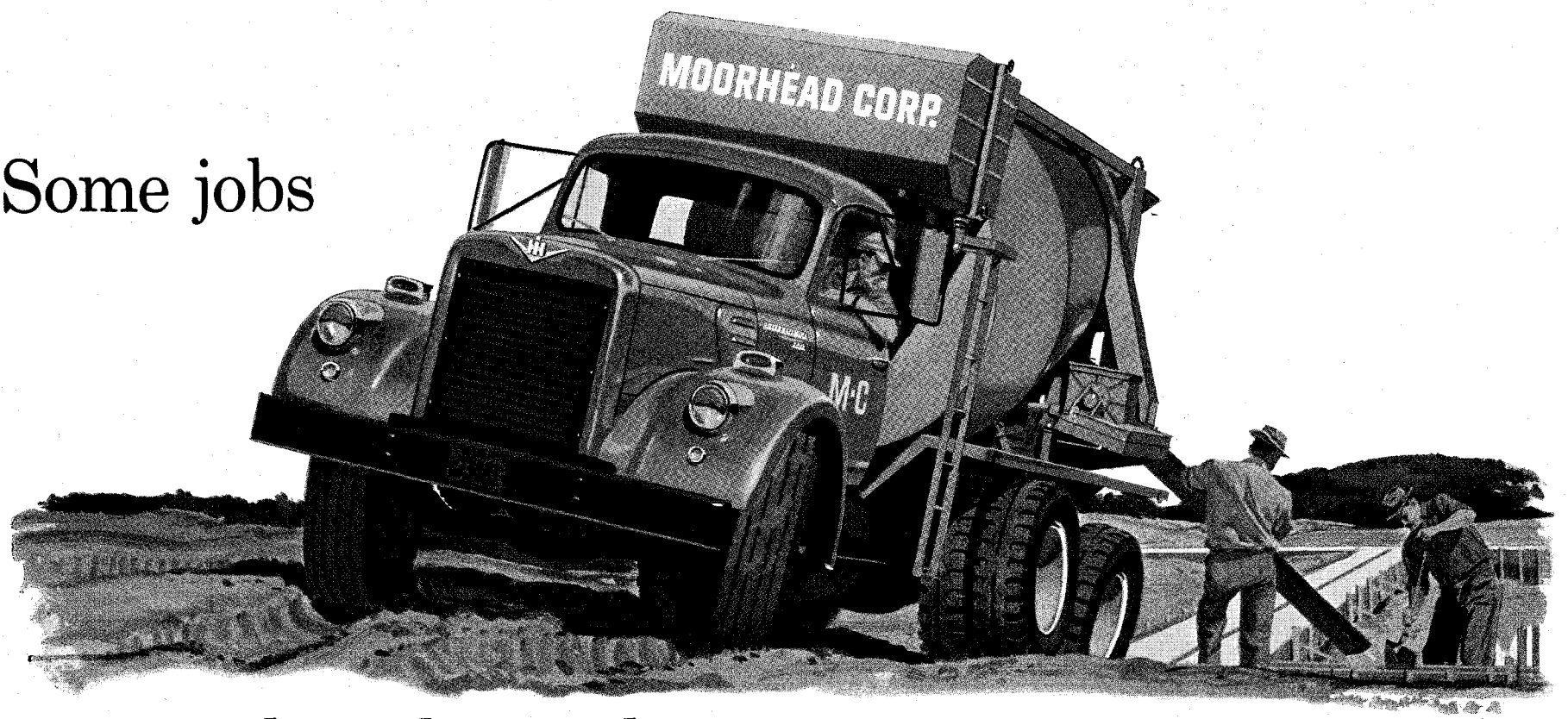
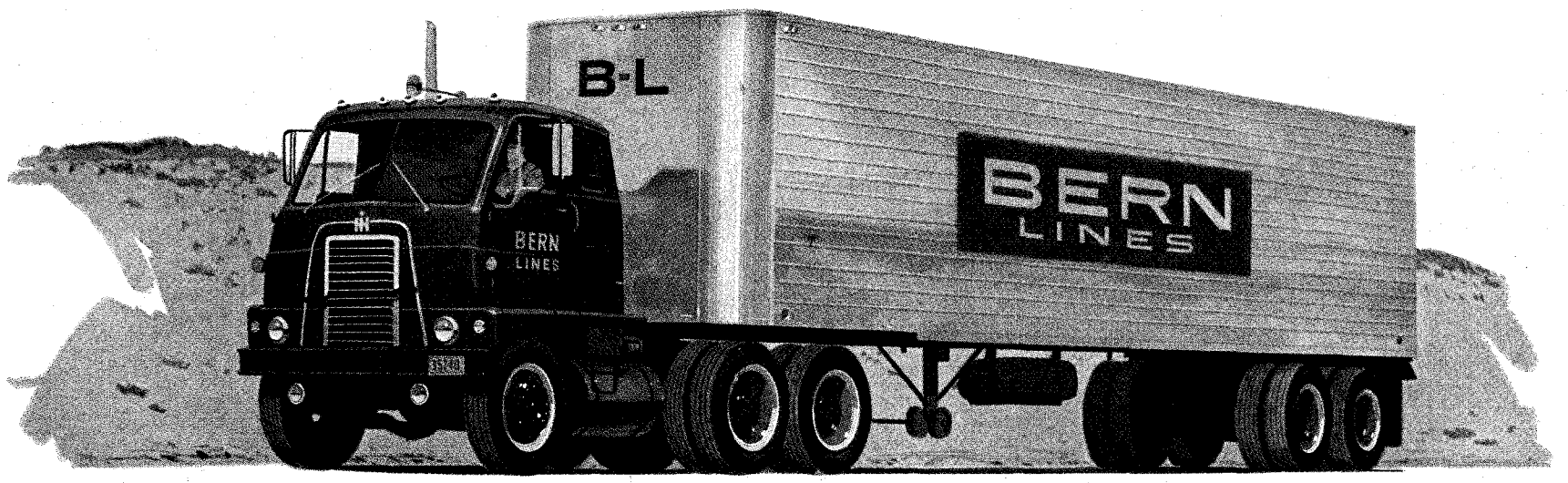
Some jobs



are tougher than others–

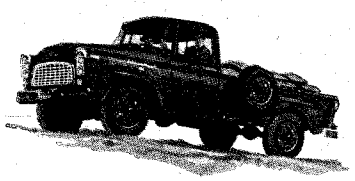
Bog holes or broken ground, INTERNATIONAL six-wheelers pull through with top payloads. Husky V-8 engines up to 549 cu. in. give ample power off the road, higher speeds on the highway.



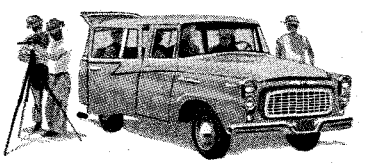
so are some trucks!

Premium-built INTERNATIONAL diesel models take all the tonnage the law allows. They're powered for mountain grades, and to make time on the straight-away. Short length and lightweight design mean greater payloads!

New low-cost Metro-Mite® has integral sturdy construction for long life, plus 4-cylinder engine for economy.



Champions of the "broken field" runners, INTERNATIONAL pickups with 4-wheel-drive have roomier cabs, all purpose V-8 power.



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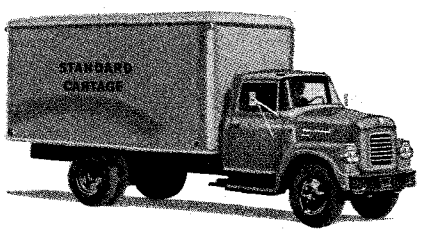

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The U-19's Last Kill

Could the old sub survive the fearful test ahead, or would it be a coffin for its crew?

By JACK FINNEY

"She is a good ship," Frank Lauffnauer said about his little sub. "I trusted her once, and I will trust her again."

In 1918, as a young German sailor, Lauffnauer abandoned the *U-19* off Long Island, after influenza killed most of its crew. Now, forty years later, Lauffnauer found the sub, under 100 feet of water, but still watertight. With the help of his confederates—Vic, Moreno, Linc, Rosa and Hugh—he raised her. The vessel was to serve somehow in his plan to seize a fortune in paper money being taken from Argentina to Europe by Reinhold Kroll, an unapprehended Nazi war criminal.

Corrosion had ruined the sub's batteries, but Hugh suggested using a large number of ordinary automobile batteries instead. Here is Hugh's account of the tremendous job the conspirators faced in readying the *U-19* for action.

IV

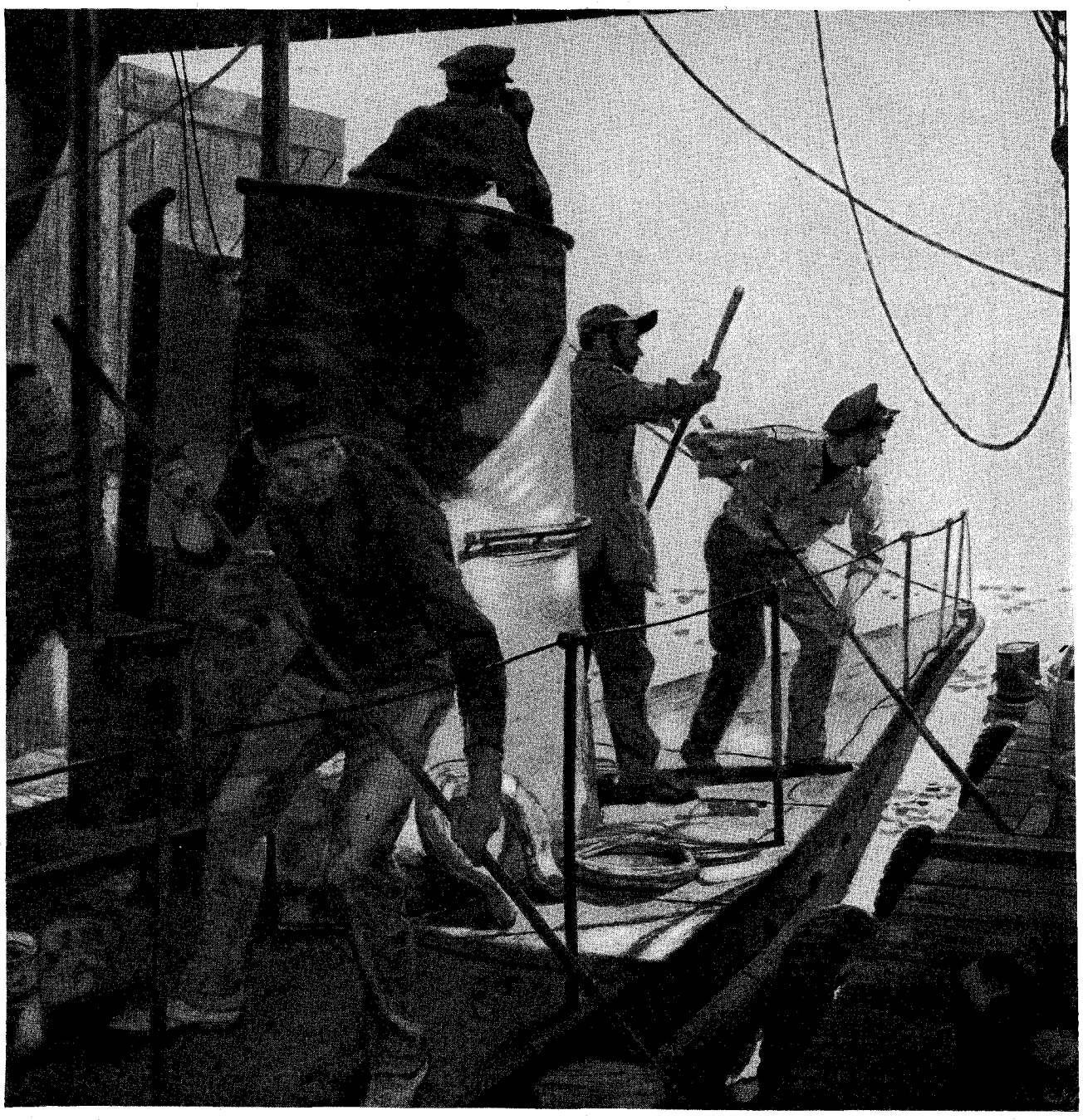
For ten days then the pattern hardly varied. We'd awaken in darkness, dragged out of sleep by the ruthless, insistent rattle of the alarm clock; I can hear it yet. There'd be a moment of drugged confusion, my muscles, for the first few days at least, stiffened and begging for more rest. Then the same single thought would flare up in my mind again—*The boat!*—and my eyes would pop open, a surge of deep pleasure bringing me wide awake. Rosa would arrive within minutes and quickly prepare our breakfasts; then it was down to the sub again and work, work, work, till eleven at night, till twelve, till after one o'clock sometimes.

We had to interrupt work occasionally, one or the other of us taking the jeep to a nearby village or town for groceries, a tool, a piece of equipment. And once Moreno and Rosa made the trip to Fire Island and our rented cottage again, taking over several suitcases full of city clothes for each of us, food, razors, toothbrushes and other supplies. Each time any of us went out we bought batteries—at a dozen or more garages, filling stations and stores for ten or fifteen miles around and in New York. And we ordered batteries by mail, Rosa filling out and mailing the orders. They were shipped in by express to various nearby towns to invented names, and during the afternoons Rosa drove around picking them up, paying for them with cash; we acquired a dozen or so a day.

With the first of the batteries, Vic and I started, tested and then adjusted the diesels. We'd found nothing really wrong with them; they'd been in good condition forty years ago, and nothing had happened to them since. But the gaskets for the water jackets enclosing the cylinders were of copper and asbestos; they were squeezed flat by forty years of constant pressure, all elasticity gone, and we had no way of replacing them. All Vic and I could do was tighten the bolts to the last fraction of possible turn, but they leaked still, and we knew our engines might run hot.

A lot of what we did, in fact, was makeshift, improvised, utterly unacceptable by the standards of any navy in the world. The valves of the air compressor, for example—Moreno worked on that—should have been replaced, but that wasn't possible either. And when Vic and I had the diesels running, and we tested the compressor, it wouldn't deliver full pressure, so we couldn't fill our air flasks completely. Several of the air-flask valves leaked, too, and no crew would have sailed, let alone dived, in a submarine with valves in the condition ours were.

Weeks of work, tons of equipment and a not-so-small fortune could have been spent restoring that sub to complete fitness. Yet in ten days of hard work we finished most of all that we were able to do, and if any really major repair job had been vital, it would have been beyond us. We fixed up the sub—patched it up—as well as we could, and that's all we could do. One afternoon when all of us were lying under the sub grinding (Continued on Page 100)



Lauffnauer stood lookout. The others worked the sub out of the dock.

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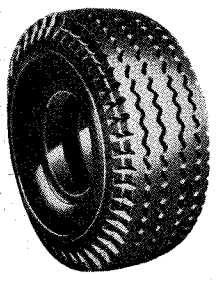

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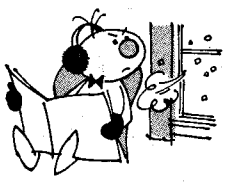

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Are British Schools Better Than Ours?

(Continued from Page 21)

traditionally, they have been the *other* springboard to good jobs or university admission.

Well, the English reasoned that every child who would benefit from a grammar-school education ought to have it, so they passed legislation guaranteeing a free place in such a school to every child who could qualify. They also set up secondary "modern" schools, which were to be—and are—a cut above the prewar schools that served the secondary level.

These "modern" schools were to have academically less-rigorous courses than the grammar schools. The three R's were to be there, all right, but domestic science and woodshop would replace Latin and trigonometry. They were, in short, intended to cater to the great majority of children—just as the "general" or "commercial" courses in our high schools do.

Examinations, at a little past age eleven, would determine which type of school youngsters attended. Neither school would be "better"; they would merely serve different needs. If initial selection procedures proved faulty, it would be possible for children to move from one type of school to the other.

Finally, to be sure that children would be in school long enough for some of these new opportunities to "take," in 1947 the compulsory education age was raised to fifteen.

If ever a scheme sounded as if it would give equal opportunity to a school-age population, this was it. Theoretically, all parents should be delighted to have their children assigned to schools in which they compete only with pupils of comparable academic ability; but in practice, when the school examiner tells a certain important segment of parents that young Bertie tests average, they hear it as inferior. If they want him to go to grammar school, no other school will do.

One of the inequities in the system is that in a district poorly supplied with grammar schools, the cutoff point on examination lists is higher than in well-endowed districts, hence children who fall in the middle of the list can be assigned to either type of school. But even in areas where competition is not so keen, children whose parents suspect they are "borderline" are subjected to pressures ranging from bribery to bullying.

Of the examination they must take, Baroness Wootton of Abinger said in a February debate in the House of Lords, "It broods like a monster over every home in England in which there is a child between seven and eleven."

In a lighter vein, an American woman living in Oxford last year remarked, "English mothers talk about the 'eleven-plus exam' the way Americans talk about operations. They're obsessed with the subject. And they're so apologetic when the child fails."

Local education officers in England have tried to alter parental attitudes, but they might as well have been talking to themselves, for all the effect they've had. If the child does not pass the crucial examination, those parents who care about the cultural as well as the intellectual values of education—in general, the large professional and white-collar middle class—promptly put him into a private school, often at great financial sacrifice. Private schooling can cost from $200 to $1100 per year. And how does a family manage *that* if there are, say, two children of secondary-school age and the father's income is $3000, a good white-collar salary? Sadly, too, some of the private schools that have sprung up or expanded to meet this demand aren't very good academically.

And who is left in the secondary modern schools? Children of average to low intelligence, of course, but in addition the majority come from families which are either indifferent to education or openly antagonistic to it. There are still many parents in England who believe that a child should go to work and earn money for the family as soon as he is physically capable of getting a job; among such people there is much resentment that the compulsory age of education was raised.

If for no other reason, English parents who set store by good speech cannot force themselves to expose their children to the lower-class dropped *h* and the *i* that comes out "oi"; in fact, Oxford youngsters who speak upper-class English often refer to the others as "the oicks."

It is also alleged by some English parents that the secondary modern schools have too limited a curriculum. This was not strictly true in Oxford; one of the secondary modern schools I visited offered both French and physics, and appeared perfectly capable of stretching a child of average intellect as far as he could be stretched. But it *was* true in a nearby country district, where the headmistress frankly admitted to one American couple that her school emphasizes gardening and needlework.

Having rejected this school, the mother told me later, "Goodness knows, Patty is no brain, but she does have to go back to the States to seventh grade next year, and I can't say that gardening and needlework will do her much good."

The majority of Americans who, like us, were temporarily affiliated with the university didn't even question the advice given us by English colleagues. We simply paid fees for those of our children who couldn't get into the free grammar schools, and thus guaranteed that our youngsters would associate with "nice" children.

Instead of schools segregated essentially on class lines, as they were before the war, England now has schools segregated according to social-class *and* academic ability. And the secondary modern schools will probably remain "schools of failure" as long as the parents who could supply leadership and whose children would leaven the loaf continue to buy their way out. The wife of an Oxford clergyman spoke a fitting epitaph when she said, "If the secondary modern schools aren't good enough for our children, chances are they aren't good enough for anyone else's children, either."

Awareness of the "mood of disquiet" which runs across the nation is now prompting many districts to drop the eleven-plus examination and is encouraging others to establish United States-style comprehensive schools. But it will be a long time before a pair of tourists like us, lost in a Midlands city, can pull up to a curb beside a pair of fourteen-year-olds lounging outside a secondary modern school, ask for directions, and understand their language when they reply.

And so we've come home, happy in the knowledge that our son, however his adult occupation and interests may divide him from his fellows, will always have in common with so many of them the experience of a shared school life. "When I was in high school" means pretty much the same thing to all Americans. We speak essentially alike. And is it really so bad to give all children equal status, if in so doing we preserve their self-respect? My husband and I do not consider it a loss but a gain that the young alumnus of our son's high school who is attending Oxford this year as a Rhodes scholar is a product of the common schools of America.

There's no doubt, however, that the English grammar schools in some respects—notably three—offer better education than the typical United States public school to children of comparable ability. Our fifteen-year-old son attended a "direct-grant" school, which is comparable in most respects to a grammar school, though it takes both fee-paying and free pupils. He bloomed academically and personally in his new atmosphere; in no time at all he was rising in the presence of a teacher, taking pains with his penmanship and talking about "shedules" and "sticky wickets" as if to the manner born. He ended with an abiding affection for his old-school tie (black with red stripes), a vastly improved ability to use his own language, and two school prizes.

Topping the list of things we believe the English schools do better than American ones is their greater emphasis on English composition.

Said another American parent in Oxford last year, (*Continued on Page 49*)

"They say he's pretty well advanced for his age."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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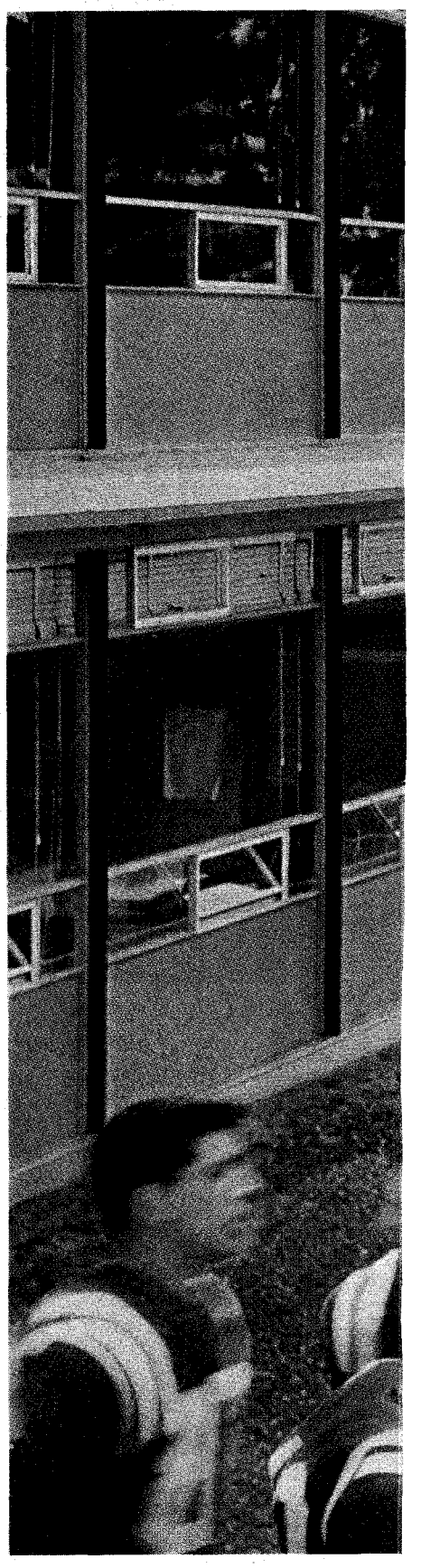

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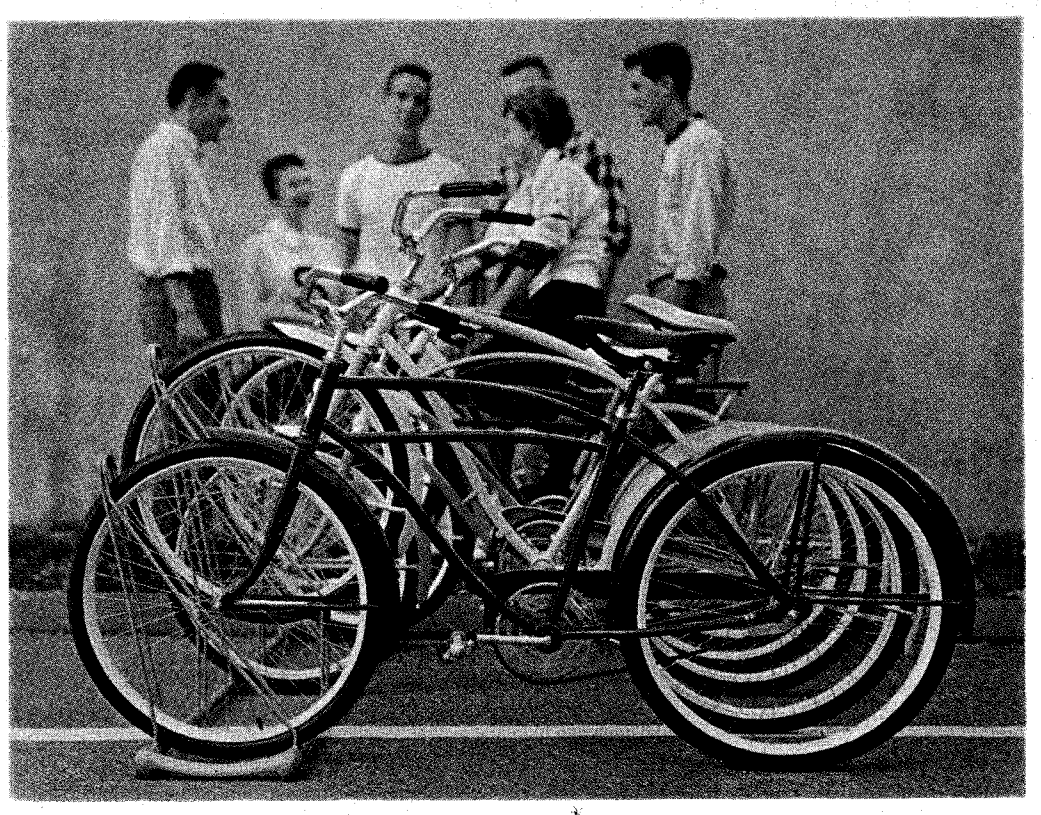

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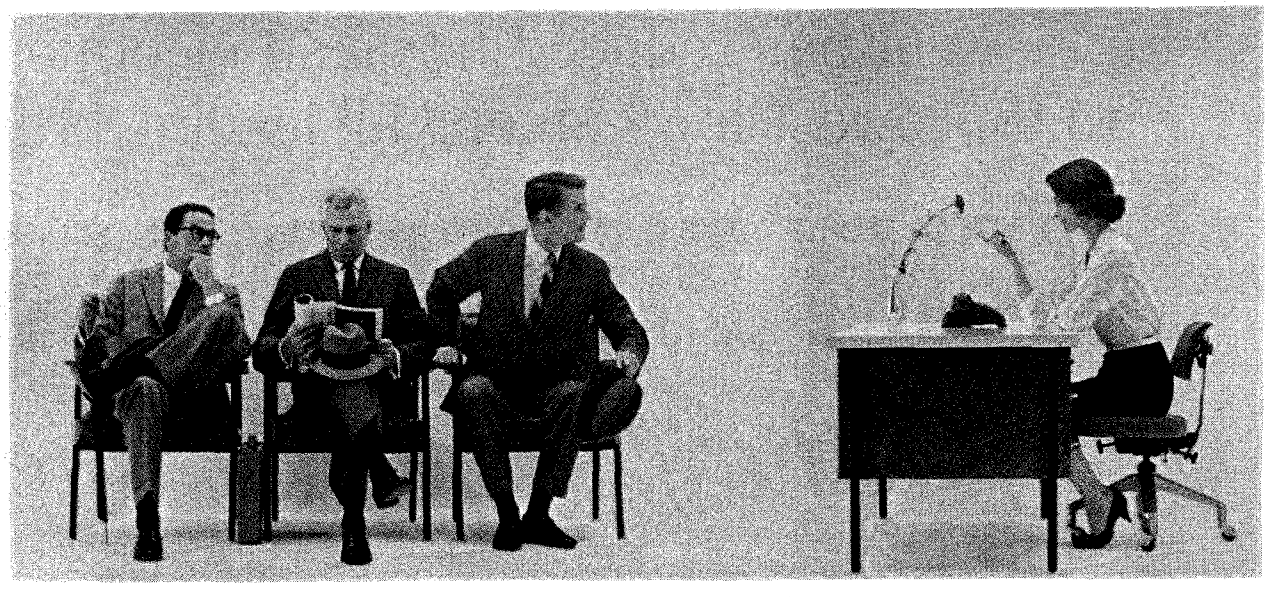

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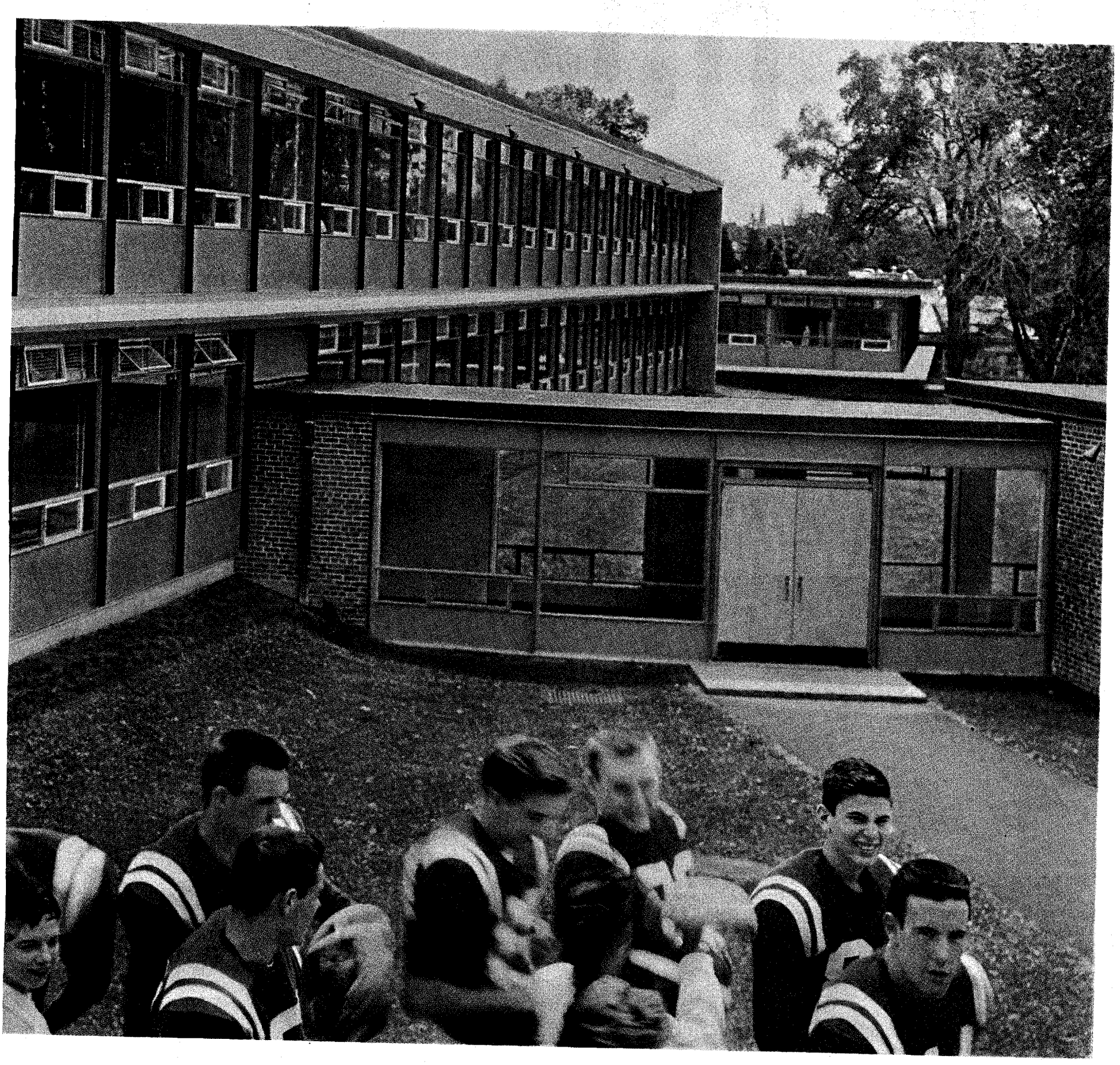

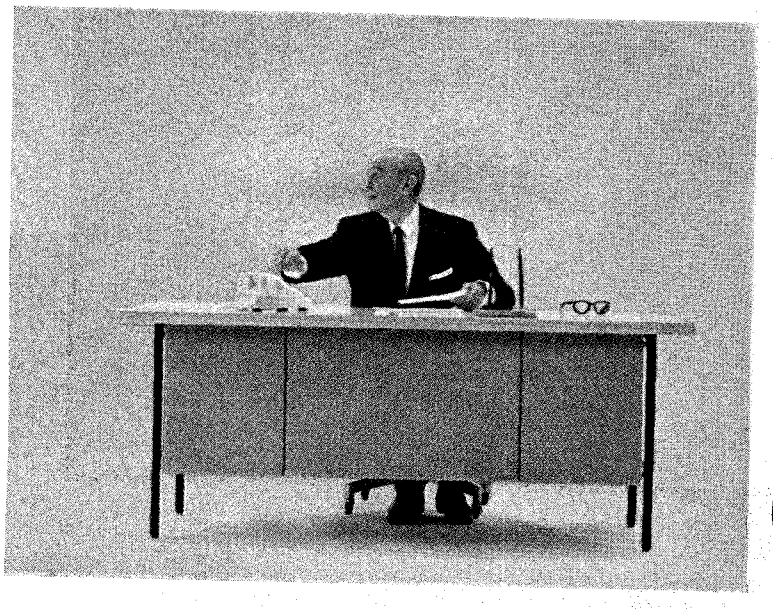

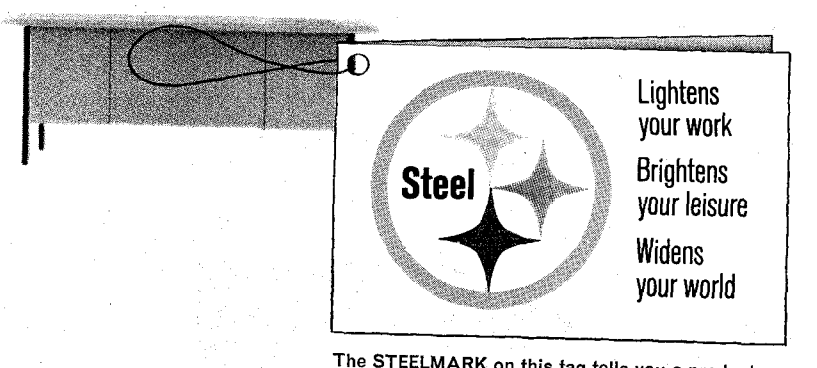

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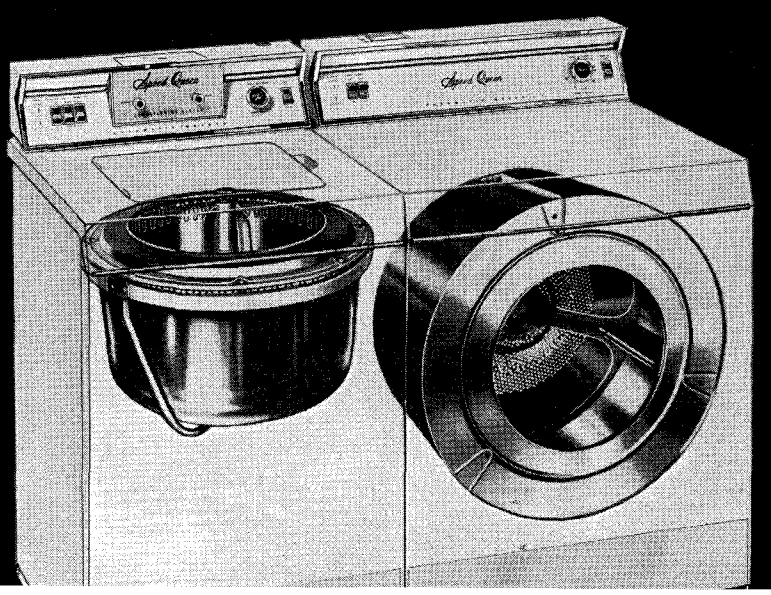

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(*Continued from Page 44*) "At home it never really mattered to his teachers whether Sidney could spell. He has good ideas, does wonderful creative work and the over-all effect of his reports has been so impressive he has always been given top grades.

"But his Oxford school objects very strenuously to misspelling, and marks him down for it. His essay grades have now been dropped from A to B often enough so that he's got the point—and he's improving."

This was also our boy's experience. He could spell, as it happened, but he couldn't tell an adverbial clause from an ampersand when we arrived in England. There, his essays were so carefully criticized with regard to both form and content that his writing now meets American college-entrance requirements.

The English schoolmasters whom I asked to compare the achievement of American versus English pupils of comparable intellectual ability all said that Americans have their greatest difficulty when asked to organize ideas into a coherent pattern, beginning with a topic sentence and ending with a summary.

The English schools also do a better job of teaching languages. Both French and Latin are compulsory in most grammar schools; the school our son attended offered Greek as well, though it was optional. Since American children—of the type who would be in grammar school in England—begin Latin *or* a modern language at least two years later, and may drop either after two years, it stands to reason that English children are going to know more about these languages. (One of the recommendations in the recent Conant report on American secondary education, you may recall, is that our children should be required to take four years of whatever foreign language they elect to study.)

English children do not, however, seem to us to have a special edge on Americans in mathematics—except on a short-term basis, as when some hapless young Yank transfers into an English school after the class is well launched on the arithmetic of pounds, shillings and pence.

Imbalance in this subject results from the fact that American schools tend to teach math in "boxes": algebra in ninth grade, geometry in tenth, trigonometry in eleventh. English schools use the "continuous flow" method, in which a given mathematical concept may be studied arithmetically, algebraically and geometrically. That's why American children in England sometimes have to "swot" and at other times can loaf in math classes.

One seventeen-year-old girl from Illinois, who had graduated from high school at home, but went into a sixth form—the equivalent of first year in college—in Oxford, found the first few months a breeze. The class was studying co-ordinate geometry, which she'd already had.

Contrariwise, our son—with both algebra and plane geometry behind him—was a problem to his math master at first because he didn't know anything about logarithms. But later he could coast: the class was by then deep in quadratic equations, which he'd had at home.

In the social sciences, such as history, a child's accumulated knowledge isn't especially important to his success in mastering a given course. The subject is taught similarly on both sides of the Atlantic. One omission from English schools is what we call civics. Whatever English youngsters know about the workings of their national and local government they pick up by themselves.

The physical sciences are no better taught in England than in the United States, and may not, we suspect, be taught as well. Partly, this is due to the fact that the English schools try to do too much. Since English grammar-school pupils start to specialize in a particular field of knowledge at age fifteen, whatever science *all* of them are going to be taught, as part of their general cultural heritage, must be crammed into them faster than in the United States.

Our son, for example, took biology, physics and chemistry all at the same time—but only three hours a week were allocated to each. The closest he came to lab work in biology was to slip a slide under a microscope. To a great extent, in all three classes, the emphasis was on lectures, demonstrations and the memorization of facts. My husband was continually exasperated by the boy's inability to explain *why* any given set of facts was true.

An English acquaintance, a mother of a sixteen-year-old girl who wants to be a doctor, told us that she and her physician husband had not been able to find a single boarding school in Great Britain with an adequate science program for girls with such ambitions. Boys fare better.

Furthermore, the necessity for specializing while still in secondary school soon forces young English scientists into very narrow channels. University places are so scarce and competition for them is so keen that English students have completed their liberal-arts studies by age eighteen. They come to a university as botanists or chemists or physicists, ready to concentrate on their particular field. Thus, when they leave the university, they know more about their specialty than their American counterparts, but less about science in general.

My husband says that many Oxford undergraduates with whom he had contact last year were not as well qualified in either mathematics or science as the graduates of certain Los Angeles high schools who come to Cal Tech.

One very great over-all strength of English schools is that they come much closer than American schools to eliminating unfair competition in the classroom.

Almost all English schools, including the secondary moderns, are "streamed"—that is, children are divided into groups of descending ability, and these groups become basic units for classroom instruction. This practice is followed in some American schools, too, where it is called "tracking"; but all that it accomplishes is to keep pupils of comparable I.Q. together. Our tracking system makes no allowance for individual variances within the group. And a rare bird indeed is the gifted pupil who is gifted across the board; far more common is the youth with 130 I.Q., say, who flies high in one subject and sinks low in another.

To meet this problem, the English grammar schools have devised "sets," in which pupils are grouped by ability in each subject. Our son's experience was typical: He was in set I in six subjects, set II in one, and set III in three. Each set met as a class. When a boy achieved top work in one of the lower sets, they moved him up, where he had to stretch again.

American schools are adopting many of these practices. Since returning from Oxford, I've been catching up on my reading in educators' journals, and there seems to be hardly a school district of consequence that isn't experimenting with foreign languages in the fourth grade, algebra in sixth or seventh, and accelerated programs of all types to let gifted children progress as fast as they are able. Our own Pasadena schools are now grouping high-school students according to ability in every subject, and the school board has approved the principle of limiting English-composition classes to twenty-five pupils. Given the encouragement of its citizens, there's no reason why any school district can't do the same.

I come now to three features of English schools which seem appealing to some Americans, but which our schools could not—and perhaps, in some cases, should not—attempt to duplicate.

There's the matter of the English teacher's more authoritarian role in the classroom, for example. This sounds great to some American parents—"the schools are too easy on kids these days"—until they experience it firsthand.

A twelve-year-old boy from Oregon came home one day "still paralyzed," his mother told me, because a boy in his class had not seen the master enter the room and had not stopped talking fast enough. Wasting no words, the master simply strode up to the boy and hit him hard enough to knock him to the floor.

"Gee!" said Tom, in reporting this to his parents. "It could have been me!"

Incidents of this nature are not everyday occurrences, but many American children in Oxford schools last year witnessed hands being smacked with rulers and hair being pulled by teachers to punish misbehavior, as well as the use of biting sarcasm to shame pupils who asked stupid questions or were slow to comprehend. The courteous attention which American teachers accord to each child—even, sometimes, beyond a reasonable point—is missing in English classrooms.

In consequence, there is a subtle difference in the classroom atmosphere. Even with a good teacher in control, and however much pupils may like him, there is a kind of unwritten alliance against him, a sporting desire to "put one over on him." This attitude puzzles American youngsters, especially those of elementary-school age. They have been exhorted from kindergarten to be "good citizens," they've been exposed to self-government almost as long, and they're accustomed to thinking of themselves as a team with teacher as leader instead of boss. This approach to classroom organization preserves the dignity and self-confidence of pupils, especially those who are shy or inarticulate, but it can be wasteful of time and teacher energy. Britons don't go for it. They believe that children should be *governed.*

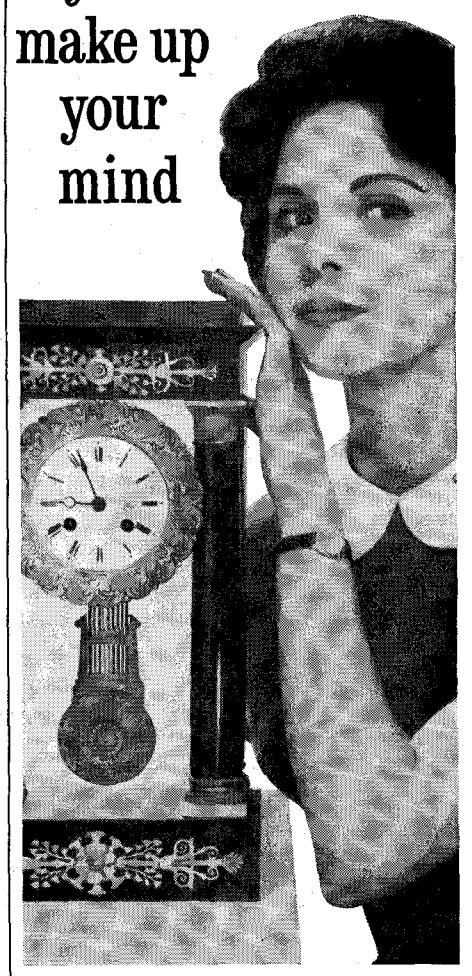
An English schoolmaster who returned to Oxford last year after serving as an exchange teacher at a New York high school said it was a wonderful experience and he'd never met nicer children, but he "occasionally found the democracy a bit

Earth's Passion

By Charles Lee

The seasons
Are earth's passion,
Now winter-drowsed,
Now risen
With the blood of spring,
Now summer-ripe
And autumn-spent.
Obedient to old vows,
Earth moves
From dust to bloom
And back again
In grand pulsations
Of commitments
Old as time
And fresh as dawnings
Resurrecting in the gloom.

It's TIME you make up your mind



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NO BELTS
NO PINS
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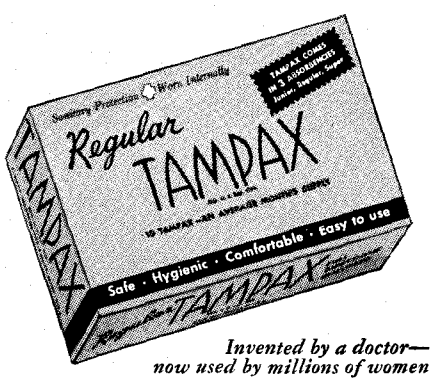

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

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wearing." He still prefers benevolent despotism and the prefect system, in which students in the top forms are appointed by the headmaster to serve as his deputies and as a bridge between him and the other pupils.

Our son still grins—though he's not as amused as his father and I are—on recalling the time he misplaced his gym shirt. Under similar circumstances at home it would have found its way into a school lost-and-found box, a notice would have been posted requesting pupils to claim lost items, most would have failed to do so, and the box would have been sent off to a charity organization.

At the English school, however, a notice went up on the bulletin board, to wit: "The following"—and our son's name led the list—"have lost personal belongings. They will call at the Prefect's Study by Thursday, 12 February."

When our son went to get his shirt, the seventeen-year-old prefect—a lad who was a head shorter than our boy and still had peach fuzz on his cheeks—handed over the shirt and said, "Standard punishment. Fifty lines. Best handwriting. I'll have them tomorrow in break."

So our big (six-foot), independent, almost grown-up son—who hadn't been 'disciplined' in years—meekly came home (after finding out from the other boys what standard punishment was) and wrote out fifty times: "My carelessness with my personal property will cease."

Next day during recess, as ordered, he delivered the paper to the prefect, saw his name checked off a list and his fifty lines of best handwriting torn in half and dumped in a wastebasket. Incidentally, carelessness with his personal property *did* cease. But somehow we can't see the prefect system established and functioning quite like this in any American high school we know anything about.

Then there is the matter of school uniforms. American parents in Oxford heartily approved them—mothers of daughters, especially. One of them said that the best thing about being in England was that for a year she was being spared the emotional backwash of her daughter's dress problems. "At home, in Illinois, Carol sometimes changes her outfit three times before she goes to school," this mother remarked.

"That's right," a fellow American agreed. "My Peggy is only seven, but at home even at that age the little girls are beginning to get too competitive about clothes. And, of course, in high school they go mad on it."

In English grammar schools, however, most American teen-age girls—after a gasp of pure horror on viewing their uniforms, a shock which is compounded by the tragic discovery that not even sixteen-year-olds wear lipstick at school—adapt themselves happily to their new circumstances. American boys of eight to eleven, who wouldn't be caught dead in short pants at home, wouldn't be caught dead in long trousers in England.

But as any public schoolman in the United States will tell you, little more than a suggestion of dress standardization by American school authorities will bring down upon their heads the embattled mothers of the community.

Finally—and we wish it *could* be transplanted to the United States—there is the attitude among English teen-agers that brains need not be a handicap to social success.

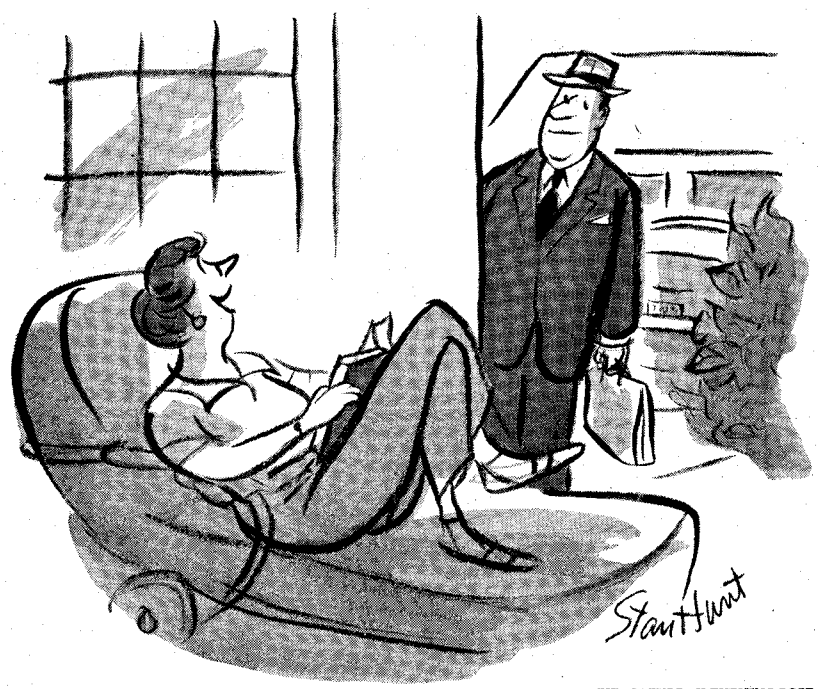
"My Ruth is making more friends in Oxford than she's ever had before," reported one American. "She's suffered at home by being held up as a good example by the teacher. Here, such praise doesn't hurt her prestige."

Another girl—a sixteen-year-old, the personality-plus type who is always getting elected to class offices at home—was rocked back on her heels when a newfound English school friend warned her she'd be much more popular if she tried to get good grades too.

Some elements of this English attitude toward scholarship could be fostered in American schools. For example, the status of superior students in our son's high school might zoom if—as is the practice in his English grammar school—a half holiday were granted to the entire student body whenever a senior wins a college scholarship.

But, in sum, attitudes toward education derive from the entire community rather than from the school alone; hence, it seems unlikely to this pair of Americans that bright children in the United States will soon have status equivalent to their English counterparts'. Not as long, anyway, as so many adult Americans use "egghead" to mean what teen-agers have in mind when they say "square."

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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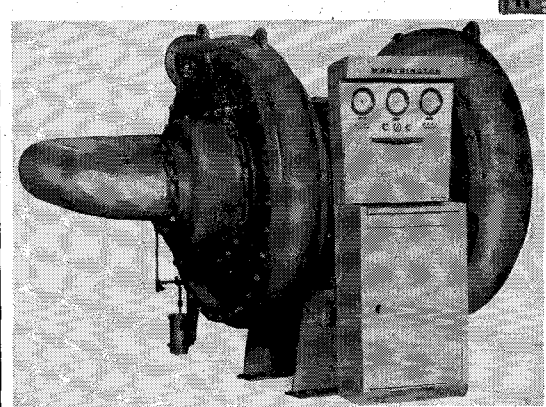
This is probably the highest location a refrigeration compressor of this size has ever been installed. A smaller hermetic unit will be located on the 35th floor.

What could Koppers possibly have to do with this? Well, it takes high-quality materials to make top-quality products, so Worthington uses Koppers Foundry Coke to produce these critical, high-strength castings; critical because these compressors can allow no metal failure, no flaws, no breakdowns (especially on the 51st floor).

Koppers Foundry Coke is absolutely uniform in size, strength, structure and chemical analysis. Its own inherent quality contributes to the quality of the metal. Its strict uniformity definitely aids metallurgical control . . . produces less slag, fewer impurities, better temperature control. The foundry that keeps careful controls *knows* the value of premium coke. Can Koppers Coke improve your product? Check the coupon.



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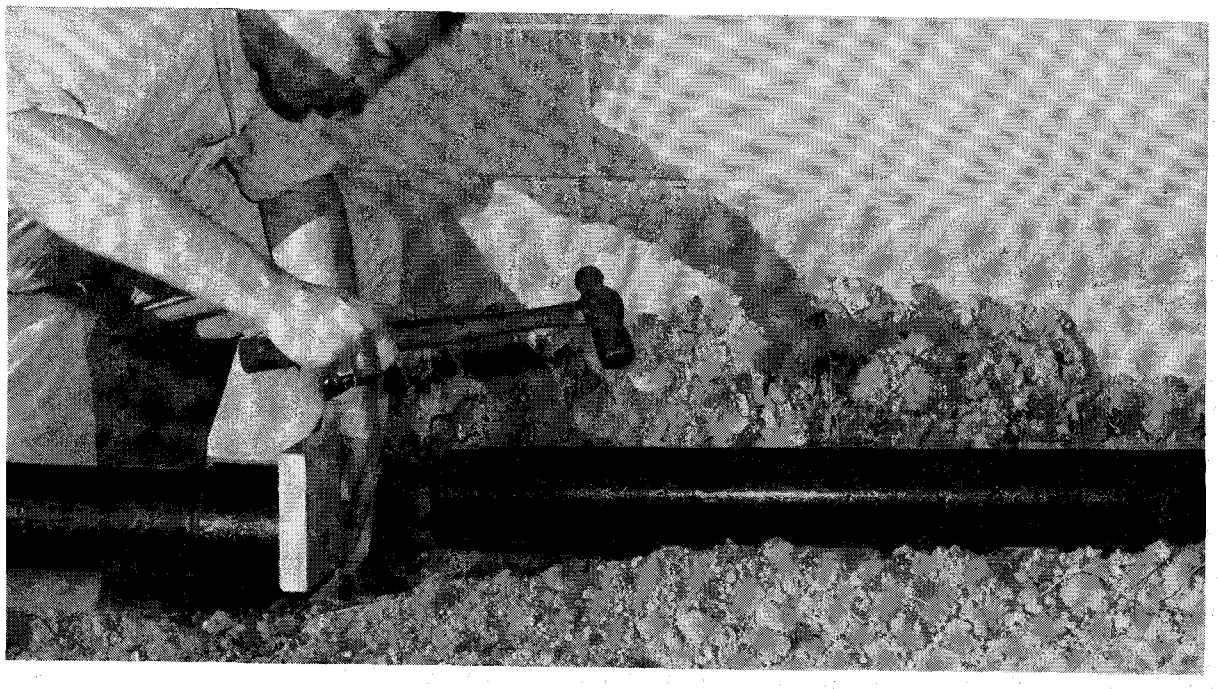

ibre pipe . . . tap twice for a "welded" joint

ou check your watch, and yet you still can't believe at the workman is laying pipe so fast. But fibre pipe es down as fast as a man can swing a hammer. To n two sections, a tapered coupling is tapped over the d of a pipe section and the friction heat "welds" the al tar into a joint that is leakproof and rootproof.

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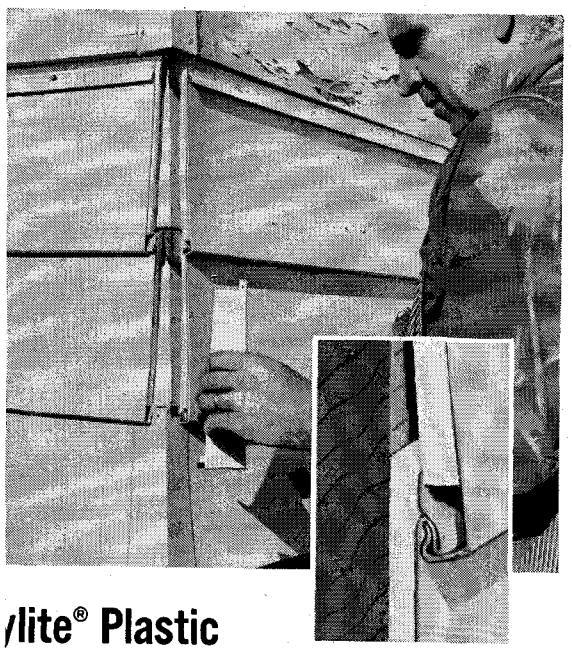
Fibre pipe is made of cellulose fibres impregnated h coal-tar pitch. Fibre pipe is waterproof, and be-ise coal-tar pitch is chemically inert, it is neutral in the presence of soil acids and alkalis, and highly resistant to chemical corrosion. This makes it a natural material for wide use as sewer pipe. The built-in electrical insulating properties of coal-tar pitch-impregnated fibre tubing also makes it an ideal conduit for electric wire and cable.

Koppers supplies high-quality fibre pitch to all the leading manufacturers of fibre pipe. Other quality coal-tar products from Koppers Tar Products Division are used for many purposes—from road paving and roofing to underground pipelines. If you think it can help you do a job better, check the coupon.

Durethene® film cuts silage loss

You're in Green County, Wisconsin, visiting dairy farmer Bill Pryce. Until last year, Bill had a problem. Not enough top-quality silage to feed his cows. But how do you store more silage without building a costly silo? Bill shows you. It's a 25- x 55-foot trench silo that cost him only $70.00, including digging. For protection, it's covered with DURETHENE plastic film, a product of Koppers. Result? An additional 25 tons of silage for the stock, with practically no spoilage—thanks to the DURETHENE. Bill Pryce and smart farmers like him all over the country are finding DURETHENE film a mighty handy material to have around the farm or suburban home. It is manufactured in widths up to 40 feet. Wider sheets can be formed by heat sealing. Standard rolls are 100 feet long, black or clear. Use it for mulch, ditch liner, machinery tarps, protective covers for anything out-of-doors. Use coupon for full details.



ylite® Plastic ore than doubles insulating lue of aluminum siding

ided to the back of each of these ALSCO Aluminum els is a ⅜-inch-thick plank of DYLITE foam plastic. s DYLITE backing more than doubles the insulating ue of the siding and, combined with the known dura-y of aluminum, eliminates the need for any further therproofing.

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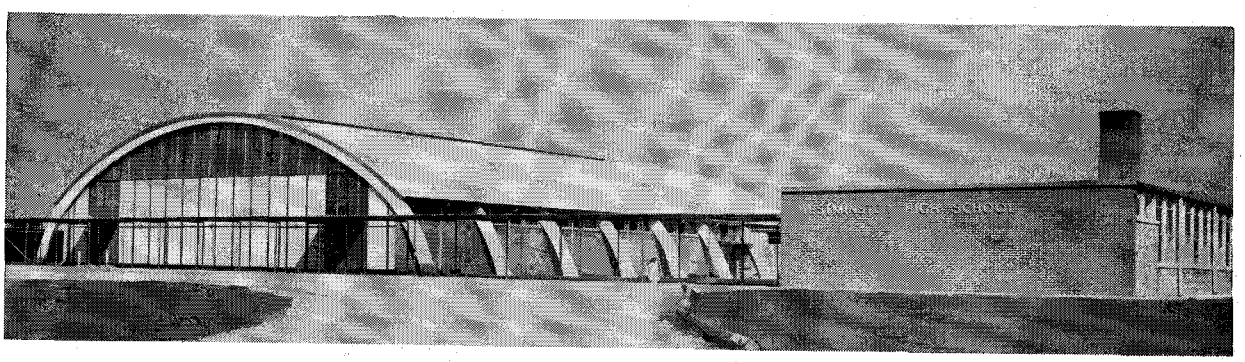
leed a low-cost, lightweight, waterproof insulating erial? Then DYLITE, from Koppers Plastics Divi-, is for you. Check the coupon.



Handsome new high school costs $7.69 a square foot

It's the Westminster, South Carolina, High School . . . gymnasium-auditorium and classroom buildings. And by designing and building its basic framework—beams, posts and arches—of WOLMANIZED® pressure-treated timber, laminated with PENACOLITE® Adhesive, the architect trimmed construction costs by $130,000.

To protect this school against decay and insect attack, all of the structural members were pressure-treated, prior to lamination, with WOLMAN® salts, a product of Koppers Wood Preserving Division. Pressure preservation with protecting chemicals, before or after lamination, assures *permanent* wood construction—free from deterioration, even though exposed to severe climatic conditions, insects or decay fungi. WOLMANIZED lumber is clean, odorless, and paintable—perfect for all types of construction, residential, industrial and commercial. So the next time you build, why not take advantage of low-cost wood construction with built-in chemical protection? Just specify WOLMANIZED pressure-treated lumber. Check coupon for product information.

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Jungle Night (Continued from Page 23)

eyes now cold and gray as the predawn sky, now green as a cat's. And the narrow, smooth, small chin tilting up and forward a little as if she were on tiptoe, eager for everything that was coming.

She looked at me, one eyebrow lifted, half smiling. Was she remembering too? The smell of blood from the buck that she had killed that day. Its brown eyes glazing. The rifle still smoking in her hands and the wild triumph in her own green, huntress eyes.

"You filthy, bloodthirsty little tramp," I had whispered, and she had laughed in my face, throwing back her head and shouting out for glory.

"One shot," she had exulted. "One." And Finn, three years old then, and her slave, had put his forepaws on the buck's still warm and quivering shoulders and barked like a maniac.

"It was my buck," I shouted at her. "Mine. This is our land." And I had knelt down and touched the beautiful smooth flank, trying not to let her see that I was crying.

"Poor little boy," she jeered. "Did his pretty animal get killed then?"

And with that I had stood up and gripped her by the throat, staring into her hard, mocking eyes. Like a cat's eyes. Like a leopard's. Cruel and beautiful and unthinking. In all her seventeen years she had never needed to think. Only to be. The crown princess of ninety thousand acres on the far side of Tembe, the richest, most fertile side. With a father who worshiped her footprint, and African subjects who called her their White Hawk and clapped their hands in delighted wonder at every breath she took.

We had known each other since we were small children, and all that time I had hated her and loved her. Loved her for her beauty and what I sensed was underneath her arrogance. A curious gentleness that sometimes showed in a word, an expression of her face, a kindness to a servant. And hated her for her arrogance—for all the times she mocked me for refusing to hunt, for loving the wild game. Love and hatred balancing each other until she killed the buck I had been watching, one day when her parents were visiting mine. She had crept behind me as I watched it, Finn like a yellow shadow by her heel, and shot it.

I held her by the throat and shook her slowly.

"Hit me," she mocked. And beside us, on his haunches now, eyes worried, a growl soft as hidden thunder in his throat, Finn watched us. I had given him to Barb three years before as a puppy, and he loved us both. But Barb he worshiped. If I had lifted my hand to strike her, or even raised my voice to let him know that this wasn't a game, he would have attacked. And he weighed eighty pounds.

"You see?" said Barb. "You're afraid."

"Do you think I want to hit you? You poor ignorant child. Child? You're not even that. Only an animal, like the animals you love killing."

She looked at me, half smiling, utterly sure of her mastery; certain that even this she could do to me and I would forgive her. That she could take my inmost heart and shred it in her hands and still I would come back for more. In that second the scales tilted, and I hated her.

"There's your victim," I said harshly, "not here," and spun her away from me, pushing her toward the dead buck. She stumbled and fell sprawling across it, while Finn lifted to his feet, his growl deepening. A trickle of blood from the buck's shoulder stained Barb's white silk shirt as she twisted round on her knees to face me.

"I'll pay you out for this," she whispered. "I'll pay you out if it takes till kingdom come." Her tanned face white with hatred, and the red streak of blood across her breast. I knew that she meant it, and that I would have hurt her far less if I'd beaten her. I didn't care. I turned and left her and never saw her again from that day to this day—five years later—when she came back with Verschoyle. She had persuaded her father to send her to university in Cape Town and then to Europe. It was her mother who gave me Finn. He pined for a week after she left, not eating, terrifying the servants who tried to feed him. Until Barb's mother begged me to try what I could do with him. When he ate for me and put his head in my lap, she gave him to me. He became my shadow as he had been hers. But now at the station, it was the same for him as for me. And that, too, was like a knife in my heart. That he should run to her as if the five years hadn't been. She knelt down in her white dress on the carpet of red dust that covered the platform and threw her arms round him and looked at me with the lifted eyebrow and hard smile that said, "I haven't forgotten. Nothing of what I owe you for that day."

And in the meantime there was Verschoyle, as big and heavy as an athletic ox. His face dark red, and black where he shaved, with the smooth blackness of polished ebony, as if he bathed and shaved three times a day. Whenever he moved he gave an impression of weight and meat. First-grade beef, red and tightly packed. His hand was hard and meaty as he took mine, and there was sweat under the band of his town hat and around his thick, tanned neck.

"Hullo, Matterson," he said. "Good of you to meet me, man. And now for the big surprise. Look who I've brought back from Jo'burg! An old neighbor and a new fiancée. You two know each other, don't you?"

"Yes," I said. "Yes." Holding out my hand slowly, trying to keep it steady, not to let her know how often I had remembered her.

"I know John well," she said, her voice very cool and polite, but her eyes blazing with that same green triumph there had been in them when she killed the buck.

"How did you find her, Verschoyle?" I said, trying to sound conventionally pleased. I'd known vaguely that she was in Johannesburg, but it was something to say.

She answered for him. "I've been in Johannesburg for the past year. And getting very tired of city life. Then I met Peter at a cocktail party and we fell to talking about Rhodesia, and hunting, and things like that." Her eyes were devil's eyes, mocking me. Had she been such a fool as to get engaged to a man like Verschoyle simply to punish me? Don't be such a vain fool, I told myself. "And so," she ended, shrugging, putting down one hand to pat Finn on his lifted muzzle, "here we are." She looked at me again and I knew then that it was true—that she had come back because of that childhood, foolish quarrel. Had she really kept hatred in her heart for five adult years? And I felt sick, the way you do when you see an animal in a cage. Only she had built this cage herself. Because of the one time she had been crossed; the one victory she hadn't won.

"Well, time to get moving," Verschoyle said. Was there a kind of uneasiness, an irritation in his voice? "We've got to introduce you to my sister Mary yet and get your room fixed." He turned to me, as though he felt that I was somehow entitled to an explanation. "I didn't tell Mary I was bringing Barb back. It was a bit sudden, the engagement. We're not getting married till June, but Barb wanted to spend a week on the farm before she goes over to stay with her parents. See what it's like, see what I'm like." He laughed self-consciously as if he didn't have any real doubts about what he was like. He almost visibly flexed his big, meat-packed muscles as he said it, swelling them under the thin, crumpled nylon of his jacket. "Hell, man," he said, "I'll be glad to get into a bush shirt again.

On the way home Barb chose to sit in the back with Finn, leaving Verschoyle in the front with me. We were halfway before I mentioned the leopard, choosing my words as carefully as I could. But I might as well have shouted at him. I felt him go tense beside me.

"You're going to kill it, of course?" he said. "I've got young stock just across the river from the *kopje*. It's a pity you didn't have a gun this morning."

"I don't want it killed," I said. Behind me I felt Barb sitting up.

"Still the nature boy?" she suggested silkily.

"Hell, man," said Verschoyle. "Buck, impala, dik-dik, all right—things like that we can agree to differ. I like to hunt. You don't. But leopard. That's a different thing, man. You've got to kill a leopard."

"Why?" I said.

The car traveled a hundred yards before Verschoyle answered me. He did it by switching off the ignition. The car shuddered to a halt, and Barb and Finn jolted forward against us. I felt her cheek close to mine, smelled the scent in her hair. How can one love and hate at the same time, so that both feelings are one, like a pain in the heart?

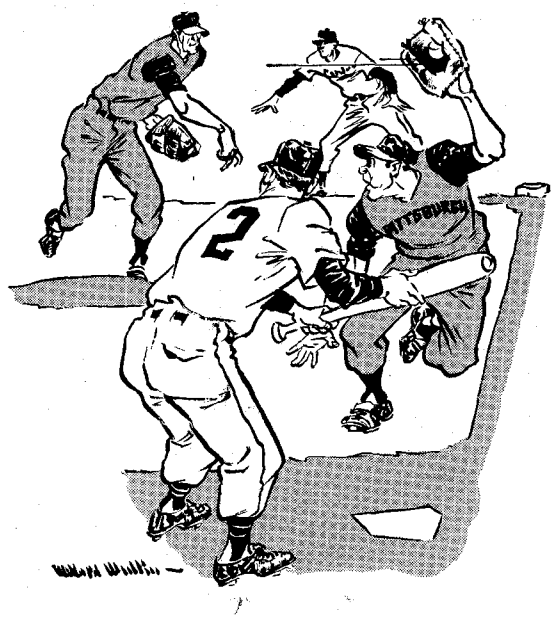
"Listen to me," said Verschoyle savagely. "I've had all I can take of you. Preaching and whining and sniveling about the bloody game disappearing. I'm not going to argue with you, man. I just want that leopard killed. And if you won't kill it, I will."

"It's on my land," I said.

He put his face very close to mine—like red, polished rock. I could smell the talcum powder and shaving lotion that he used, mixed with sweat, as harsh and acrid as a bull's. I think I hated that civilized veneer of his, like his occasional efforts at sarcasm and silkiness, worse than I hated his natural, bull's brutality. He was so close I could feel his breath hot in my face, scented with peppermint. His eyes hot and hard with rage. Little, pale blue eyes as fierce and bewildered as a bull's. Animals existed to be killed. Land existed to grow coffee. Africans existed to work. And women? *Oh, Barb*, I wanted to say. *Oh, Barb, how can you be such a fool?*

"It's on my land," I repeated. "And it won't cross the river to yours."

"I'll make damn sure it doesn't," he said, "because I'll kill it on yours." I felt Barb move behind me. And I knew without looking what her face was like. The chin tilted, eager, the green eyes blazing with triumph, the lips half open. This was why she (*Continued on Page 54*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

The most frequently violated rule in the book is the one on balks. Seldom does a pitcher in set position pause for the required "one full second" before his delivery to the plate. Here in a hypothetical setting is a balk play which has baffled many umpires.

Say the St. Louis Cardinals and Pittsburgh Pirates are tied, 3–3, as the Cards bat in the last of the eighth.

Ken Boyer coaxes a walk from Pirate pitcher George Witt. Faced by a bunt situation, Pirate first baseman Rocky Nelson moves to the edge of the infield grass. As Witt comes to the set position, Nelson charges.

Witt, however, decides to make sure Boyer is not taking too long a lead. He turns to first base, steps toward the bag and suddenly sees Nelson halfway to the plate. Quickly he throws to Nelson, midway between first and home.

If you were the umpire, would you call a balk?

See page 54 for answer

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(*Continued from Page 52*) had come, knowing that she would only have to be present for there to be trouble between two men like us. Hadn't I felt the first breath of it at the station? How long could the three of us last in the one district without there being murder? And I felt the same cold surge of anger in me that I had felt that day when I threw her down on the dead buck.

"You set foot on my land at your own risk," I said. "I'm a good shot when I want to be." Verschoyle and I looked at each other for a long moment, and I heard Barb let out her breath in a little sigh. Then I started the car. None of us spoke any more until we got to Verschoyle's farm. Then, except for a word of greeting to Mary Verschoyle, I said nothing. Just drove away.

I couldn't work for the rest of that day. I took Finn with me and tramped up the western slope of the farm, mile after mile into the desolate plateau that my father bought for a song years and years ago when he, too, thought of making a game reserve. Tramped and tramped, trying to get away from the thought of Barb—and Verschoyle. Sometimes I stopped and watched the small herds of buck, gemsbok and impala and now and then a big, curve-horned eland moving on the horizon, against the bright enamel of the sky. But I didn't really see anything, or feel anything except the hurt of Barb being there. Yet not for me. A hawk swung in the sky a mile above our heads, wondering what we were and if we were going to die. And I wondered if I was. I hadn't thought it possible to feel such pain. And for what? Nothing. A girl who meant nothing to me. Someone I couldn't talk to for five minutes without quarreling with her. I hadn't felt like this when she was away; only a dull ache. Why now? And I walked until the sweat ran into my eyes, and my feet stumbled, and Finn loped behind me with his tongue hanging and his eyes astonished.

"Then leave me," I said to him. "Go back to her. You belong to her, don't you?" And he sat down and cocked his big, heavy yellow head and looked at me as if he thought I was mad. Perhaps I was. The sun beat on my head like a brass mallet, and I was seeing the ground through a shimmer of bright gauze.

"Go," I shouted at him. "Go!" Until at last with a bewildered whine in the throat he went, tail dropped, head low as if he were following a scent, but slowly. Twice he stopped and looked back, and I felt my throat tighten. I had only to call him—but I couldn't. And the third time he was gone. It was only then that I remembered the leopard. A leopard will almost never attack a man, or a dog walking with a man, unless one of them plays the fool, or runs away. But a dog alone is leopard's meat. Even a dog as big as Finn. A leopard loves dog as a fox loves chicken. But it was still daylight, and Finn didn't have to pass the *krans*.

So I let him go and sat down under a thorn tree, trying not to think of Barb. Of Barb riding, like a dark arrow on the bow. Of Barb dancing, on the stoep of her father's house one birthday party, the shadows round us and a white flower in her hair. She was sixteen and I was eighteen, and she gave me the flower. I still had it somewhere, pressed inside a book.

"Oh, Barb! Oh, Barb!" I shouted so loudly that the hawk which had dropped low swung high again. I must have slept then. I dreamed that Barb was in my arms, as lithe and strong and cruel as a leopard—and that I was trying to kill her, and that she was trying to kill me. Half of me wanted to surrender and half to kill.

It was dark when I got back to the farm. "Hercules!" I shouted, and the houseboy came pattering on bare feet, with bottles of beer on a tray. "Where is Finn?" I asked him.

"Not see him this long time, *nkosikaas*. Not with you?"

"Not with me," I said slowly. "Ask the other boys if they've seen him ——" But before he could move to obey there was the sound of running feet outside on the steps, on the wooden stoep, and then a swift, furious knocking on the frame door. It swung open off its latch, and Barb was there. She couldn't speak for a moment. Hercules pushed a chair toward her, but she waved him away.

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 52

It is a balk. The ball must be thrown to the base, not the baseman. The rule (Sec. 8.05j) says: " . . . it is a balk when the pitcher, after coming to set position, removes one hand from the ball other than in an actual pitch, or in throwing to a base."

So, send Boyer to second base.

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"Finn," she said at last, the breath still gasping in her throat. "Down there. Peter—Peter has him tied up."

"What?" I couldn't understand her at first. The words didn't seem to make sense.

"Finn," she said again, and I saw by her eyes that she had been crying. Not as other people cry, quietly, but like a storm. There were dark shadows under her eyes, and the eyes themselves were brilliant green, like the sky washed bright by the rains. "Finn came across the river to me just before sundown, and we were sitting having a drink and I was playing with him"—she stopped to catch her breath again—"and then suddenly Peter said, 'I've got it. I've got it.' And he went and fetched a rope, and before I could say anything he had Finn tied to the stoep rail. 'That'll fetch the leopard down,' he said. 'And when he comes ——' He had his rifle with him and he patted it. Oh, John, he's going to use Finn for a decoy ——" I waved the openmouthed Hercules out of the room and then took hold of her shoulders.

"And you let him do this?"

She looked at me with drowned, raging eyes. "I tried to stop him. I tried to untie Finn. I—I tried to hit him ——"

"And then?" I said, and somewhere deep inside me there was a kind of triumph being born. I knew it was the meanest kind of triumph there is, yet it was there and wouldn't die. It grew and grew.

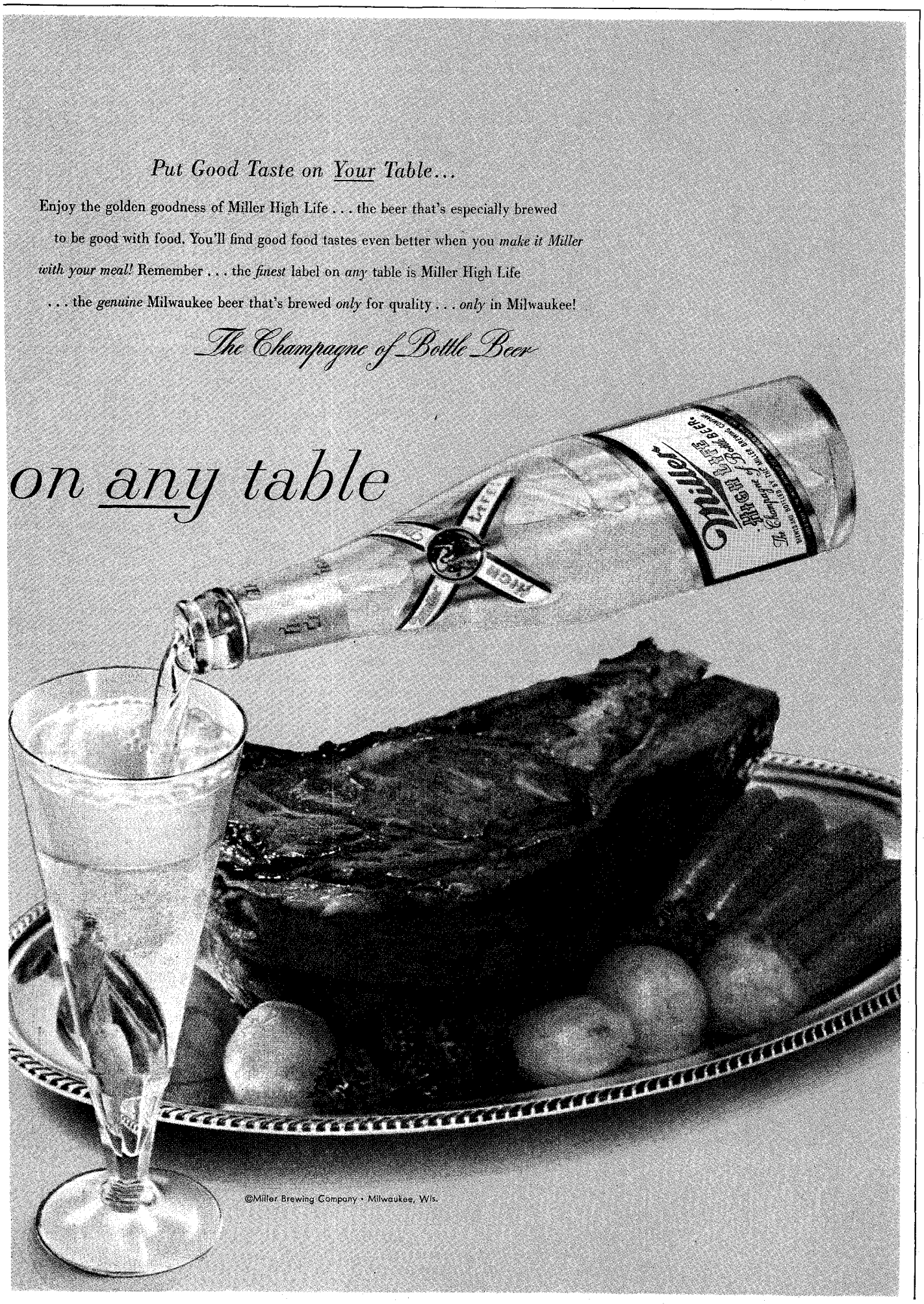
"Don't make me go on," she whispered. "Oh, John, oh, John! Are all men like that?"

"What did he do?" I said, as if I were digging my fingers into an open wound, probing for a bullet.

"Held me off with one hand like a kitten and laughed in my face." As she brought the words out she writhed in my hands and clawed her fingers deep into the flesh of my arms with the agony of hurt pride. Pride? Vanity, Childishness. All the foolish idiocy that made up Barb. "He couldn't understand," she said. "Couldn't understand anything. What it meant to me to beg. Or about Finn. Nothing. He's like a great bull—and afterward Mary said, 'Don't provoke him too much, child. He'll put up with it now, but when you're married ——' Oh, God! She called me child. Don't provoke him. When you're married! Oh, how much can one bear?" And suddenly she was in my arms, her tears soaking through my shirt, her hands gripping my shoulders until they hurt. And I knew that Hercules was outside the door, listening, with his eyes like china doorknobs and his mouth open. By morning the story would be across the river, being whispered in Verschoyle's hearing. But that couldn't be helped, and for the moment it hardly mattered. All that counted now was Finn.

"I'll get a gun," I said. "Two can play at shooting. If he wants a mess he can have it."

But Barb clung to me like a vine to a tree. "No," she said, "No. He'll kill you. It's dark, and his land, and he hates you, John. He hates you far worse than you know. You should have seen his eyes when he tied Finn up. 'This'll teach the little game warden,' he said, and it was as though he were treading on your face in nailed boots. He hates the sight of you underneath that big, bluff decency. I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Owed to the Country Road

By Ralph W. Seager

My old roads now are black-
top and concrete;
I cannot feel the country
through my feet,
Or know its shadowed breeze
upon my skin,
Remembering where woods
once crowded in
To watch with green eyes what
was going by;
Now all that's left is road—
and open sky.
I miss the quiet, cool, receptive
clay
That caught my print, springing
me on the way;
The dust beams walking up the
slanting stair
As leaves slid down the
banisters of air.
Bulldozers gouge and steel
blades cut straight through,
No sudden turns—no
unexpected view
Of doe and fawn, or Paisley
pheasant's brood
To grace and color rural
solitude.
I see my hills knocked down,
my valleys spanned
Where roads once fitted kindly
to the land.

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"I'll teach you a lesson the hard way!" the pretty schoolteacher threatened.

The day the schoolteacher nearly "flipped her chalk"

by Stony Jackson

Schoolteacher:

I know what I want . . . and I'll rap your knuckles if I don't get it! If you think I'm acting strict—you're right!

Attendant:

Sure, Miss—lots of my customers are particular on the subject of engine performance.

Schoolteacher:

My car used to flunk every road test in the book. Engine started hard . . . ran rough . . . had no power . . . wasted gas. Every time I needed my car, it was absent . . . in some garage for a tune-up! Then I switched to Pennzoil with Z-7! And learned a thing or two about engines.

Attendant:

Yes, Lady, *Pennzoil is all you need to know about engines!* It *cleans* as it lubricates. Makes your engine run quiet as a classroom. Puts power and dependability under your hood . . . extra miles into your gas tank.

Schoolteacher:

Correct! You get an "A" in my book. And so does Pennzoil with Z-7. I use it *all* the time, now.

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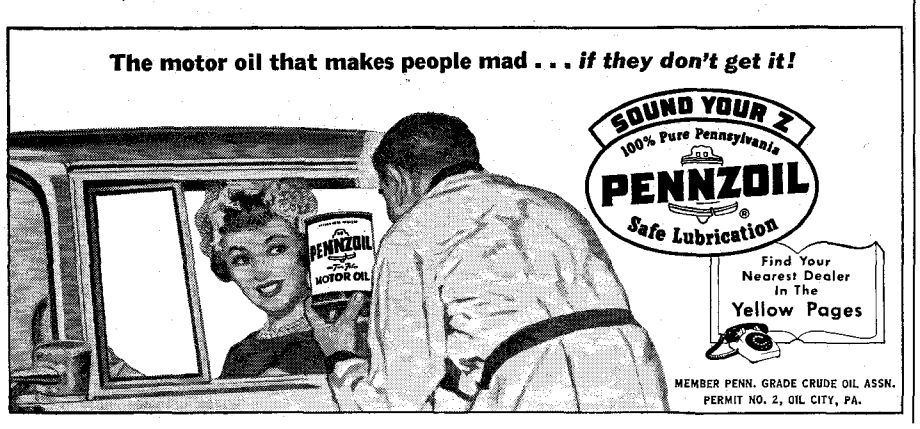
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think he hates everything he doesn't understand ——"

"Then why did you say you'd marry him?" I couldn't help it. The words came out of themselves.

"Because ——" She twisted out of my arms. "Oh, what does it matter now? It's done. Finished. I wouldn't marry him if he came crawling to my father's farm on bare, bloody knees, with a placard on his back. Let him die." She twisted back to me, her whole face blazing with fury. "But I don't want you to kill him."

"Why not?" I said bitterly. "Wouldn't it please your pride?"

She crumbled at that, her face suddenly childish and unsure, all the hate and rage gone out of it, as though she was being savagely hurt and couldn't think why, couldn't understand.

"Don't," she whispered. "Don't say such things. Only help me, and let me help you. We can get Finn away if you do what I say. And that's all that matters now. Just bring a knife to cut the rope."

"Tell me on the way down," I said, taking a hunting knife from the wall and sliding it onto my belt.

Outside, the moon was barely silvering the darkness. We walked in silence up the long rise to the ridge, and as we came over it and started down toward the river we could hear Finn howling, as the leopard would be hearing him up in the *krans* below the *kopje*. We crossed the river in silence and climbed the hill toward Verschoyle's house.

"I'll leave you here," Barb whispered. "I'll go in to Peter and distract his attention, get him to go into the living room and—and—oh, something." I couldn't see her face in the darkness.

"And if he won't come?"

"He'll come," she said, and I never heard her voice so hard. "If you're outside the window you'll hear us talking. And then you can free Finn."

I gave her two minutes' start. Finn had stopped howling now and was whining, as if he sensed that we were coming—or as if he sensed that something else was coming. Because it's the howling of a dog that brings a leopard, knowing that the dog is tied. I stepped softly to the back of the house, following the shadows, praying that I wouldn't run into a servant. I had the knife in my hand and felt the edge of the eight-inch blade with my thumb. One slash should do it, and then four minutes' fast running to cross the river. It wasn't a very dignified way of solving the thing, but dignity goes better by daylight on another man's land. I heard a mosquito door crash open in the room above my head, and a heavy tread that could only be Verschoyle's.

"What the hell is all this about?"

"What I say," said Barb's voice, hard and furious. And with that I started to run—round the corner of the house, along the side, round to the wide, pillared stoep. And there was Finn, tied on ten feet of rope. He heard me coming and threw himself toward me like a living truck, hurling himself into my arms, covering my face with great warm, slobbering kisses, scrabbling at my chest with his paws.

"Let me cut you loose, you huge fool," I said, but as I tried to tauten the rope to slash it, he sprang and twisted, threatening to knock me down with love and gratitude. "Be quiet," I whispered, but he was past obedience. As I slashed the rope at last, he began to bark, the sharp, joyful barks of a dog who has recovered his friend. I knew that inside the house Verschoyle would hear. Four minutes to get clear, and Verschoyle had a gun. I didn't want to be shot in the back and have Verschoyle tell the coroner that he thought I was a leopard. But there wasn't anything else to do but run. I heard the door slam again inside the house and Verschoyle shouting. I pushed the knife back into its sheath as I started for the trees.

"Run, you fool," I said to Finn, who was dancing round me like a small bullock. I was running flat out myself as I heard the second door swinging and nailed boots on the wooden stoep. And then I stopped as if I'd hit a tree trunk. Because ten yards in front of me, very close to the ground, deep in the shadow of some bushes, I saw faintly two green coals of fire. And the man who runs when a hunting leopard is ten yards away from him won't run very far. Behind me Verschoyle shouted, "Stop, or I'll fire!" The same second a shot crashed in the darkness. A warning? Or to kill? I shrank into the shadow of a tree, holding Finn by the loose skin of his neck. The eyes had disappeared. Had the shot frightened the leopard away? Sometimes they'll bolt at a handclap. Sometimes they'll attack into the muzzle of a gun. I tried to listen. But all I could hear was Verschoyle crashing toward me through the bushes.

I'm going to get killed, I thought with a curious, detached clarity, as if it were someone else I was thinking of. *Either shot by Verschoyle or killed by the leopard. And there's nothing I can do.*

"Where are you, Matterson?" Verschoyle was saying softly. "Where are you? I'll be right sorry when I find that instead of shooting a prowling leopard I've shot my dear, good neighbor. Right heartbroken. Are you scared to run, in case I hear you? Or even breathe? Perhaps you'd like to know what Barb has just told me? Can you hear?"

He was very close to me now. Not much more than on the far side of the tree. I touched the hilt of my knife. And yet—and yet—how could one push a knife blade into a man?

"She told me that she didn't mean to marry me—that she meant to marry you. Isn't that interesting?" I could hear the rage grinding in his voice, breaking through the elephantine sarcasm of his manner. Until he couldn't control it any longer. "You swine!" he shouted. "You preaching, sniveling, lily-blooded swine. Where are you? First you want all the bloody game in Africa, and then you want my girl." He was almost sobbing with rage. "Where are you, man?"

"Here," I said and jumped. I got one hand on the barrel of his gun, one on the stock by the trigger guard beside his hand. But even with the shock of surprise it was like wrenching rock from rock. I tried to

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A woman who believes everything she reads should stop opening her husband's mail.

He who hesitates is last.

If anybody can keep teen-agers from going out late at night, it's probably the warden.

Most women drive on the right side of the road—too.

Anybody who thinks ordinary people lack originality should read their tax returns.

You're getting along in years when nothing improves with age.

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twist the barrel of the gun away from me, and I might have been trying to twist a tree. Instead it slowly moved toward my face. And Verschoyle smiled at me above it—like a grinning mask of hatred.

"You're mad," I said. "What are you trying to do?" Out of the corner of my eye I saw Barb coming. "Stay clear," I shouted, fumbling for the trigger, all my strength holding the barrel away from my face as slowly, slowly, he forced it nearer. I found the trigger with my thumb and pressed, and the shot scorched my cheek. "Do you want to hang for murder, you maniac?" I said, and I could hardly hear my own words for the ringing and singing of the shot in my ears. And in that second the world exploded. Finn sprang at Verschoyle's throat, knocking him backward like a tree falling, sending the gun spinning into the darkness. And the leopard sprang at Finn like an arch of springing steel. I felt the wind of it going by, the huge pads splayed with their dagger claws curving, the head sunk below the level of the massive shoulders. Finn screamed once like a child, and then there was only the twisting mass of snarling, ripping flesh. Teeth and claws. And the gun was lost in the bushes.

I didn't think—there wasn't time to think or I'd never have done it. The knife slid into my hand of its own accord, and I dropped on the two bodies. All I could see was the huge hunch of the leopard's shoulders, the hind legs tucked under it, trying to rip the bowels out of Finn. In another second they would. I forced my arm round the leopard's throat, pressing my cheek down against the rough, harsh fur of its head, smelling the reek of its breath as it twisted toward its new enemy. I slammed the knife into its side, just under the shoulder bone. The body arched and whipped. A claw caught my leg and gashed it from knee to ankle. I felt the fangs slashing a fraction of an inch from my face. We fell backward, the leopard on my chest, his dying claws tearing at the sky, trying even in his death agony to turn and kill me. I wrenched out the knife and stabbed him again, and the body stiffened, the head jerking, jerking, as if the life was pumping out of the wide, snarling jaws. But still I daren't let go, my arm locked like iron round his throat, my torn knees gripping his dead flanks. As though we were lovers in the agony of love.

Above me I saw Barb, the gun in her hands, kneeling, trying to level it. "I think he's dead," I whispered. A whisper was all that would come out of my throat. Then the great, sleek body in my arms softened, fell sideways limply, was dead.

"Oh, my beloved," said Barb. "Oh, my beloved heart!" And another body was in my arms, another agony of love and fear. For a long, long time—half a minute? half a century? all eternity?—we held each other.

"For five years I've dreamed of you," I said. "I fell in love with you when you were gone. Why didn't you know? Why didn't you come back to me?"

"I have come back," she said. "I have come back. It was only to see you. But I couldn't let you know. It had to be the way it was, so that you couldn't hurt my pride. Oh, John, will you be good to me?"

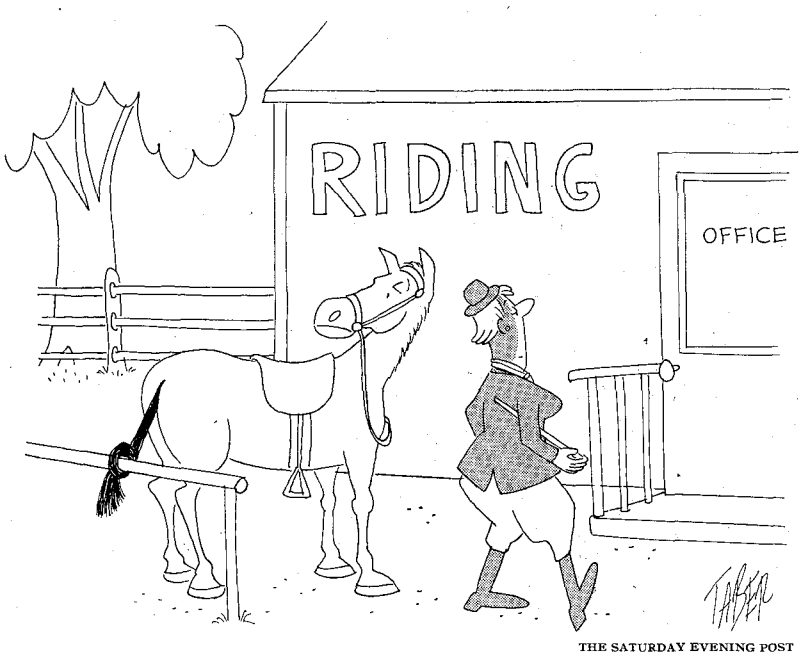
All I could answer was to kiss her mouth, her eyes, the palms of her hands. And then I heard Verschoyle groaning and remembered Finn.

We carried them both into the house. There was nothing much wrong with Verschoyle. The leopard had ripped his chest in its first spring, and he'd been stunned by his fall, but nothing more; although the next day he made it an excuse to leave for Lusaka to go into a hospital. He never came back. Three months later he sold the farm, and Barb's parents bought it at the auction and gave it to her for a dowry when we married. It was this which at long last made it possible to turn my own farm into the beginnings of a new reserve—but that night all those things were a long way in the future.

We made a stretcher out of a camp bed and got two of Verschoyle's boys to carry Finn on it back to my own house. And all that night Barb and I were with him, dressing the terrible bite in his shoulder and the wound in his groin where the leopard's claws had begun to rip. We sat one on either side of him, both our hands touching his big, blunt, stupid head; moistening his tongue with milk and water, giving him penicillin. And toward morning he slept, and we knew that he would live.

Every now and then, as the hours went by, Barb had looked at me, and I knew that something was struggling inside her, struggling with her pride. Now with our hands touching over the dog's slow-breathing body, I saw it in her eyes. What she would never say. That she was sorry. That she was offering me her pride for a bridal gift. Green eyes, not hard and brilliant any more, but gentle—because death had been very close to us, and death leaves no room for pride or arrogance. We stayed like that for a long time, not saying anything, not even moving, in case we woke the sleeping dog. Only waiting for the daylight—and all the future.

THE END



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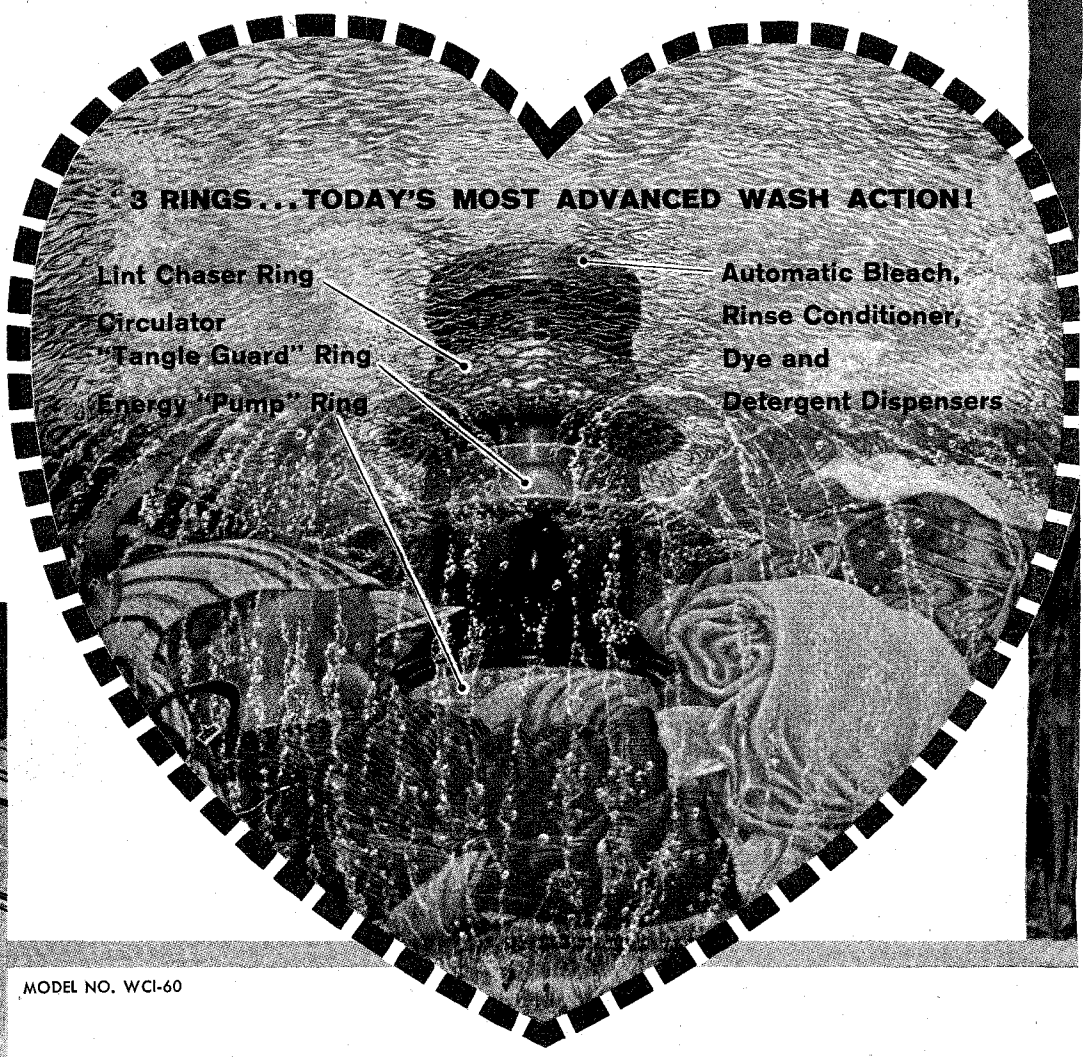

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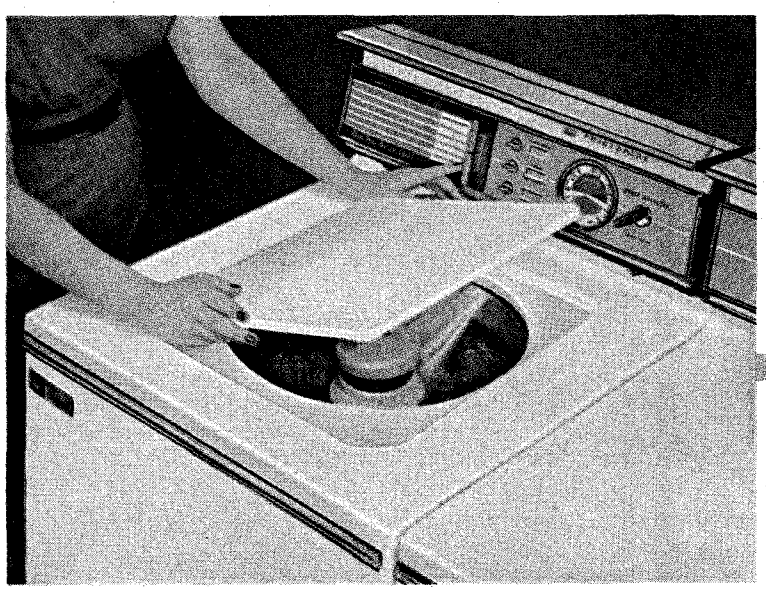

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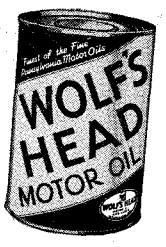

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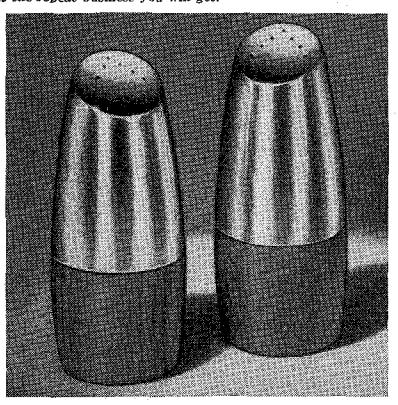

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The Conflict of Cultures

(Continued from Page 28)

unaware of man's condition. On the other hand, the scientists believe that the literary intellectuals are totally lacking in foresight, peculiarly unconcerned with their brother men, in a deep sense anti-intellectual, anxious to restrict both art and thought to the existential moment. Some of this subterranean backchat is not entirely baseless—though it is all destructive. Much of it rests on misinterpretations which are dangerous. I would now like to deal with two of the most profound of these misinterpretations.

First, concerning the nonscientists' impression that scientists are blankly optimistic. This accusation depends upon a confusion between the individual experience and the social experience, between the individual condition of man and his social condition. Most of the scientists I have known well have felt—just as deeply as the nonscientists I have known well—that the individual condition of each of us is tragic. Each of us is alone. Sometimes we escape from solitariness through love or affection or perhaps creative moments; but those triumphs of life are pools of light we make for ourselves, while the edge of the road is black. Each of us dies alone.

Some scientists I have known have had faith in revealed religion. Perhaps with them the sense of the tragic condition is not so strong. I don't know. With most people of deep feeling, however high-spirited and happy they are—sometimes most with those who are happiest and most high-spirited—this tragic awareness seems to be in the fibers, part of the weight of life. That is as true of the scientists I have known as of anyone.

But nearly all scientists—and this is where the color of hope comes in—would see no reason why, just because the individual condition is tragic, so must the social condition be. Most of our fellow human beings, for instance, are underfed and die before their time. In the crudest terms, that is the social condition.

There is a moral trap which comes through the insight into man's loneliness; it tempts one to sit back, complacent in one's unique tragedy, and let the others go without a meal. As a group the scientists fall into that trap less than others. They are inclined to be impatient to see if something can be done and inclined to think that it can be done, until it's proved otherwise. That is their real optimism, and it's an optimism that the rest of us badly need.

In reverse this same spirit, tough and good and determined to fight it out at the side of their brother men, has made scientists regard the other culture's social attitudes as contemptible. That viewpoint is too facile; some of those attitudes are contemptible, but they are a temporary phase and not representative.

I remember being cross-examined by a scientist of distinction. "Why do most writers take on social opinions which would have been thought distinctly uncivilized and *démodé* at the time of the Plantagenets? Weren't they not only politically silly but politically wicked?"

The honest answer was that there was, in fact, a connection, which literary persons were culpably slow to see, between some kinds of early twentieth-century art and the most imbecile expressions of antisocial feeling. But though many of those antisocial writers dominated literary sensibility for a generation, that is no longer so, or at least to nothing like the same extent. Literature changes more slowly than science. It hasn't the same automatic corrective, and so its misguided periods are longer. But it is ill-considered of scientists to judge writers on the evidence of the period 1914–50.

Those are two of the misunderstandings between the two cultures. But is this arbitrary division defensible? Are these in reality two cultures? I believe the scientific culture is really a culture, not only in an intellectual but also in an anthropological sense.

The scientists' culture is intensive, rigorous and constantly in action. Their culture contains a great deal of argument, usually more rigorous and almost always at a higher conceptual level, than literary arguments—and even though the scientists cheerfully use words in senses which literary intellectuals don't recognize, the senses are exact ones. For example, "subjective," in contemporary technological jargon, means "divided according to subjects"; "objective" means "directed toward an object."

Remember, scientists are very intelligent men. Their culture is in many ways an exacting and admirable one. It doesn't contain much art, with the exception—an important exception—of music. It involves verbal exchange; insistent argument; long-playing records; color photography; the ear; to some extent the eye.

Of books, though, there is very little; of novels, history, poetry, plays, almost nothing. It isn't that scientists are not interested in the psychological or moral or social life. In the social life they certainly are interested, more than most of us. In the moral, they are by and large the soundest group of intellectuals we have; there is a moral component right in the grain of science itself, and almost all scientists form their own judgments of the moral life. It isn't that they lack the interests. It is more that the whole literature of the traditional culture doesn't seem to them to be relevant to those interests. They are, of course, dead wrong.

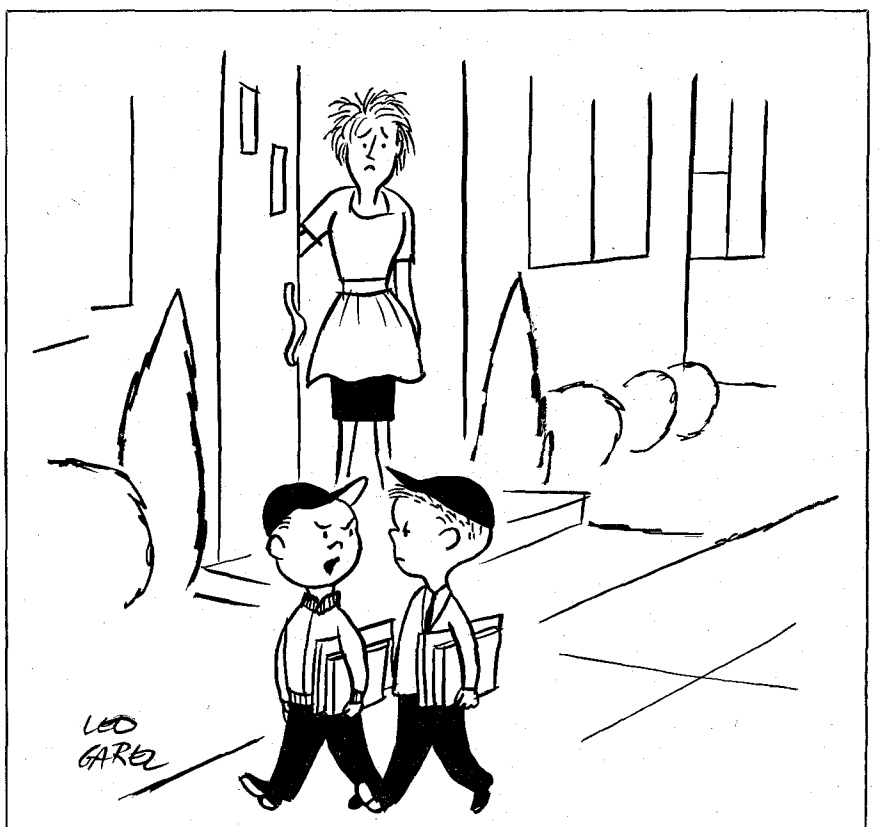
But what about the other side? The nonscientific culture is impoverished, too—perhaps more seriously, because it is vainer about it. The literary intellectuals still like to pretend that the traditional culture is the whole of culture, as though the natural order—the sciences—didn't exist; as though the exploration of the natural order were of no interest either in its own value or its consequences; as though the scientific edifice of the physical world were not, in its intellectual depth, complexity and articulation, the most beautiful and wonderful collective work of the mind of man. Yet most nonscientists have no conception of that edifice at all.

As with the tone-deaf, they don't know what they miss. They give a pitying chuckle at the news of scientists who have never read a major work of English literature. They dismiss them as ignorant specialists. Yet their own ignorance and their own specialization is just as startling. A good many times I have been present at gatherings of people who, by the standards of the traditional culture, are thought highly educated and who have with considerable gusto been expressing their incredulity at the illiteracy of scientists. Once or twice I have been provoked and have asked the company how many of them could describe the Second Law of Thermodynamics. The response was cold; it was also negative. Yet I was asking something which is about the scientific equivalent of "Have you read a work of Shakespeare's?"

I now believe that if I had asked an even simpler question—such as, "What do you mean by mass, or acceleration?", which is the scientific equivalent of saying, "Can you read?"—not more than one in ten of the highly educated would have felt that I was speaking the same language. So the great edifice of modern physics goes up, and the majority of the cleverest people in the Western world have about as much insight into it as their neolithic ancestors would have had.

The reasons for the existence of the two cultures are many, deep and complex. I want to isolate one which is not so much a reason as a correlative, something which winds in and out of any of these discussions. It can be said simply, and it is this: If we ignore the scientific culture, then the rest of Western intellectuals have never tried, wanted or been able to understand the industrial revolution, much less to accept it.

All over the West the first wave of the industrial (*Continued on Page 62*)



"I'm worn out by the time she gets me off to school!"

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(*Continued from Page 60*) revolution crept on without anyone's noticing what was happening. It was destined to become in our own time by far the biggest transformation in society since the discovery of agriculture. In fact, those two revolutions, the agricultural and the industrial-scientific, are the only qualitative changes in social living that men have ever known. But the traditional culture didn't notice; or when it did notice, didn't like what it saw.

Almost none of the talent, almost none of the imaginative energy of the nineteenth century went back into the revolution which was producing the wealth. The traditional culture became more abstracted from it as society became more wealthy, trained its young men for administration, for the purpose of perpetuating the traditional culture itself, but never in any circumstances to equip them to understand the revolution or take part in it. Farsighted men were beginning to see, before the middle of the nineteenth century, that in order to go on producing wealth, society needed to train some of its bright minds in science, particularly in applied science. Few listened. The traditional culture didn't listen at all; and the pure scientists, such as there were, didn't listen very eagerly.

Thus the academics had nothing to do with the industrial revolution. So far as there was any thinking in nineteenth-century industry, it was left to cranks and clever workmen. The industrial revolution received very little educated talent. It had to make do with the guidance handy men could give it—sometimes, of course, handy men like Henry Ford, with a dash of genius.

Of course, one truth is straightforward—industrialization is the only hope of the poor. I use the word "hope" in a crude and prosaic sense. It is all very well for us, sitting pretty, to think that material standards of living don't matter. In fact, to deny this attitude is now to be accused of "materialism." It is all very well for one, as a personal choice, to reject industrialization. Do a modern Walden, if you like and, if you go without much food, see most of your children die in infancy; despise the comforts of literacy; accept twenty years off your own life—then I respect you for the strength of your aesthetic revulsion. But I don't respect you in the slightest if, even passively, you try to impose the same choice on others who are not free to choose.

The industrial revolution looked very different according to whether one saw it from above or below. To people who saw it from below there was no question that the industrial revolution was less bad than what had gone before. The only question was how to make it better.

In a more sophisticated sense that is still the question. In the advanced countries we have realized in a rough-and-ready way what the old industrial revolution brought with it—a great increase of population, because applied science went hand in hand with medical science and medical care; enough to eat, for a similar reason; everyone able to read and write, because an industrial society can't work without a broad base of literacy. Health, food, education—nothing but the industrial revolution could have spread them right down to the very poor.

Those are primary gains. There are losses, too, of course; one of which is that organizing a society for industry makes it easy to organize it for all-out war. But the gains remain. They are the matrix of our social hope. And yet, do we understand how they have happened? Have we begun to comprehend even the old industrial revolution, much less the new scientific revolution in which we stand? There never was anything more necessary to comprehend.

By the industrial revolution I mean the gradual use of machines, the employment of men and women in factories, the change from a population of agricultural laborers to a population largely engaged in making things in factories and distributing them when they were made.

Out of the industrial revolution grew another change, closely related to the first, but far more deeply scientific. This change comes from the application of real science to industry. I believe the industrial changes involving electronics, atomic energy and automation are in cardinal respects different in kind from any we have experienced before and will change the world much more. It is this transformation that, in my view, is entitled to the name of "scientific revolution." This is the material basis of our lives, or more exactly, the social plasma of which we are a part. And we know almost nothing about it.

Why aren't we coping with the scientific revolution? How are we going to meet our future, both our cultural and practical future? I believe both phases of the question lead to the same conclusion. If one begins by thinking only of the intellectual life or only of the social life, one comes to a point where it becomes manifest that our education has failed us.

I don't pretend that any country has got its education perfect. In some ways the Russians and Americans are both more actively dissatisfied with their educational establishment than the English—at least they are taking more drastic steps to change it. That may be because they are more sensitive to the world they are living in. I have no doubt that, though neither of them has got the answer right, they are a good deal nearer than we in England. We do some things much better than either of them. In educational tactics we are often more gifted than the Russians or the Americans. In educational strategy, in contrast, we are only playing at it.

The differences between the three systems are revelatory. The English teach a far smaller proportion of their children up to the age of eighteen, and take a far smaller proportion even of those they do teach up to the level of a university degree. The old pattern of training a small elite has never been broken, though it has been slightly bent. Within that pattern the English have kept their national passion for specialization, and we work our clever young up to the age of twenty-one far harder than the Americans, though no harder than the Russians. At eighteen English science specialists know more science than their contemporaries anywhere, though they know less of anything else.

The American strategy is different in kind. They take everyone, the entire population up to eighteen, in high schools and educate them very loosely and generally. Their problem is to inject some rigor—in particular, some fundamental mathematics and science—into this loose education. A very large proportion of the eighteen-year-olds then go to college; and this college education is, like the school education, much more diffuse and less professional than its English counterpart. At the end of four years the American young men and women are usually not so well-trained professionally as their English equivalents—though I think it is fair comment to say that a higher proportion of the best of them, having been run on a looser rein, retain their creative zest. Real severity enters with the Ph.D. At that level the Americans suddenly begin to work their students much harder than the English do.

The Russian high-school education is much less specialized than the English, much more arduous than the American. It is so arduous that for the nonacademic it seems to have proved too tough, and they are trying other methods for students from fifteen to seventeen. The general method has been to put everyone through a kind of continental *lycée* course, with a sizable component, more than 40 per cent, of science and mathematics. Everyone has to do all subjects. At the university this general education ceases abruptly; and (*Continued on Page 64*)

The Perfect Squelch

The Brownsons' shy youngest daughter suddenly turned twenty-one and blossomed out into politics. To the dismay of her conservative family, she announced that she intended to go out and ring doorbells for the Democrats.

"How can you?" her older, married sister asked in the much-superior manner of older sisters. "Why, you've never gone out and met people. You've never even traveled outside the state in which you were born, except to summer resorts. If you really got around and knew the situation, you'd be a Republican."

"Well," the younger sister replied stanchly, "nobody's traveled around more than Eleanor, and she's still a Democrat."

Grace G. Sample

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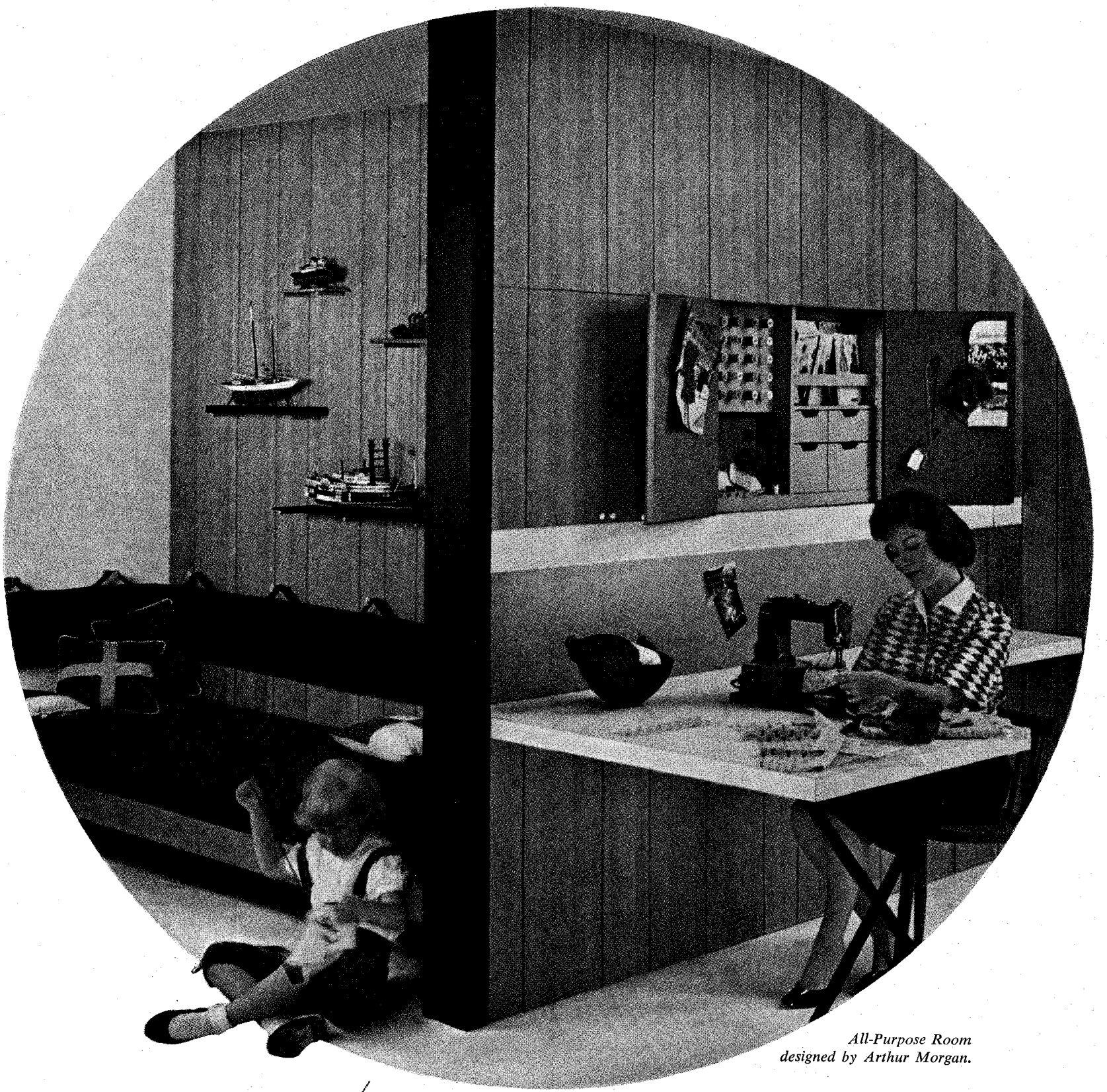

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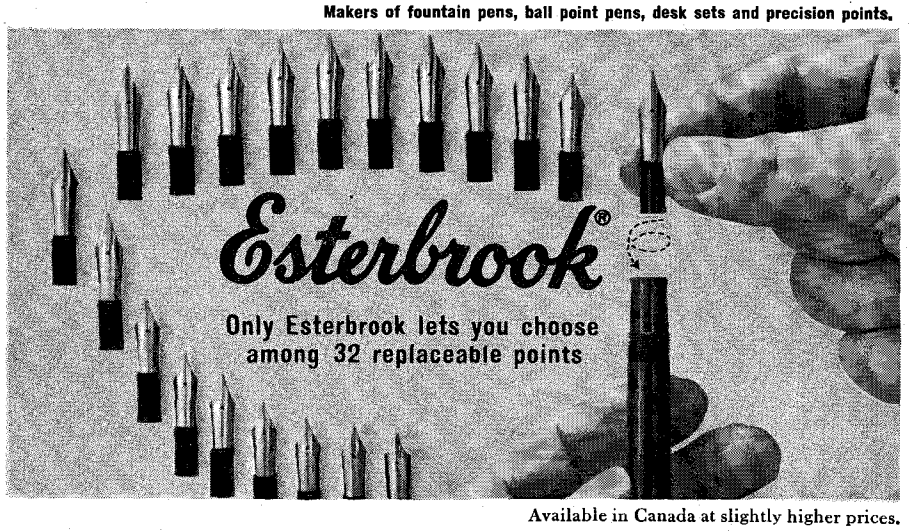

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(*Continued from Page 62*)

for the last three years of the five-year course the specialization is more intensive than that found in either England or America.

With some qualifications, I believe, the Russians have judged the situation sensibly. They have a deeper insight into the scientific revolution than the English or the Americans. The gap between the cultures doesn't seem to be anything like so wide as it is in the West.

The Russians have judged what kind and number of educated men and women a country needs to come out on top in the scientific revolution. I am going to oversimplify, but their estimate, and I believe it's pretty nearly right, is this: First of all, as many alpha-plus scientists as the country can produce. No country has many of them. Provided the schools and universities are there, it doesn't matter much what you teach these individuals. They will look after themselves.

Second, a much larger stratum of alpha professionals—these are the people who are going to do the supporting research, the high-class design and development. Third, another stratum educated to a college-degree level. Some of these will do the secondary technical jobs, but some will take major responsibility, particularly in the human jobs. The proper use of such men depends upon a different distribution of ability from the one that now holds. As the scientific revolution goes on, the call for these men will be something we haven't imagined—though the Russians have. They will be required in thousands upon thousands and they will need all the human development that a university education can give them. It is here, perhaps, most of all that our insight has been fogged.

Fourth and last, politicians and administrators—an entire community—who know enough science to have a sense of what the scientists are talking about.

That, or something like that, is the specification for the scientific revolution. I want now to go on to an issue which will, in the world view, count more. That issue is that the people in the industrialized countries are getting richer, and those in the nonindustrialized countries are at best standing still; so the gap between the industrialized countries and the rest is widening daily. On the world scale this is the gap between the rich and the poor.

Among the rich are the United States, the white Commonwealth countries, Great Britain, most of Europe and the U.S.S.R. China is betwixt and between, not yet over the industrial hump, but probably getting there. The poor are all the rest. In the rich countries people are living longer, eating better, working less. In a poor country like India the expectation of life is less than half what it is in England. In all nonindustrialized countries people are still working as laboriously as they have always had to work, from neolithic times until our own. Life for the overwhelming majority of mankind has always been nasty, brutish and short. It is so in the poor countries still.

This disparity between the rich and the poor has been noticed. It has been noticed most acutely by the poor. And because they have noticed it, it won't last long. Whatever else—in the world we know—survives to the year 2000, that won't. Once the trick of getting rich is known, as it now is, the world can't survive half rich and half poor.

The West has got to help in this transformation. The trouble is that the West with its divided cultures finds it hard to grasp just how big and, above all, just how fast the transformation must be.

The comforting assurances, given from top to bottom, that in 100 or 200 years things may be slightly better for have-nots only madden. Pronouncements such as one still hears from old hands on Asia or on Africa—"Why, it will take those people five hundred years to get up to our standard!"—are both suicidal and technologically illiterate.

The fact is, the social enrichment of a poor country has already been proved possible. Someone said when the first atomic bomb went off that the only important secret is now let out—the thing works. After that, any determined country could make the bomb, given a few years. In the same way, the only secret of the Russian and Chinese industrialization is that they've brought it off. That is what Asians and Africans have noticed.

"Hortense makes a wonderful ice-breaker."

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It took the Russians about forty years, starting with something of an industrial base—czarist industry wasn't negligible—but interrupted by a civil war and then the greatest war of all. The Chinese started with much less of an industrial base but haven't been interrupted, and it looks as though it would not take them much more than half the time.

The Russian and Chinese transformations are being made with inordinate effort and with great suffering. Much of the suffering was unnecessary; the horror is hard to look at straight, standing in the same decades. Yet these examples have proved that common men can show astonishing fortitude in chasing tomorrow.

The transformations have also proved something which only the scientific culture can take in its stride. It is simply that technology is rather easy. Or more exactly, technology is the branch of human experience that people can learn with predictable results. For a long time the West misjudged this very badly. Somehow we've made ourselves believe that the whole of technology was a more or less incommunicable art. It's true enough that we start with a certain advantage, not so much because of tradition, I think, as because our children play with mechanical toys. They are picking up pieces of applied science before they can read. That is an advantage we haven't made the most of.

The curious thing is that none of that seems to matter much. For the task of totally industrializing a major country, as in China today, it takes only will to train enough scientists and engineers and technicians. Will, and quite a small number of years. There is no evidence that any country or race is better than any other in scientific teachability; there is a good deal of evidence that all are much alike. Tradition and technical background seem to count for surprisingly little.

There is no getting away from it; it is technically possible to carry out the scientific revolution in India, Africa, Southeast Asia, Latin America and the Middle East within fifty years. There is no excuse for Western man not to know this, and not to know that this is the one way out through the three menaces which stand in our way—H-bomb war, overpopulation and the gap between the rich and the poor. This is one of the situations where the worst crime is innocence.

Since the gap between the rich countries and the poor can be removed, it will be. If we are shortsighted, inept, incapable either of good will or enlightened self-interest, then it may be removed to the accompaniment of war and starvation—but removed it will be. The questions are how and by whom.

To those questions one can only give partial answers; but that may be enough to set us thinking. The scientific revolution on a world scale needs capital first and foremost—capital in all forms, including capital machinery. The poor countries, until they have got beyond a certain point on the industrial curve, cannot accumulate that capital. That is why the gap between rich and poor is widening. The capital must come from outside.

There are only two possible sources. One is the West, which means mainly the United States, the other is the U.S.S.R. Even the United States hasn't infinite resources of such capital. If the West or Russia tried to do it alone, it would mean an effort greater than either had to make industrially in the last war. If they both took part it wouldn't mean that order of sacrifice—though in my view it's optimistic to think, as some wise men do, that it would mean no sacrifice at all. The scale of the operation requires that it would have to be a national one. Private industry, even the biggest private industry, can't touch it, and in no sense is it a fair business risk.

The second requirement, and as important as capital, is men. That is, trained scientists and engineers adaptable enough to devote themselves to a foreign country's industrialization for at least ten years out of their lives. Here, unless and until the Americans and the English educate themselves both sensibly and imaginatively, the Russians have a clear edge. This is where their educational policy has already paid big dividends. They have such men to spare if they are needed. The English haven't, and the Americans aren't much better off. Imagine, for example, that the United States and British governments had agreed to help the Indians to carry out a major industrialization, similar in scale to the Chinese. Imagine that the capital could be found. It would then require something like 10,000 to 20,000 engineers from the United States and England to help get the thing going. At present we couldn't find them.

That is the size of the problem—an immense capital outlay, an immense investment in men, both scientists and linguists, most of whom the West does not yet possess—with rewards negligible in the short term, apart from doing the job, and in the long term most uncertain.

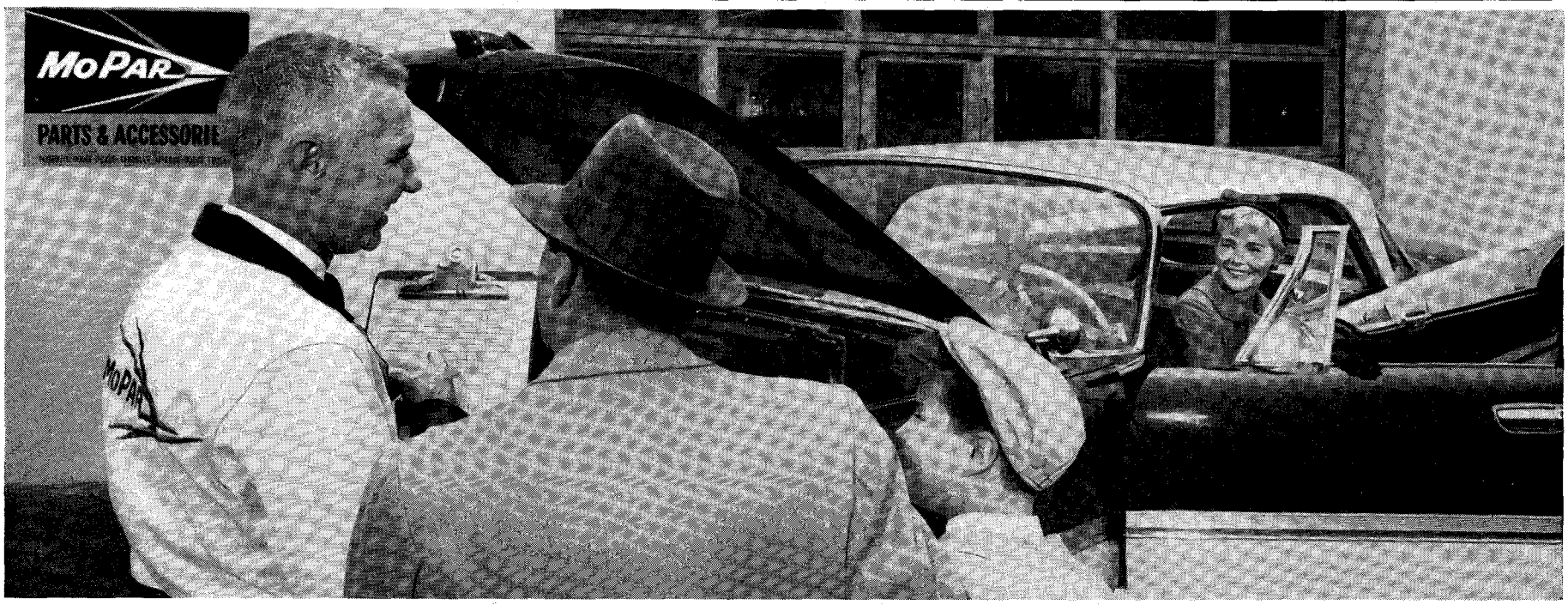
People will ask me, "This is all very fine and large. But you are supposed to be a realistic man. Can you possibly believe that men will behave as you say they ought to? Can you imagine a political technique in parliamentary societies like the United States or England by which any such plan could become real?"

This is fair comment. I can only reply that I don't know. I confess, and I should be less than honest if I didn't, that I can't see the political technique through which the good human capabilities of the West can get into action. The best one can do, and it is a poor best, is to nag away. That is perhaps too easy a palliative for one's own disquiet. For though I don't know how we can do what we need to do, or whether we shall do anything at all, I do know this—if we don't do it, the Communist countries will in time.

If that is how it turns out we shall have failed, both practically and morally. At best, the West will have become an enclave in a different world. Are we resigning ourselves to that? History is merciless to failure. In any case, if that happens we shall not be writing the history.

Meanwhile, there are steps to be taken which aren't outside the powers of reflective people. Education isn't the total solution to this problem, but without education the West can't even begin to cope. All the arrows point the same way. Closing the gap between our cultures is a necessity in the most abstract intellectual sense, as well as in the most practical. When those two senses have grown apart, then no society is going to be able to think with wisdom. For the sake of the intellectual life, for the sake of the Western society living precariously as rich among the poor, for the sake of the poor who needn't be poor if there is intelligence in the world, it is obligatory for the English and the Americans and the whole West to look at our education with fresh eyes. This is one of the cases where the English and the Americans have the most to learn from each other. We have each a good deal to learn from the Russians, if we are not too proud. Incidentally, the Russians have a good deal to learn from us too.

Isn't it time we began? The danger is that we have been brought up to think as though we had all the time in the world. We have very little time. So little that I dare not guess at it. THE END



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Day of Always (Continued from Page 26)

After a while she found that she could look up at Laura without letting her eyes focus on the room beyond. Just a blur of white-clothed tables, seated people, moving waiters, cigarette smoke and one spot at which she resolutely did not look.

A red-haired girl touched Laura's shoulder. "Are you beginning or finishing? Why don't you move over to our table for coffee and a liqueur? It's Tommy's birthday."

There were ten people at the oblong table when they joined them, and the only name which Anne remembered afterward was Liam Joyce.

His wide-apart eyes were blue, not the clear summer-sky blue of Anne's eyes, but a winter-Atlantic blue, suggestive of dangerous depths and potential storms. He did not stare so steadily, at this closer range, but he watched her enough to make the color in her cheeks higher than usual and to affect her breathing.

Walking back to the apartment, she inquired casually, "What does he do? What's his name—Joyce?"

"I think he's an architect," Laura replied. "I don't know much about him."

On Monday morning Laura went with her to the subway and saw her on the proper train. She was to get off at Canal Street. An elevator whisked her to the twentieth floor of the building, and after she had explained who she was to the girl at the reception desk, Mr. Barlow himself appeared and led her into his large, book-lined office. He inquired about her parents and mutual friends in the Maine town, where he had a summer home, and then rang for his secretary. "Will you show Miss Bellamy her desk and brief her on what she's to do?"

At five o'clock Anne descended in the crowded elevator and moved along the crowded sidewalk to the subway. She got off at 8th Street, and in the bright June sunlight beside the exit was a man with a tray of pink camellias.

"How much?" she asked.

"Fifty cents."

She found a half dollar in her purse, and as she looked up, a hand dropped a coin on the tray and took the flower.

"Many happy returns of the day," said Liam Joyce.

She had not realized that he was so tall. She said, "Thank you," and pinned the camellia on her jacket.

"Which way are you going?" he asked, and for the first time she saw him smile. "I'm going that way, too," he added before she had a chance to reply.

They walked the few blocks in silence. Outside her apartment he asked, "Do you have to go in right away?"

"No," she answered. They continued west on 9th Street and turned south on Fifth Avenue. The trees in Washington Square were in full leaf, but still young and fresh and sparkling.

"Will you have dinner with me?" he said abruptly.

Her heart thumped. "Laura's expecting me," she said. "She'll think I got lost in the subway."

Back at her door they looked at each other. "Why don't you come up and say hello to her?"

There was a note on the living-room table. I'VE GONE OUT FOR DINNER AND THE THEATER. PLENTY OF FOOD IN THE ICEBOX.

"You see?" said Liam. "It's fate. You're having dinner with me!"

"Shall we eat here?" she suggested.

He laughed. "You mean you'd rather cook than go out? What are you doing in New York, Anne Bellamy?"

"What are you doing?" she countered.

"Trying to make enough money to live somewhere else," he answered.

"Where?"

"Lots of places. So long as they're on the sea, and there's fog and great waves."

Her eyes were amused. "You're Irish, aren't you?"

"My blood is," he said. "I was born here." His gaze had again the intensity that had embarrassed her in the restaurant. "Where do you come from?"

Her voice was teasing, mimicking the cadence of his own. "Where there's sea, and fog—and sometimes great waves." She added, "Maine."

"I've never been there," he said. "I'd like to go." He followed her into the kitchenette and sat down on a stool and watched her. Suddenly he began to sing, in a warm, low voice. Anne's hands, reaching into a drawer for knives and forks, stopped moving, and she stood very still, her back toward him.

"What was that?" she asked.

"A Gaelic love song. Do you sing, Anne?"

She shook her head. "I wish I did."

"You don't need to," he told her. "People should sing to you."

The forks and knives clattered crazily as her fingers touched them. She felt happy and confused and breathless. "I'm afraid we have nothing to drink," she murmured.

"No tea?" asked Liam. "I'm a tea man myself."

"You were drinking wine the first time I saw you!" she reminded him.

She made tea. After they had finished dinner, Liam made a fresh pot, and they sat, drinking it and talking. It was not quite ten when he stood up. "I'll be going," he said. "I feel like working—maybe all night."

The next morning Anne was wide awake at seven o'clock. Laura found her, at seven-thirty, having breakfast.

"Tea?" inquired Laura.

"I love tea!" Anne said.

She knew that it was absurd to look for Liam Joyce when she emerged from the subway that afternoon. The telephone rang twice while they were having dinner, but each time it was for Laura.

"Didn't you see your letter?" Laura asked.

Anne looked at the envelope and shrugged. It was from Paul Henderson. He missed her, and hoped that it wouldn't take too long for her to get this New York bee out of her bonnet. His chances of nomination as the Republican candidate to the state legislature looked good.

On Wednesday evening Laura said there was a good movie playing on 8th Street. Anne said she had a headache. It seemed odd that Liam did not call. On Thursday Anne really had a headache.

"Let's eat out tonight," Anne suggested on Friday. "That Italian place."

The restaurant was crowded, hazy with cigarette smoke. Anne was nibbling at her *antipasto* when a young woman caught her eye, waved and crossed the room.

"Wendy!" the woman exclaimed. "When did you get back? I thought you were in Paris!" Her voice faded. "I'm sorry," she said. "It's the darnedest resemblance I ever saw in my life! You're the image of Wendy Carroll!"

Laura looked up, and the girl said, "Hello, Laura. If you have a feather about you, knock me down with it! You know Wendy Carroll, don't you? Sings at Charlot's? Liam Joyce's girl?"

Anne bit a piece of celery. She chewed it, and with a tremendous effort she swallowed it. Her appetite had vanished.

At ten o'clock the next morning the doorbell rang, and Laura pressed the button that released the latch. Footsteps bounded up the stairs.

Liam Joyce said, "It's no fit day for man or beast inside! Will you come to Central Park with me, Anne? We'll feed the animals and have lunch ourselves ——" He misinterpreted her expression. "You, too, Laura, of course."

Laura said, "Thanks. I have a date."

Anne's lips parted, to refuse, but the words would not come.

"Shall we walk a way?" asked Liam. He smiled down at her. "You're the only girl I ever knew who could keep step with me. How can such a little thing as yourself take such fine strides?"

They walked all the way to the park, and she could not ignore the sense of well-being that filled her.

"I've been working close to eighteen hours a day since I saw you," he said. "I think you put a spell on me, Anne. After I left you the other night, I went back to my place feeling as if I could lick the world. I was awake most of the night, with new ideas crashing through my head like thunder, and I was at my drawing board at six the next morning."

They had lunch; they walked to the lake, where Liam hired a rowboat. Anne took off her hat, and her soft, dark hair blew about her face. Liam took off his jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeves. She leaned back, watching the muscles of his forearms ripple as he pulled on the oars.

"Liam," she asked abruptly, "have you ever been in love?"

He laughed. "Since I was three. Shall I tell you about her?"

"Yes," she said. *Tell me anything and everything,* she thought. *Then tell me about Wendy Carroll.*

He told her a lot of nonsense, but he did not mention Wendy Carroll.

After a while she said, "Tell me something else, Liam. Why did you stare at me so in the restaurant?"

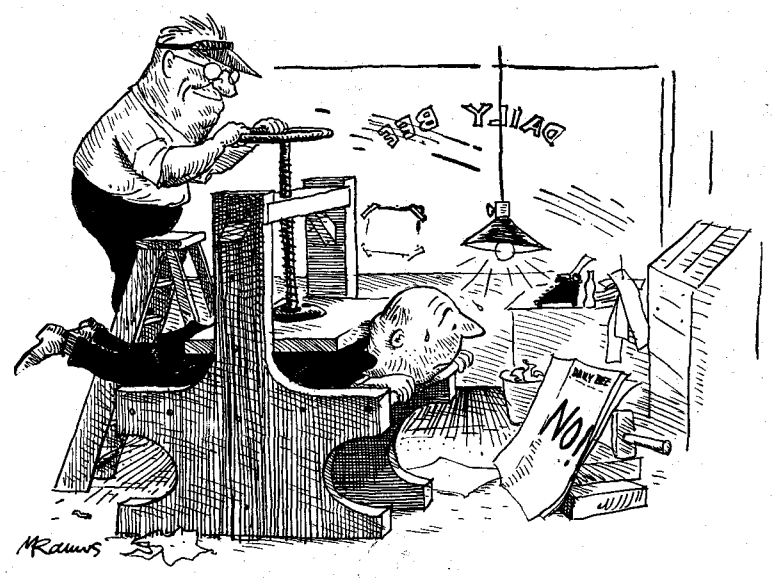
"Because you're so pretty, of course," he answered.

"Was that the only reason?"

"Do I need more?" he retorted.

He began singing, half under his breath, and because his voice stirred her she was suddenly angry. "More Irish love songs?" she asked.

"I spent six months with my grandfather in Dublin after I left the Beaux-Arts in Paris," he explained. "I learned a little Gaelic—a few songs and some phrases." In the bright sunlight his eyes were intensely (*Continued on Page 68*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Storekeeper Al and Publisher Brown tangled over almost every issue. One of the biggest was Al's advertisements. Brown, who ran the town's only newspaper, finally refused to accept them. Al's business dwindled alarmingly, while his competitors prospered. So he sued to compel Brown to publish his ads.

"Brown should be required to accept my advertisements just as he accepts those of my competitors," Al argued. "To do otherwise in this one-newspaper town gives the other stores an unfair advantage over me."

"I'll publish what I want," Brown replied. "Freedom of the press gives me the right to say what shall and shan't appear. If you go broke, it is just too bad."

If you were the judge, would you agree with the publisher or the storekeeper?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The publisher won. The court said: "If a newspaper were required to accept an advertisement, it could be compelled to publish a news item. If some good lady gave a tea and submitted to the newspaper a proper account of the tea, and the editor of the newspaper, believing that it had no news value, refused to publish it, she, it seems to us, would have as much right to compel a newspaper to publish an advertisement." No such right exists, the court added.

Based upon a 1933 Iowa decision.

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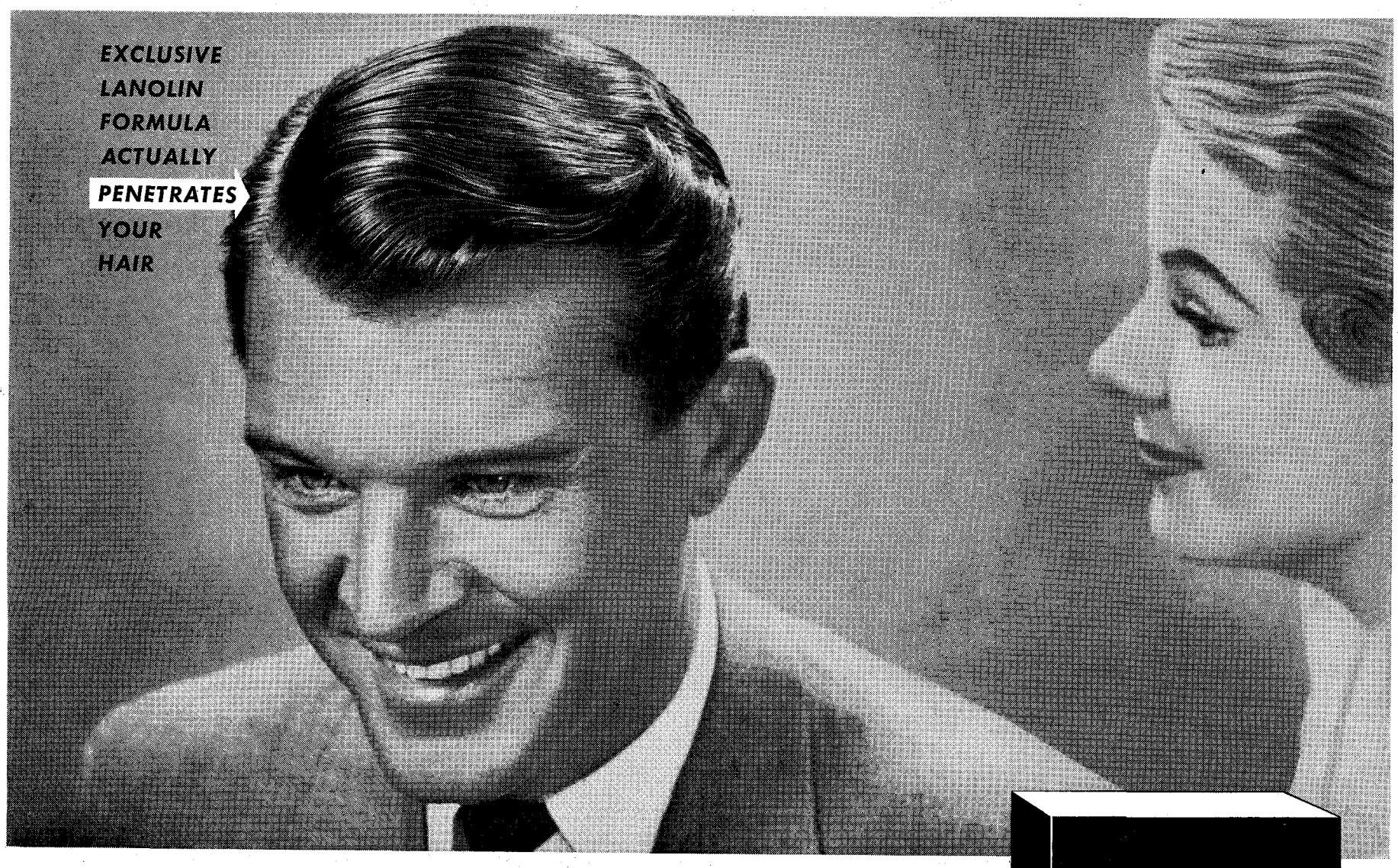

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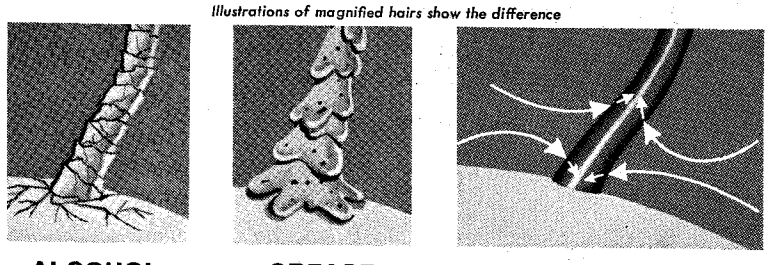

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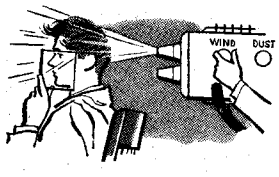
On your hair, alcohol dries up fast . . . can cause your hair and scalp to dry out.

GREASE COATS
Heavy grease coats your hair . . . clogs your scalp . . . accumulates dust particles.

WILDROOT PENETRATES
The penetrating Wildroot Cream-Oil formula keeps hair groomed longer . . . makes hair feel stronger . . . a real improvement over grooming an ordinary way.



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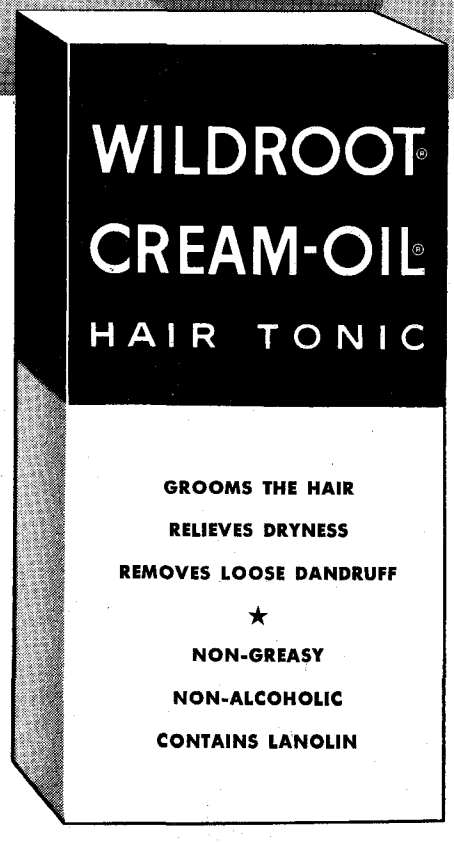
The Hair Torture Test gives hair more abuse than 7 days outdoors in windstorm, dust storm and summer sun. Hair groomed an ordinary way quickly dries out, gets brittle. Hair with Wildroot Cream-Oil care stays manageable, feels strong and healthy.



Make hair obey all day with WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!

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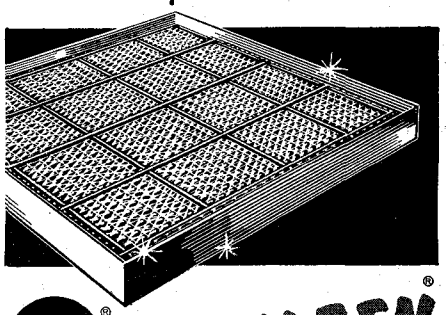
YOUR HOME
and keeps it cleaner!



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(*Continued from Page 66*) blue. "Such as," he added, looking at her, "*Grad hain thu.*"

"What does that mean?" she inquired.

"I'm not quite sure," he admitted.

She did not see him for three days. A second letter from Paul arrived on Wednesday. Why hadn't she written him? That afternoon Liam was waiting outside the subway exit.

"I'd like to show you what I've been working on," he said. "Can you stop around at my place?" He grinned when she hesitated. "I'm strictly an architect, Miss Bellamy. No etchings."

Liam's place was a large, orderly room on Greenwich Avenue. There was a drawing board, a six-foot pine drawing table, built-in pine cabinets and a record player, with shelves of records on either side of it. There were no etchings and, her quick, explorative glance discovered, no photographs.

He showed her the plans on which he was working, a library for a small city in Pennsylvania. "It's one of these competition deals," he told her. "I've seen the location—I spent a couple of days there last month."

Anne thought the sketches were wonderful.

"Will you have a cup of tea? Sit down while I make it."

She remained standing. The high north skylight gave the room an opalescence. A wide couch, covered with pale monk's cloth, was probably his bed. She crossed to the phonograph and, without looking at the record on the machine, turned the switch. A woman's voice, a husky contralto, said, "O.K.! You asked for it!" A piano sounded a subdued, preliminary chord. "Frankie and Johnny were lovers . . . oh, lordy, how they could ——"

Liam Joyce snapped the switch. "Not that one," he said. "Let's see. For you ——"

"Who was that one for?" she demanded.

He smiled. "A lot of people. But not you." He selected a record, put it on, and returned to the kitchen.

Anne picked up the disc he had removed. *So*, she thought, *he can't bear even to hear her voice!* She was still holding the record when he reappeared. "Who's Wendy Carroll?" she asked.

Liam set down the tea tray. "Sings in a night club."

"Do you know her?" she persisted.

He laughed. "Do you expect me to know everyone who makes my records?" He added, "As a matter of fact, I do." He poured two cups of tea. "I'll remember next time, but I've forgotten. Do you take sugar?"

"Two lumps," she said. There was a third lump in her throat. Liam did not want to talk about Wendy Carroll.

He telephoned her Saturday afternoon. "I've been working like a Trojan," he told her. "Will you have dinner with me?"

"Yes," said Anne.

He took her to a sidewalk café. When they were seated at a small table close to a row of potted hedge plants, he said, "I knew it! You're what my tired old eyes needed!"

She looked back at him, somberly. *Or the closest facsimile?* she wondered.

"Anne!" he said. "Is something wrong?"

She said, "No," and smiled. "Of course not."

There was nothing wrong. Liam Joyce was an attractive young man whom she had known for two weeks. He was looking at her intently and, leaning forward, his knee brushed her skirt beneath the narrow table, and they both moved away from the contact.

When he took her home, they stood for a moment, silent, outside her door. Liam's arms hung limp at his sides. He did not kiss her good night. He had never kissed her.

There was a telegram from Paul on Sunday morning.

WORRIED ABOUT NOT HEARING FROM YOU. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

Anne crumpled it into a ball and tossed it into the wastebasket.

Laura inquired, "The future governor?" and Anne nodded. "Look, honey," said Laura, "I'm not one to stick my neck out, but do you know what you're doing?"

"What am I doing?" asked Anne.

"Throwing Paul Henderson over your left shoulder—the way you threw your hat out the taxi window," she answered.

Anne said, "You mean a bird in the hand?" She smiled. "Sometimes a bird in a bush is nicer." Especially, she thought, if he could sing. She couldn't imagine Paul singing. . . .

Liam did not call her for five days. The last week of June ushered in the summer's first heat wave, and when Anne returned to the apartment on Friday afternoon and heard the telephone ringing, she was too hot and tired to care.

Liam said, "Anne! I have to go out of town. I'll call you when I get back."

"Shall you be gone long?" she asked.

His voice was excited. "I don't know. It depends ——"

She waited, but he did not finish the sentence. She was replacing the instrument when Laura came in.

"Beth and Tommy want me to go out to Westport for the weekend," she said. "I hate to leave you alone in this heat, but I suppose Liam will be around."

Anne nodded. "I have a lot of letters to write too."

In the morning she wrote to her mother. She also wrote, DEAR PAUL, and stopped. It was strange that Liam had not told her where he was going. He had sounded secretive, almost mysterious.

The walls of the apartment seemed to be closing in on her, and she went out. Perhaps if she walked long enough it would tire her.

She passed the subway exit where Liam had bought her the camellia. She passed the building where he lived, and looked up at the closed windows, the blank skylight. She walked on.

The name was so close to her consciousness that when she saw it, in black letters on the framed placard, she started. OUR OWN WENDY CARROLL, BACK FROM A TRIUMPHANT ENGAGEMENT IN PARIS! Rooted, incredulous, Anne Bellamy stared at the photograph. It was her own face, but with every feature subtly and excitingly different. There was both languor and challenge in the softly shaded eyes, the hint of a hollow below the cheekbones, a seductiveness and mockery to the mouth. OPENING MONDAY EVENING, IN AN ENTIRELY NEW REPERTOIRE, she read. YOU ADORED HER IN ENGLISH! WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR HER IN FRENCH!

The office, on Monday, was an agony to her. The air-conditioning did not help; she felt feverish and her head ached. OPENING MONDAY EVENING. . . .

She and Laura ate a cold supper. At half-past eight Anne stood up. "I think I'll take a walk," she said. "It's cooler now."

She walked directly to Charlot's. She could not sleep until she had seen Wendy Carroll for herself.

The headwaiter bowed. "How many in your party?"

"I'm alone," Anne told him.

He was polite and regretful. Unescorted ladies were not permitted.

Anne's cheeks flamed. "That's ridiculous!" she said. "Can't you put me in a corner? I'm not going to stay very long."

The headwaiter was sorry.

She swept out, her head high. Halfway down the block a young man was approaching. She (*Continued on Page 70*)

"Are you one of those beatniks I've been hearing about?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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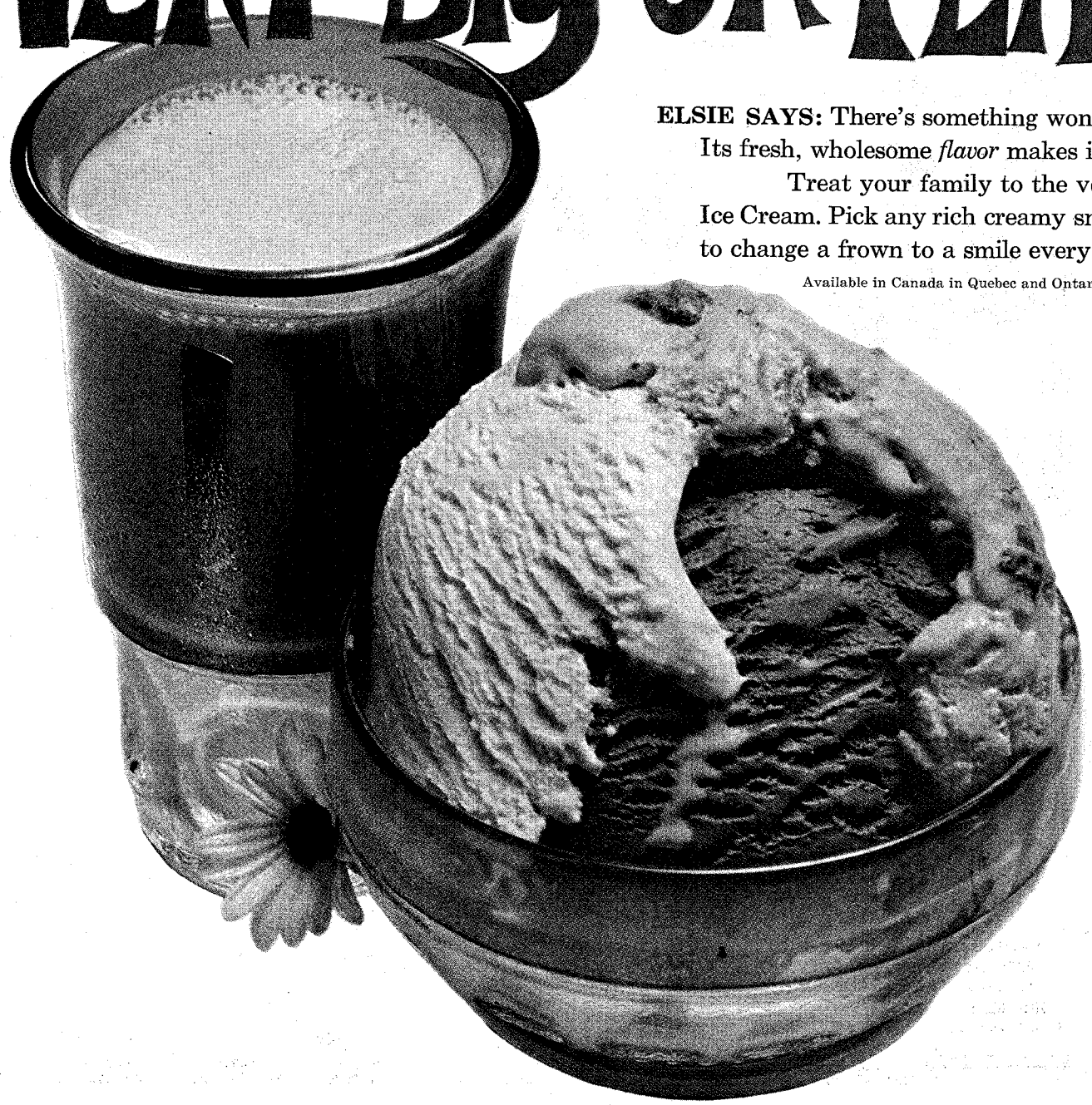
BORDEN'S VERY big on FLAVOR



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(*Continued from Page 68*) looked at him swiftly and spoke. "I beg your pardon," she said. "Are you very busy?"

He looked startled. "Why, no, I'm not," he answered.

She was unsmiling. "Could I—borrow you for an hour? It's—it's very important that I go into Charlot's, and it seems that I can't without a man."

He did not smile either, but his eyes were amused. "I should be delighted," he told her.

Her head was even higher as she preceded him into the night club. The headwaiter did not flicker an eyelash. "Two, sir?"

Anne ordered a ginger ale, her companion a highball.

"Will ten dollars be enough?" she addressed him.

He said, "You wouldn't permit me ——" and answered himself. "No, you wouldn't."

People were dancing. The orchestra stopped playing, and extra lights flashed on. The master of ceremonies appeared. He was happy to see them here, he said. They were about to be equally—he smiled—"wowed" was the only word he could think of. In Paris they called it *bouleversé*. Miss Wendy Carroll. . . .

The lights faded, and a spotlight came on. There was a ruffle of drums, a thunder of applause. Wendy Carroll stood in the circle of light, dressed in a tight sheath of peacock-blue sequins, slit to reveal a leg that rivaled Dietrich's. She tossed her shining hair back from her face, and one corner of her mouth twitched. Then she laughed, a spontaneous, exultant laugh, and the dim room became a pandemonium of greetings—"Olé!" . . . "Welcome home, Wendy!"—the stamping of feet and the clapping of hands.

"Hi-yah, keeds!" said Wendy Carroll. "The same to you, and many of them!"

She stood laughing at them. She lifted her hand, and her vibrant voice silenced them. "A little number I picked up in Paris," she announced. The orchestra looked at her, waiting, grinned and swung into an accompaniment as she sang the familiar words. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. . . ."

There was another thunder of applause.

"Thank you—thank you!" Wendy Carroll told them. "I feel like Tiny Tim. Thank you, one and all! Now, I'll sing you a very sad song about a little *midinette*—that's French for the girl in the middle—who loved and lost, over and over again."

Anne felt a shudder of complete defeat, of unconditional surrender to a superior force, go through her like a stroke of lightning, an electric shock.

Wendy Carroll sang, and her audience called for more. Six times she protested, and six times she gave in to the stamping and clapping.

Afterward Anne's escort looked at her. "Your sister?" he asked.

She shook her head. She said, "Thank you very much." She picked up her bag and gloves, and before he could push back his chair and rise, she was gone.

The doorman asked, "Taxi, miss?" and she ignored him. She walked rapidly, blindly, the quick tapping of her heels echoing behind her. She walked for nearly an hour.

She turned a corner, and a cross street ahead was brightly lighted. She recognized the marquee of a movie theater, Liam's studio was in the next block. She hurried on.

A long trailer truck rattled by, and as it passed she saw across the street the golden blaze of a skylight against the dark brick of a building. She stopped short. Two low windows at either side were open to the warm night, and a curtain of monk's cloth was blowing out.

He was back—Liam was back! She took a quick step toward the curb, and then shrank into the shadow of a store front. There was a burst of laughter, the sound of voices. A woman's silhouette flashed past one of the windows. Wendy Carroll's husky voice, unmistakable, unforgettable, drifted down to the street.

Anne did not even know that she was running until the brakes of a taxi screamed and a voice demanded, "What are you trying to do—kill yourself?" A woman turned and stared after her as she ran on.

Laura was setting her hair in the bedroom. "You have another telegram," she said.

Anne sat down on the edge of the bed. She drew a long breath. "Laura, we've been friends for a long time," she said. "I'm going back to Maine tomorrow. For keeps. I'll pay my share of the rent until you find someone else. And if you ask me a single question, I'll jump out the window."

Laura fastened another metal clip with a sharp snap. In the mirror she could see Anne's face, paper-white. "No questions," she said. "If there's anything I can do ——"

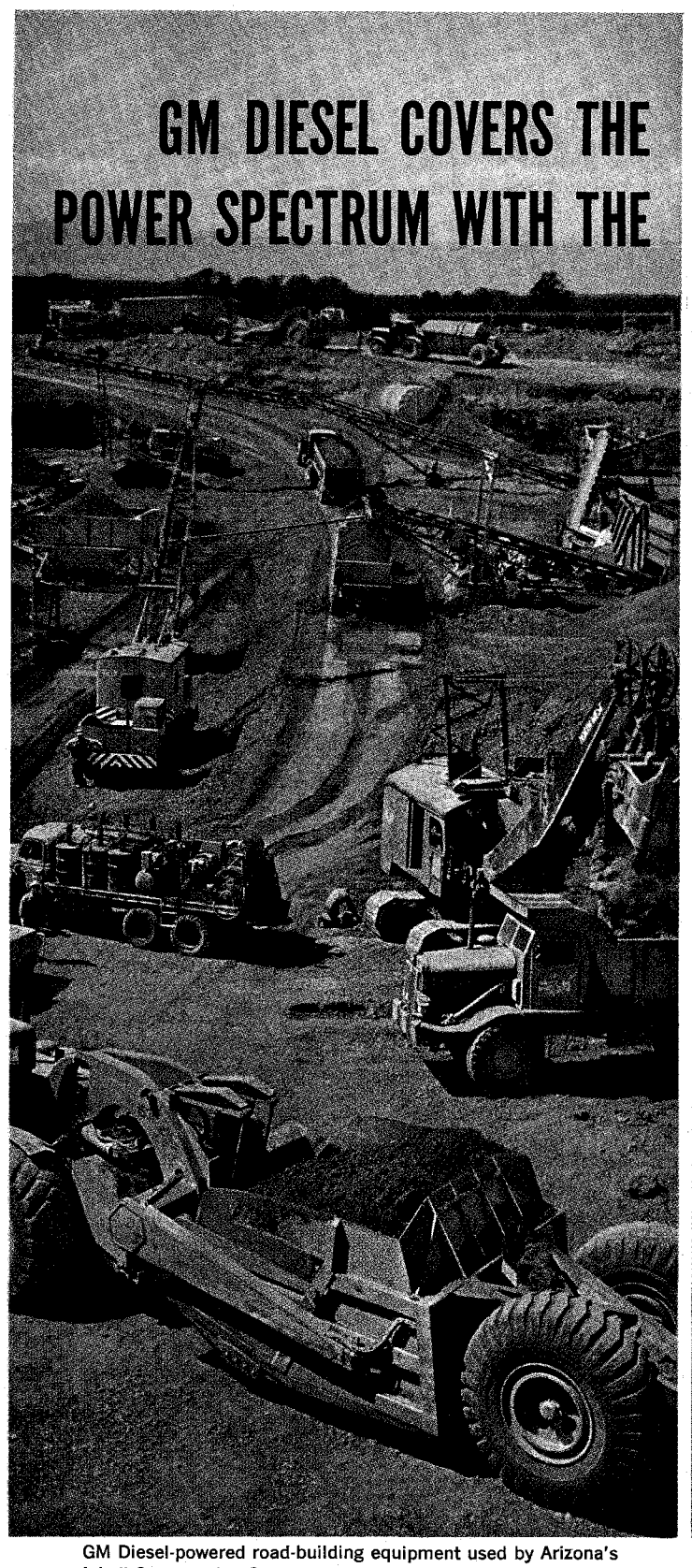
"Thanks," said Anne.

She would never ride a train or a bus again if she could take a plane. She took a train to Bangor, changed to a bus.

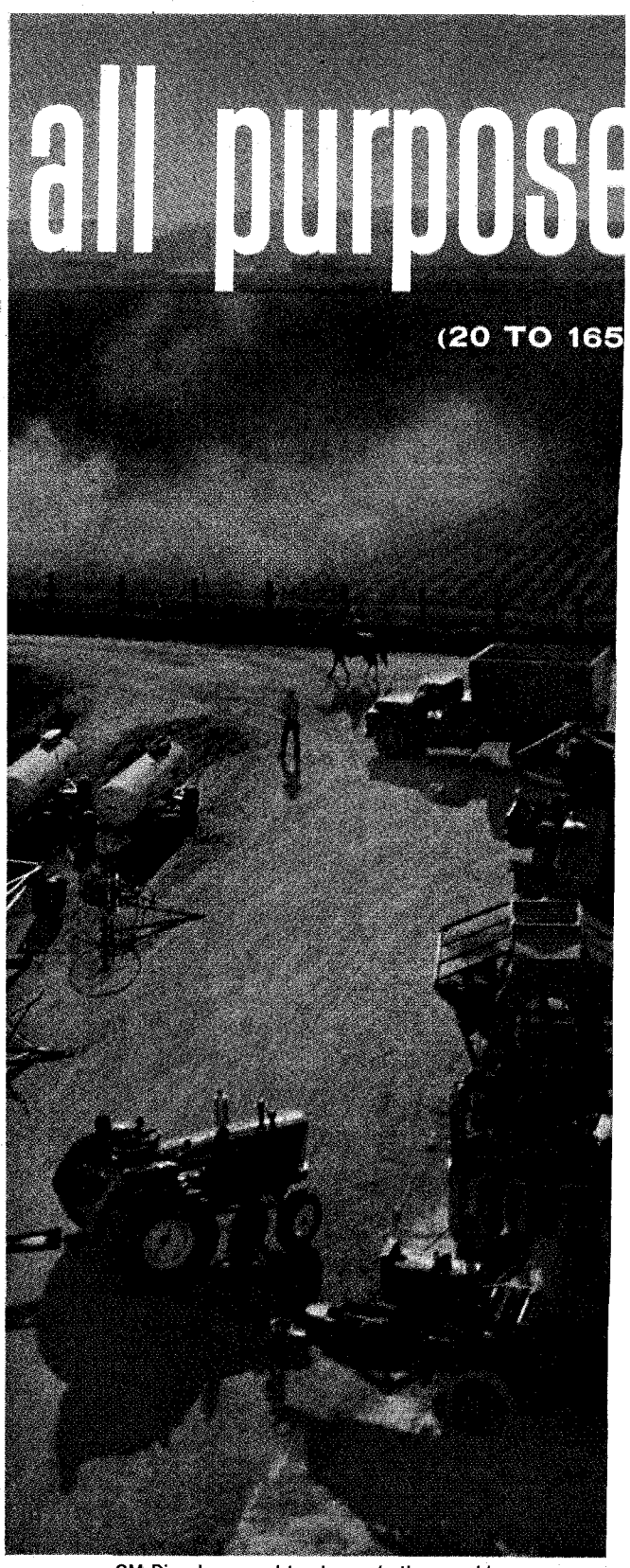
Her parents were eating when she arrived. "I got homesick," she said flatly.

Her mother said, "You'll stay over the Fourth, Annie? Paul's coming back from Augusta Friday."

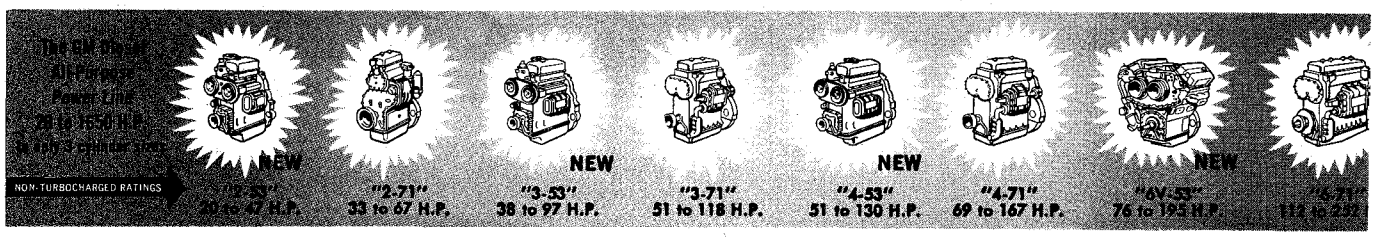
In her own bedroom, lying in the painted sleigh bed, Anne was thankful



GM Diesel-powered road-building equipment used by Arizona's Isbell Construction Co.



GM Diesel-powered tractor and other machinery on Southwestern ranch.



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for one thing. She would have three days before she had to see Paul Henderson.

She was awakened by the telephone, and she sat up in bed. The ringing stopped. There was no further sound, no voice called, "It's for you, Anne." Perhaps her mother had said, "Anne's asleep. Can you call later?" She got up and dressed.

"You do look peaked," Mrs. Bellamy murmured. "I don't s'pose you and Laura ever eat a decent breakfast." The telephone rang again.

Anne had forgotten how often a country telephone rings. The fourth time it sounded her mother ignored it. Anne said, "Mother!" and Mrs. Bellamy looked at her sharply. "That's not thirteen—it's four. You expecting a call, Annie?"

On Friday afternoon she was seized with panic, and she fled from the house to the woods beyond the town. Her mother met her at the door when, reluctantly, she returned.

"Well—he's here," she said. "In the east parlor." Anne drew a long breath. "I always did like a man with eyes wide apart," Mrs. Bellamy added.

Anne's hand flew to her throat.

"Go in there, Annie," said her mother. "He's been waiting for two solid hours."

Liam leaped from his chair. He had never kissed her, but he made up for it now. Then he glared at her, his eyes like the winter Atlantic. "Will you tell me what all this is about?" he demanded. "Didn't you get my telegram?"

She sat down. "I saw Wendy Carroll," she said.

"So what?" he asked impatiently. "Here I wired you ——" He repeated his question. "Didn't you get it?"

"I didn't think it was from you," she said. She had not opened the envelope. *Monday night*. . . . "But you were in New York Monday night!"

"I was not," said Liam.

"You were!" she contradicted. "Your place was lighted, and—and she was there too!"

"One of us is crazy," said Liam. "And it's not me. I got back yesterday. If my room was lighted, it must have been the Murrays—I left my key so they could play records ——" His eyes quickened. "How did Wendy Carroll get into this?"

"I went to Charlot's," she told him dully. "A girl said I looked like her. I wish I did."

"I don't," he said. "You look ——" He smiled. "Anne, did you ever hear the fable of the two gold balls? They were put together in a wooden box. One was solid gold and the other was gilded. The gold one began rattling around, and the gilded one asked, 'Aren't you afraid you'll rub it off?' and the gold one asked, 'Rub what off?' I thought of it the first time I saw you." She stared at him. "Anne, the committee took my plans. I didn't want to tell you until I was sure. It's a lot of money ——"

The telephone rang. One long ring and three short. Mrs. Bellamy's voice was clear. "Oh, hello, Paul," she said. "No, she's out. . . . No, I couldn't say. I really don't know myself."

Liam said, "Anne! Do you remember what I said to you in Central Park. *Grad hain thu?*" She was silent. "I love you, Anne. Ever since I set eyes on you. It seemed too soon to tell you then, but now ——"

Anne caught her breath. "It wasn't too soon, Liam," she told him. "It wasn't *ever* too soon!" THE END

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Passing of Time

By Edward Shenton

When we have become too old,
too old,
And youth has gone like a
dream, half seen;
We will go down to the edge of
the sea,
Where the salt grass grows in a
shifting screen,
And winds are blowing and
seas are green.
There the dunes, far older than
we, are younger,
And drift and change and
change again;
The sea comes in with a
constant hunger,
Where sun is welcome, and
welcome rain.
Old songs new sung to the
same refrain
Of marsh and pool, and tides
that run
From sea to pool and pool to
sea;
Where all has been and all will
be
Channel and beach and waves
and sun;
Told in our youth, and in age
retold;
When we have become too old,
too old.

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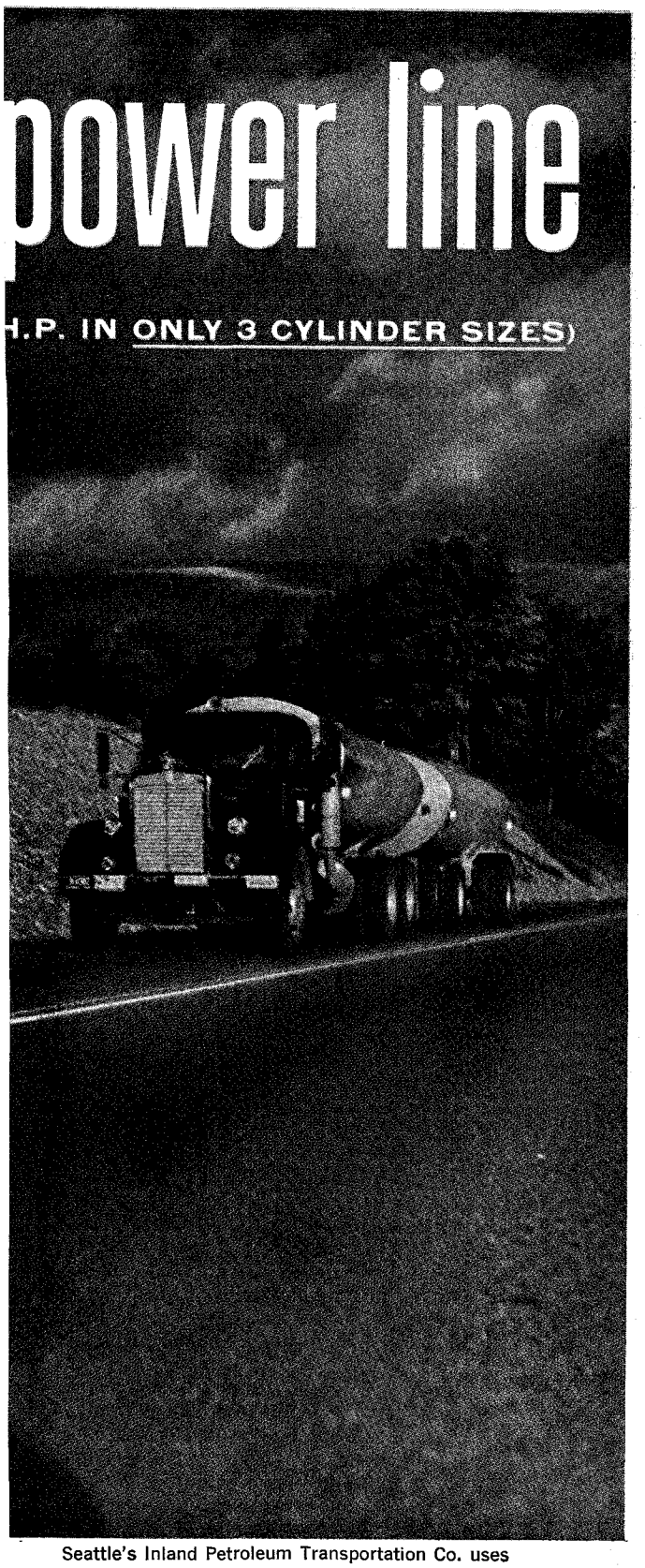

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You can standardize on GM Diesel power and still buy any type . . . and the finest makes . . . of equipment

What's your one best bet to beat rising power costs?

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Yet—until GM Diesel brought out its All-Purpose Power Line—it was difficult, if not impossible, for many power users to standardize and still buy the equipment of their choice.

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So now every kind of equipment—contractors' air compressors and mammoth off-road haulers—truckers' city delivery units and over-the-road rigs—small farm tractors and giant crawlers—can be GM Diesel powered. And when *you* standardize on GM Diesel power you'll cut your investment in parts stocks to the bone.

When you add up all the advantages of the GM Diesel All-Purpose Power Line—new compactness, light weight, high efficiency, durability, inexpensive maintenance, lowest parts cost and highest parts interchangeability—you start to get some idea of what "Jimmy" Diesels can mean to your profits.

Your local GM Diesel distributor will be glad to spell it out for you in dollars and cents—call him today or write GM Diesel, Dept. P-8, Detroit 28, Michigan, for the whole story.

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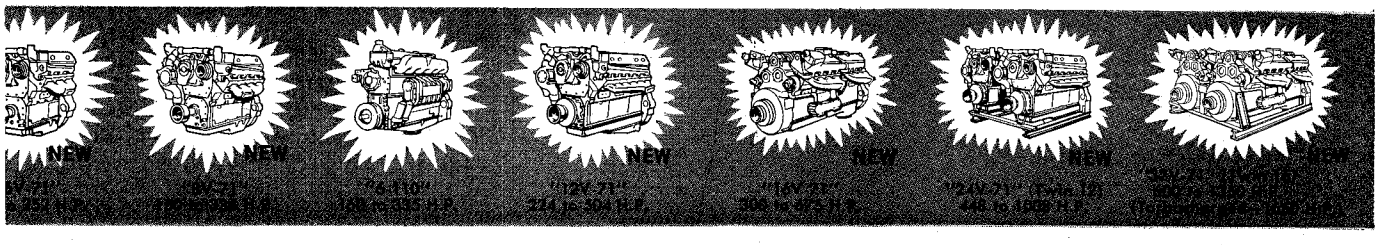

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The Sign of an American

(Continued from Page 37)

stick that must go somewhere because it was picked up and carried.

Actually, Nikolai Andreyevich was a very good dancer, and the woman, whose name he learned was Sofya Aleksandrovna, told him so. He warmed a little to her and asked her about herself. She immediately began chattering. He soon knew that she, too, had lived through the same things that he had, but with one difference—she was happy to be in America. She had worked hard to learn English and establish herself. She had even gone out and found herself a job as an indexer at the Library of Congress. Nikolai Andreyevich wondered at her, as the unhappy always do at the cheerful.

Four months later, after more evenings at the church hall, they had the priest marry them. They set up housekeeping with several other DP families in an old brickfront that had once housed a small private school. The household called this place their *kolkhoz*, collective farm, because they cooked and ate together in a common kitchen and dining room. The major-domo of the house was a mountainous, middle-aged woman named Chepukhina, who was called Matushka, little mother.

In the old classrooms on the first floor lived three families, the Lapunovs, the Panfilovs, and the Strichkins. Lapunov was a swarthy man who had been a road-company actor in the Soviet provinces; here he supported his wife and three children as a waiter. Panfilov was stolid, close-cropped, square-faced. He had once been a tractor driver, but in the United States, thanks to his sponsor's instruction, had become a bricklayer. His harried wife cared for four children of preschool age. Strichkin, a Siberian giant with a fine bass singing voice, made the best living in the house as a recorder of canned features for the Voice of America. His steel-toothed wife often accompanied him on the balalaika.

On the third floor Matushka shared a room with her small daughter, Vera. Also on that floor were a couple named Sadovski, another called Yeremenko, and three middle-aged men known as the *troika*, the threesome, from their names: Lyutin, Prutin, and Vatutin.

Under the eaves lived one Kibitkov, who had been a gravedigger in Russia and made his way here as a Bible salesman. Kibitkov had a wife who came secretly to visit him on weekends. She was a nurse, and they were under the impression that it is forbidden in the United States for nurses to marry before their thirty-fifth year.

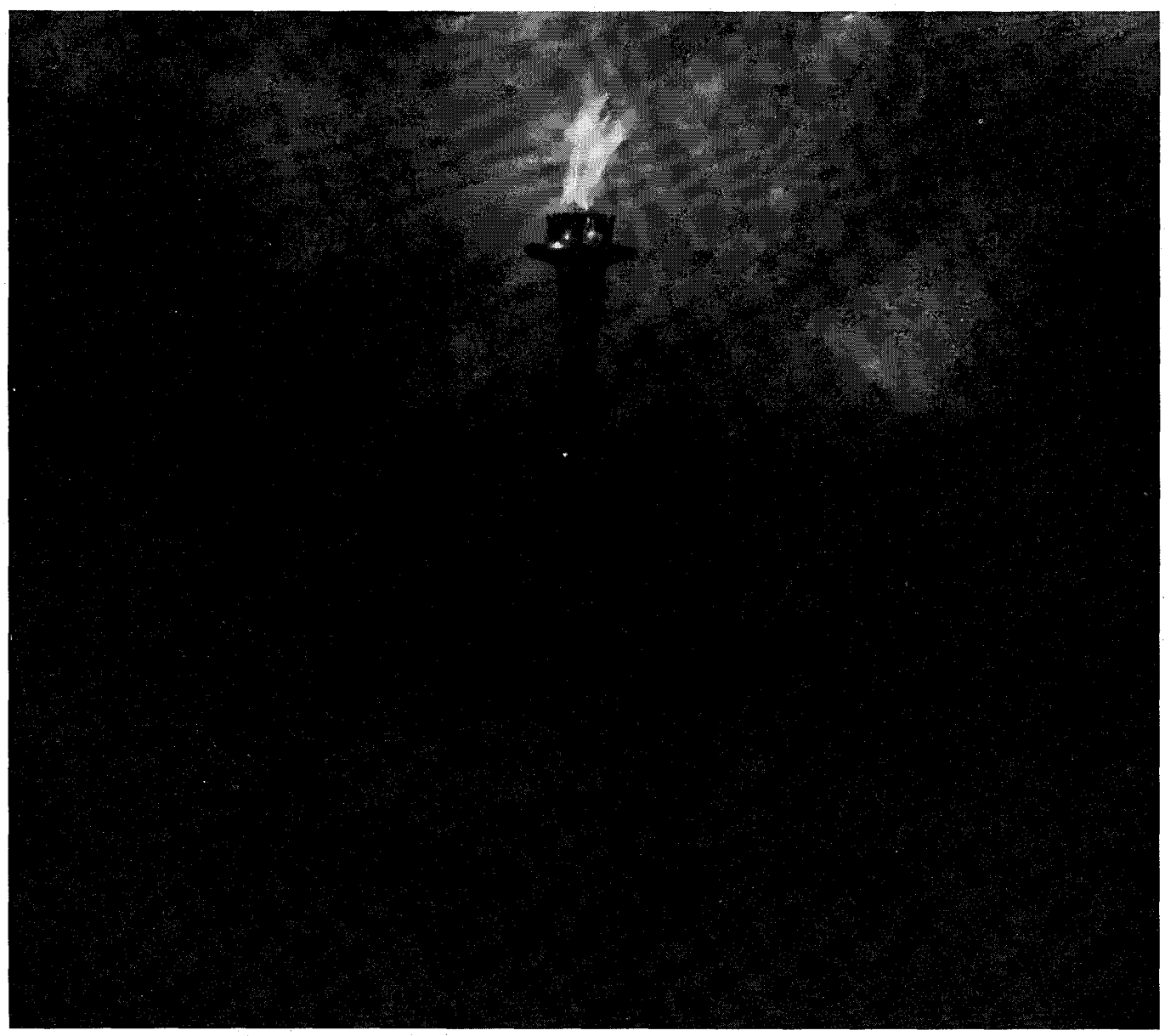
Nikolai Andreyevich and Sofya Aleksandrovna moved into the one remaining apartment, a room and a half on the second floor.

Sofya Aleksandrovna immediately took a leading part in household affairs. She was doing well at Americanization school, had formed at work a circle of young American men with whom she exchanged a little Russian for a great deal of English, and had a sharp eye for the marks of success in America. It was thus logical that she become the household's business agent. She led the weekly expeditions to the nearby supermarket, dealt with the landlord, kept the house accounts.

Before long, she began to think of herself as the one appointed to shepherd the others into the ways of American life. No one at the *kolkhoz*, of course, had to be sold on the virtue of becoming an American. Every person in the house looked forward to the time of receiving citizenship papers as to a new birth. Sofya Aleksandrovna, however, insisted that there was more to becoming an American than getting a piece of paper in hand. She saw that one had to live like Americans and have the things that Americans had. She urged everyone to smile often and be friendly because that was the way Americans were. She urged care in the accumulation and use of money. And she forced on the household one evening a week during which only English could be spoken in the common rooms. Even Nikolai Andreyevich was forced by this measure to construct a few halting English sentences.

Sofya Aleksandrovna was nevertheless one of the most thoroughgoing Russians in the house. She goaded Lapunov to entertain at Sunday dinner with his specialty, the monologue, and appreciated his tales of confusion in Soviet provincial life with a full, earthy laughter. She got Strichkin to sing Russian folk songs and grew sad with the others in the profound and nameless longing of all Russians away from Russia. She persuaded Panfilov to sing his songs about collective-farm girls, tractors and production quotas. She even had occasional success at organizing a *chastuzhka*, with Panfilov plucking his mandolin, Mrs. Strichkin making the balalaika wail, Kibitkov dancing in the cossack manner, herself singing the verses in a saucy way, and the others joining in the choruses.

Nikolai Andreyevich settled into the household unobtrusively. He listened and smoked a great deal, using a long silver cigarette holder that Sofya Aleksandrovna bought for him in the belief that its use



Knowledge is like a torch . . .

The higher you hold it the farther it is seen.

At the Perfect Circle laboratories our constant purpose is the acquiring of knowledge of products and their installation which will improve the service an engine gives to its owner.

But we realize the mere acquisition of this knowledge would accomplish but little if we failed to pass it on to those who design, manufacture and maintain the world's motor vehicles and other internal combustion engines. Hence, our researchers freely reveal their findings to all automotive engineers and their organized associations. For those who service and maintain internal combustion engines, we periodically hold local Doctor of Motors clinics. In the field, our technical staff is always available for help and counsel.

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was an evidence of chic in America. He entered none of the household's careering discussions except those about law, on which he was the recognized authority. His advice was asked often because there was nothing in the household members' lives that they approached with greater wariness than the matter of American law. All believed the slightest infraction would make them liable to deportation. Nikolai Andreyevich, of course, knew very little about American law, but he did have some practical counsel for all situations. "First," he would intone solemnly, "see what the signs say. Second, see what the people are doing. Third, do not know any English."

Retiring though he usually was, however, it was Nikolai Andreyevich who brought about the household's most notable advance into American life. He arrived, over a long period, at a fundamental conclusion about life in the United States. He announced it to Sofya Aleksandrovna one evening as they prepared for bed. "To be an American," he said gravely, "one must buy an *avtomobil*."

"What?" Sofya Aleksandrovna said, startled. The possibility that a common person could own an automobile had never occurred to her. "Buy a car? We are not Rockefellers."

Nikolai Andreyevich lighted a cigarette and proceeded to make his case. "Let us say we are on the street. What is on the street? *Avtomobils*. Hundreds, thousands. Whose are these *avtomobils?* You look, and you see that the drivers are all kinds of people. I, too, have seen this, and at work I have asked questions. It appears that the people who are driving the *avtomobils* also own them. So I ask, do they make you pay a fortune for it? They say no. You can buy a car, they say, for about two thousand dollars."

"Where will you find two thousand dollars?" Sofya Aleksandrovna asked. "Behind a loose brick in the wall, perhaps?"

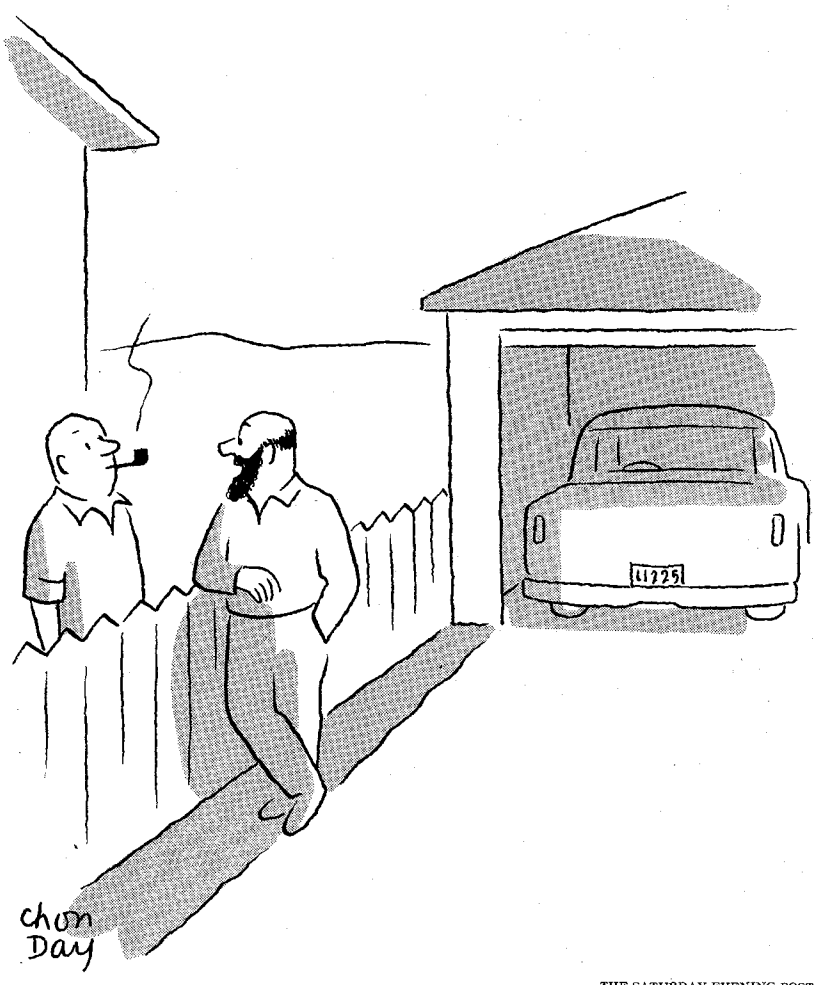
Nikolai Andreyevich let a mouthful of smoke curl lazily up before his face. "Ah," he said nasally. "It is not necessary to have two thousand dollars. It is necessary only to have perhaps seventy dollars each month. They will then let you have the car."

"It cannot be. No one gives such credit."

"We shall see," Nikolai Andreyevich said. Sofya Aleksandrovna recognized that here was one of those certainties in a man that must be taken seriously. She began to stop at showrooms on her way home from work. All, she found, was as Nikolai Andreyevich had said. Soon he arose at dinner one evening and announced in the oblique fashion used in Russian for matters of great importance: "We with Sofya Aleksandrovna have taken the firm decision to acquire an *avtomobil*." The household gasped, then rose as one to drink long life to Citizen Avtomobil. For the next week no one talked of anything else. Each evening Nikolai Andreyevich gave an account of the day's search for *the* automobile.

They decided, finally, on a pink sedan. Nikolai Andreyevich, with Sofya Aleksandrovna interpreting, had the salesman race the engine, blow the horn, and flick the lights on and off. He then walked gravely around the car, kicking each tire in turn, something he had seen Americans do and which he believed tested the car's equilibrium. At last satisfied that all was in order, he commanded Sofya Aleksandrovna to see to the details. While she argued the salesman down from asking price, he sat happily in the car and gloried in possession. That neither knew how to drive did not disturb him in the least. These new cars, he had overheard at work, "drive themselves."

To Matushka fell the honor of signing the delivery slip and accepting the keys. She dressed as for a court ball and continually interrupted her morning chores to peer down (*Continued on Page 76*)



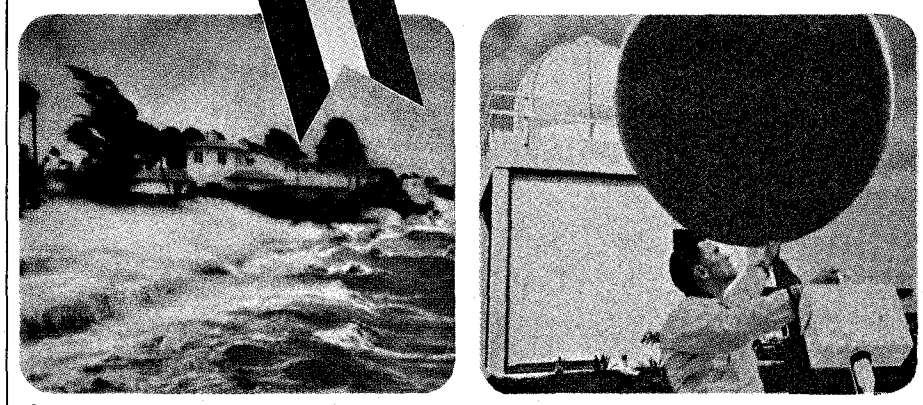
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We're planning a little trip to Cuba."

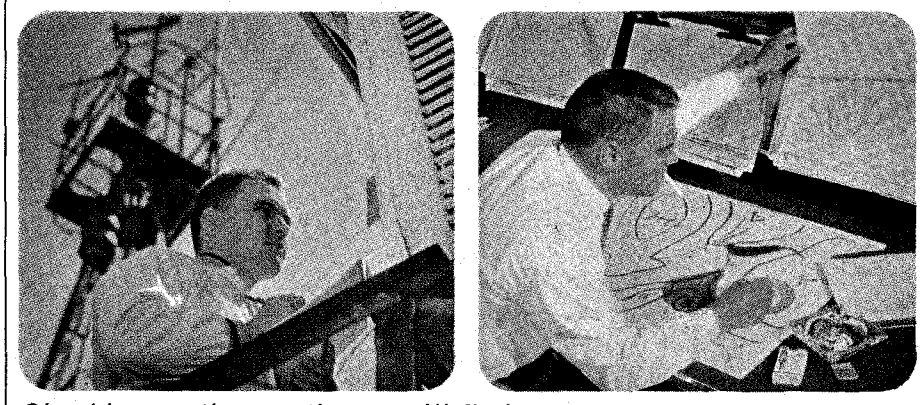
MEN OF AMERICA:

HURRICANE ALERT

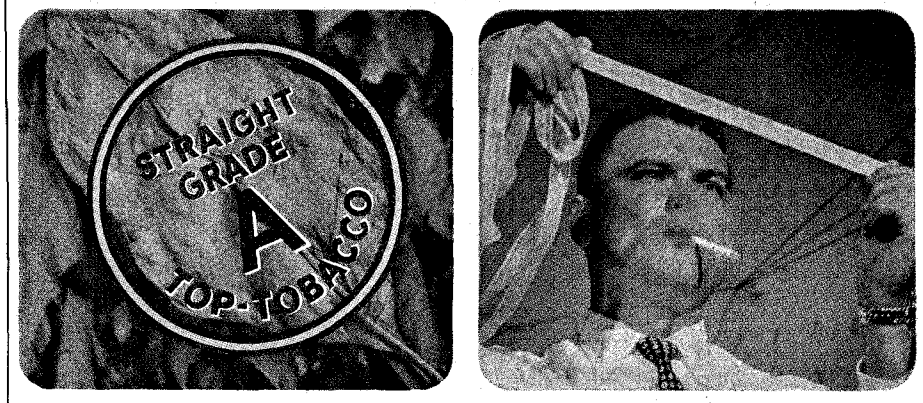
Live-action shots—U. S. Weather Bureau



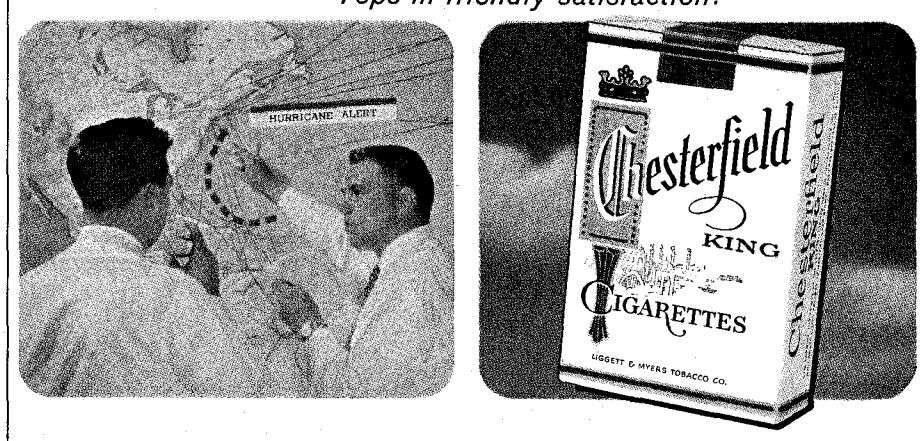
Gale wind rages, foaming breakers roar!
Radar warning—storm will hit our shore!



Checking on the weather, you'll find a man . . .
Takes big pleasure when and where he can . . . Chesterfield King!



Top-tobacco filter action . . .
Tops in friendly satisfaction!



Join the men who know—NOTHING SATISFIES
LIKE THE BIG CLEAN TASTE OF TOP-TOBACCO

CHESTERFIELD KING

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Congratulations, chef . . . it's just right!

"Good for you!"

SIZZLING AND PERFECT! Now relax with your guests. Pour yourself a rewarding glass of beer. So good and satisfying . . . and it really picks you up, too. Beer goes so graciously, so naturally with a barbecue. And it's such a nice compliment to your good taste.

United States Brewers Foundation

AMERICA'S OLDEST INCORPORATED TRADE ASSOCIATION—CHARTERED 1862

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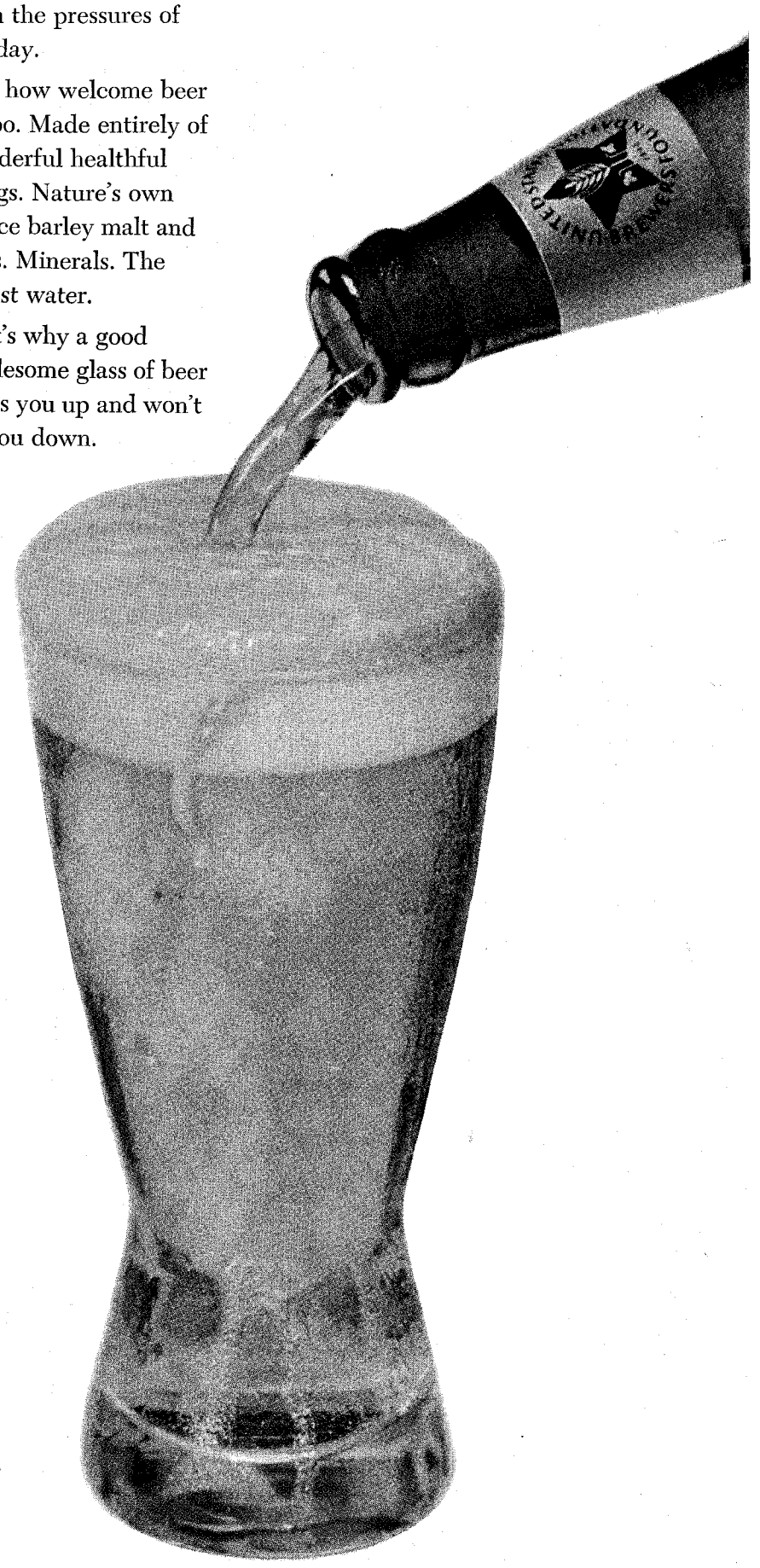
Barbecue time is an "ease-up" time, a wonderful way to relax from the pressures of the day.

And how welcome beer is, too. Made entirely of wonderful healthful things. Nature's own choice barley malt and hops. Minerals. The purest water.

That's why a good wholesome glass of beer perks you up and won't let you down.



Beer Belongs—to the fun of living!

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(*Continued from Page 73*) into the small yard at the rear of the house. She trembled with excitement and continually muttered to herself, "Could you believe it! Can it be true?" Every other moment she drew the sign of the cross on forehead and bosom.

Shrieks of "*Prishol! Prishol!* He's come!" announced the car's arrival shortly before noon. Bedlam followed. Children galloped down the stairs to peer out the back door. Mrs. Panfilov, whose subjection to four small children kept her on the verge of hysteria, burst into tears. Mrs. Lapunov shrilled to her children to await Matushka, who at that moment was bustling heavily about looking for a shawl she had carefully taken out and then mislaid. When at length she found it and drew it around her shoulders she summoned Mrs. Lapunov. "Does it suit me?" she asked breathlessly. "Do I look fashionable?" Mrs. Lapunov studied Matushka quickly and said the shawl did indeed suit her. Mrs. Panfilov sat down heavily on a stair to cry and laugh. "A queen, a true queen!" she sobbed to Matushka. Matushka stilled Mrs. Panfilov's weeping with a trembling hand, then drew herself up to that attitude of grim, proud duty often pictured on Soviet posters. "Well, let's go," she commanded.

She descended the stairs, marched to the back door and moved out regally into the yard. The man who had brought the car regarded her with awe, for dressing up had added to her bulkiness the illusion of height.

"You signing for it, ma'am?" the man said tentatively.

Matushka's heart thumped. Words reeled through her head. She wanted to pronounce, "I am entrusted with that honor," but her English, halt at best, now deserted her entirely. Desperately she sought the words. The phrase came out in Russian before she could check herself. She flushed crimson and said quickly, "Yes. Yes."

"You are Mrs. Che—Chep——" The man squinted at the paper in his hand.

"ChePUKHina," Matushka said grandly, relieved to come on something she would not fall over.

The man laid the paper on the car's fender, produced a pen and pointed a finger. "Sign here, please, ma'am."

"Sign it there? I would not dare!"

Taken aback, the man regarded her quizzically. "It's just a receipt, ma'am. That's the place to sign it."

She groped for words to explain, but could not find them. "No," was all she could say. She suddenly felt afraid and close to tears. "Cannot I do as you wish in another place?" she said timidly.

"It has to be signed there, ma'am. Otherwise it's not legal."

The word frightened her. Tears came into her eyes. She said in a small voice, "It will not hurt the car if I am writing on him?"

The man could think of nothing except to shake his head.

Fearfully, she wrote her name on the paper, then immediately examined beneath to see whether she had marred the surface of the car. Relieved to find no mark, she demanded the keys. The man was glad enough to deliver them with her copy of the receipt and leave without further remark.

The household members returning from work that evening found the house deserted, the kitchen stove cold, and Matushka seated with the children and other women near the car. She echoed each thrilled exclamation as the householders gathered one by one to admire Citizen Avtomobil, but snapped, "*Nye trogai!* Don't touch!" at anyone who approached too closely. When Nikolai Andreyevich at length appeared, she greeted him proudly. "Dear Nikolai Andreyevich, we have fulfilled our trust. He is signed for and, as you see, is here safely and peacefully. Here are the keys." She handed them to him solemnly, then smiled and said with expectant shyness, "Is it permitted to touch him?"

"Permission granted," Nikolai Andreyevich said, throwing out his arms in invitation to all. Everyone crowded to the car to touch it tentatively, gently. Women and children squealed with delight. The men grunted, smiling broadly, and said, "*Tak, tak*. So, so." Grinning slyly, Nikolai Andreyevich carefully opened a door, waited for a moment when all were absorbed, then blasted the horn. Screams, laughter, a torrent of voices. "Is it not a miracle!" Nikolai Andreyevich shouted, happy clear through for the first time in years. He pressed the horn again and again. Matushka wept.

The celebration of Citizen Avtomobil's arrival continued in various forms for a couple of weeks. The household gathered in and around the car daily for breakfast and dinner. The children, whose games about the car had led them to greatest familiarity with it, first posed directly the question, "When will Citizen Avtomobil move like other cars?"

The matter had been touched on in puzzled exchanges right from the first evening. Old tractor-driver Panfilov devoted some time on first seeing the car to searching for the crank. Not finding one, he gravely informed Nikolai Andreyevich that he had been taken in, there being no way to start the car. Nikolai Andreyevich replied smugly that the car started by itself. Panfilov doubted. "One must turn the engine," he said. "There is no way for an unturned engine to turn itself." An argument developed. Neither man could prove his point. Discussion, meanwhile, flowered on chance observations by other members of the household. Kibitkov observed that a car that will not start is pushed. A futile effort to budge the car from its spot followed. Matushka reported that the way was to open the front, lean inside, and curse—shocking, but apparently effective. No one, however, knew how to open the front. Nikolai Andreyevich systematically pushed every pedal, pulled every lever, pressed every button, but the car would not start. He grew somber once more.

One morning when he had gone out early to study the car and made no progress, sudden rage swept over him. He kicked the car and cursed it. Mrs. Sadovski saw this from the bathroom window and immediately reported it to Mrs. Yeremenko, who was hanging laundry over the bathtub. Later in the morning Mrs. Yeremenko whispered of it to Matushka and Matushka counseled Sofya Aleksandrovna to call in outside help. Several days later Nikolai Andreyevich, outmaneuvered and defeated by information Sofya Aleksandrovna had collected from her young men at the library, reluctantly took up driving instruction.

During the first lesson he listened attentively to a simple digest of traffic regulations, had demonstrated to him what the dashboard gadgets were for and learned how to start a car. "So, one turns the key and then pushes the button. Ah." He thought of how he would rout Panfilov that evening. He also learned how to accelerate the engine and shut it off. In the second lesson he learned how to put the car in low gear, release the emergency brake, inch forward, stop, take the car out of gear and pull up the emergency brake. This lesson tired him. He muttered that the human brain was not made to be directing more than one action at a time. He appeared morosely for the third lesson, but on finding that fresh complexities—driver signals—awaited him, said *shabash!*—enough!—to the venture. He thanked the instructor and went home to announce that he now knew how to drive. The certificate, he replied to questions, would be along shortly.

It was not *shabash*, however, that time. During the week, while practicing the forward creep in the yard, he got the car into a spot where it would not roll back. Panfilov, Lapunov, Strichkin, Sadovski and Kibitkov knew for a certainty that a car could be made to run backward! The rest of the household, which now discussed, every evening, interesting maneuvers observed on the streets during the day, checked and confirmed the fact. There was nothing for it; Nikolai Andreyevich had to go to his next class. Under the guise of asking a question out of curiosity only, he got the instructor to show him how a car is made to back up. Then it really was *shabash*. The entreaties of the entire household could not make him go again.

Sofya Aleksandrovna now resorted to her young men at the library. They, of course, had been kept up to date on the car adventure, which they regarded as a great joke. In time, Sofya Aleksandrovna had come to know of the general amusement. She now set out deliberately to pander to it, with the object of getting one or more of the young men to come out and instruct Nikolai Andreyevich. She made much of her husband's bumbles, listened with great seriousness to advice, recounted efforts to make the advice work, and let build the impression that Meester ToTOV made slow but steady progress toward being able to handle a car. Her young men gave her such full sympathy that she was even encouraged after several weeks to talk of Nikolai Andreyevich's needing help only on some "fine points," such as parking.

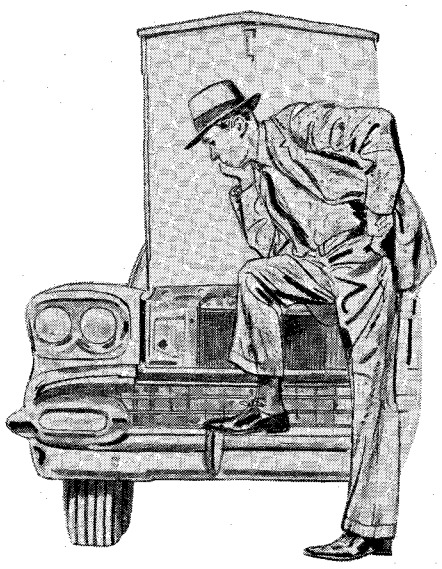
Her attentions concentrated gradually on a young man named Shelley, who was studying Russian and regarded her as his teacher-away-from-school. Shelley was a beginner in the language. He caught the general drift of things said to him, but was likely, from ignorance, eagerness, and the American astonishment at language spoken with gusto, to be overly affected by emotional intonations. Sofya Aleksandrovna took advantage of this. She put the basic facts of her story to him in careful elementary Russian, then allowed herself to be carried away into tearful tirades. She soon had Shelley deeply affected by a picture of helpless, poor, bewildered immigrants who needed just a little personal attention to find their way in the American maze. When she offered him an invitation to a real Russian dinner and evening in exchange for his coming out to sit with Nikolai Andreyevich during practice on the "fine points," Shelley bit.

The household worked on Nikolai Andreyevich all week, talking up the American who also knew Russian—another stretching of the truth that Sofya Aleksandrovna allowed to happen—and who would be able to demonstrate a sensible way of driving a car. While Nikolai Andreyevich brooded and smoked many cigarettes, Sofya Aleksandrovna organized the coming event. She assigned Shelley the middle (*Continued on Page 78*)

Surface Tension

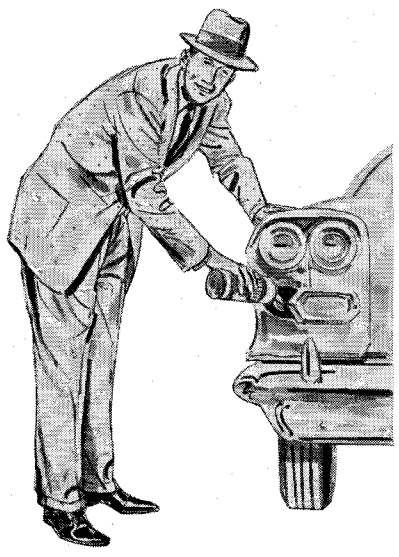
By P. J. Blackwell

As shopping centers swarm apace,
Grow daily ever vaster,
The rate at which they eat up space
Alarmingly runs faster.
This sort of race no one can win,
So planners, please provide them
With space to fit a city in—
There's no space left outside them.



Your carburetor is dirty . . . you're wasting gas

All summer long gum and varnish have been building up in your carburetor. That cuts gas mileage way down, causes your engine to lose power and stall frequently.



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Just add GUMOUT to your gas tank. It cleans your carburetor while you drive. You'll get lots more miles for your gas dollars. And you'll enjoy a smoother running engine, too. Get GUMOUT today!

On sale at most service stations and auto supply stores

GUMOUT • CLEVELAND 4, OHIO

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"Send it? Young man, I'll wear it!"

A little bulky for the season, perhaps! But what luscious color, fashion and texture you get when you buy beautiful Bigelow Carpets! You give life a wonderful lift, and your home a lasting beauty treatment, when you dress it in style with luxurious Bigelows. Everybody lives better, looks better on Bigelows.

PEOPLE WHO KNOW... BUY Bigelow
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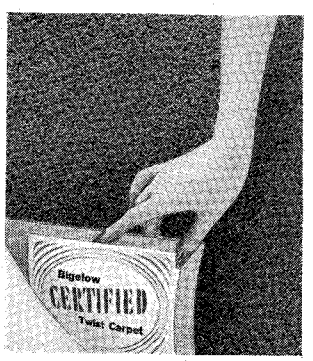

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(*Continued from Page 76*) spot on the front seat and herself the place on the right. Matushka, by virtue of her eminence in the household, received the middle of the back seat. Lapunov and Panfilov won the two other back-seat places in a drawing of straws. The night before Shelley came, the women stayed up past midnight to make pastries and other delicacies for the dinner that was to follow the driving lesson. In the morning they made a thick borsch to put before Shelley on his arrival and packed a picnic lunch. Everyone at home that Saturday morning dressed in his best and made ready to surround Shelley with every blandishment of Russian hospitality.

Shelley arrived shortly after ten. He was a lean young man with an air of abstraction. He had rehearsed the Russian phrases for meeting and greeting and hoped things would not go too badly for him after they were exhausted. To Mrs. Lapunov, who answered his ring, he said carefully, "At home is Mrs. Totov?"

Mrs. Lapunov beamed and breathlessly invited him in with the grandest phrases of polite Russian that she knew. Before Shelley could recover from this assault, she was telling him how beautifully he spoke Russian. Shelley was aware of a knot of towheads peering at him from the dusk of the first-floor hall. Mrs. Lapunov went on chattering compliments at him as she conducted him up the stairs. At the landing, just as Shelley had dredged up a reply to her words, she suddenly yelled, "He's here!" Other voices picked up and relayed the news. Sounds of bustle were heard.

At the top of the stairs Sofya Aleksandrovna whisked Shelley away from Mrs. Lapunov into the dining room, where he was seated and confronted by a steaming plate of borsch before he could find words to say he'd just had breakfast. A glass of tea, bread, crackers, and small jars containing caviar, marinated herring, and pickled shrimp appeared before him as if by magic. Matushka entered from the kitchen to say she was very, very glad to meet such a kind young American. The rest of the household came in as if casually—"according to the American manner," as explained by Sofya Aleksandrovna. They quickly filled the room, said they were very, very glad to meet him and sat on the chairs and benches along the walls. There they smiled happily at him, urged him to "eat for health," and asked repeatedly, "Tasty, yes?" . . . "Do you like Russian cooking?" They heartily appreciated his labored replies, exchanging glances, nodding heads and chortling, "He speaks beautifully! Good boy!"

Feeling desperately self-conscious, Shelley gestured to the room in general. "Please," he said, "everyone eat." Cordial laughter greeted the sally. No one moved. Shelley bolted the rest of the borsch, anxious to get the ordeal over with. Sofya Aleksandrovna took the plate away and in a moment brought it back refilled. He tried to refuse it, but gave in before the hurt looks.

Shelley's second breakfast continued for nearly an hour. He put away three plates of borsch and twice as much of the other things as he would have eaten on his own when hungry. The household was now concerned, but so long as he continued to eat, no one would violate the laws of hospitality. It was left to Shelley to end the ordeal, which at last he found a way to do. The words came out so imperfectly that some of the Russians could not help smiling, but the sense was clear. "I would love more," he said, "but our work requires a clear head and I will want to sleep if I eat more." The graceful escape delighted the household.

Several minutes later everyone had gathered around Citizen Avtomobil. Shelley praised the car, feeling that he had to. (The dealer, he thought, must have been glad to get rid of that blatant pink job.) His appreciation was taken as the word of an expert. Matushka was installed in the back seat with much grunting, crossing, giggling and sighing on her part. Lapunov and Panfilov, with his mandolin, slipped in beside her. Nikolai Andreyevich took his place behind the wheel and stared glumly at the dashboard, while Shelley tried to decide whether to pay attention to him, to Sofya Aleksandrovna chattering something about the flowers of the fields on his other side, or to the farewells being said all around.

"Well, it's time," Nikolai Andreyevich mumbled. "Let's go." He grasped the wheel with both hands, cleared his throat, began chanting, "One must press down the clutch . . . like so . . . put the gear in neutral . . . ah . . . turn the key . . . ah . . . press the button ——" His deliberation was rewarded; the car started with a roar. Nikolai Andreyevich glanced at Shelley, pleased with himself. "Now it is necessary to put the gear in reverse position . . . so . . . press on the accelerator and let in the clutch." Engine racing, the car leaped back, stalled. Matushka gasped, crossed herself, muttered a prayer. "Gm'm'm," Nikolai Andreyevich said, frowning reproachfully at the dashboard. He repeated the careful process, with the same result.

Shelley already saw that the "fine points" were indeed rather broad, but he still hoped that Nikolai Andreyevich's clumsiness was chiefly in reverse gear. He haltingly recommended a light pressing on the accelerator and a slow letting in of the clutch. This was done, and the car backed slowly with only a slight jerking. Shelley was aghast to notice, however, that Nikolai Andreyevich stared stiffly ahead. "The brake, the brake," Shelley said, controlling his voice to avoid startling Nikolai Andreyevich. The car stalled an inch short of a brick wall.

"Nothing was wrong," Nikolai Andreyevich said in a hurt tone. "Why did you stop the car?"

More sharply than he intended, Shelley said in English, "When you drive, you look in the direction the car is going."

The Russians in and out of the car fell silent. Nikolai Andreyevich said in Russian, "I don't understand."

Shelley turned to Sofya Aleksandrovna. "Why did you get me out here to help him on 'fine points'? He's just beginning. Why didn't you tell me?"

Sofya Aleksandrovna hung her head. After a moment of tense silence she said thickly, "Please forgive. You and the others liked the story so much, and I wanted help for Kolya. I was led on ——" She wept to the accompaniment of Panfilov's nervous and oblivious plucking at one mandolin string. "If you wish to go, we will understand."

Shelley glanced about, more feeling than seeing the anxious faces, the eyes averted from him, the unhappiness. He suddenly wanted to laugh; this was the capper to the office banter about the Russians and their car. But he did not laugh. He searched through all the Russian he knew and at last came up, haltingly and with hand weavings to draw out the words, with the announcement that Nikolai Andreyevich would soon drive a car as well as anyone else. They would go, he said, to a country road for a "real lesson." Then, with gestures because he could not find more words, he signified that he would take the wheel himself. Nikolai Andreyevich, gloomy still, exchanged places with him, and they drove off.

On a quiet road beyond the suburbs the lesson began. Patiently, with help on the words from Sofya Aleksandrovna, Shelley coached Nikolai Andreyevich through the small motions of driving, having him repeat them until it could be seen that they were many actions run smoothly together, not a hodgepodge done all at once. "One must feel the rhythm of the mechanism and work through the rhythm to control the mechanism," Shelley managed in an inspired moment. He knew from the appreciative echo and Nikolai Andreyevich's immediate improvement that he had hit on one of these half-scientific, half-metaphysical dicta that suit Russians right down to the ground.

The time came when Shelley permitted Nikolai Andreyevich to shift through all forward gears and take the car up to twenty-five miles per hour. The speed thrilled Matushka. She crossed herself and giggled, "We fly!" Panfilov struck up a song about a swallow gliding over the steppes. Lapunov, sitting on the edge of the seat, cried, "Magnificent! Magnificent!" Sofya Aleksandrovna caught hold of her hair and let out an unabashed "*Hoi-i-i!*" Nikolai Andreyevich grinned broadly. On a sudden bravado, he took both hands from the wheel and shouted ecstatically, "Look, it goes by itself!"

Shelley gently steered away from an oncoming pole and remarked that Citizen Avtomobil had no head but his, Nikolai Andreyevich's.

Perhaps an hour later, after further practice, they pulled in at a roadside grove for lunch. They attacked the cold chicken happily, progressed to canned-fish delicacies, stuffed themselves with egg and meat pastries, topped off with a cake, and drank copious amounts of cold tea. Afterward they spoke a little of their lives, sang some songs, and heard Lapunov's favorite monologue—the one about the peasant who came into town to see a movie, tore his pants on a door latch at the theater, and sat in suffocating embarrassment while two girls made him miserable with giggles and teasing throughout the show.

Shortly after five in the afternoon Shelley brought the car into the *kolkhoz* yard. Panfilov was playing a song about a *gopak* dancer, everyone—including Shelley, who had been taught the words—was singing, and Sofya Aleksandrovna had an armful of flowers poached from the roadside. The household tumbled out to meet them. Nikolai Andreyevich emerged from the car and drew himself up proudly. "Thanks to Mr. Shelley, we have made great progress," he announced. "We go again with him next Saturday for further work." Shelley replied that the pupil had great aptitude for driving.

For the dinner that evening the house's prized ceremonial utensil—a pewter vodka decanter in the shape of a devil—was brought out. The decanter chimed for each drink poured from it. When everyone was ready, Nikolai Andreyevich rose to propose the first toast. In labored English he said, "To our young American friend, Mr. Shelley." The household repeated the toast in unison, smiling at Shelley, and downed the vodka neat.

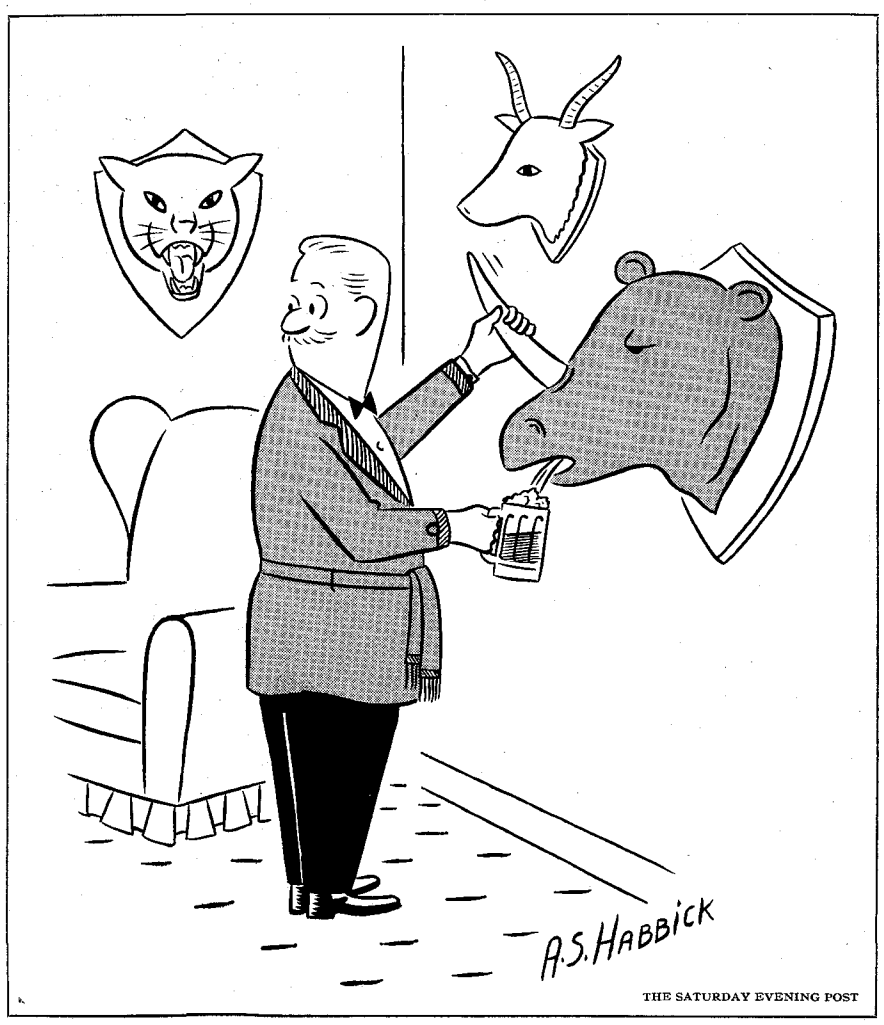
Shelley nodded his thanks. Immediately there were cries of "*Pei! Pei!* Drink! Drink!" Bewildered, Shelley glanced at Sofya Aleksandrovna.

"You must drink. It is the custom. Otherwise it is no toast."

Shelley apologized and tossed off his vodka amid clapping. He then took the decanter himself, poured into every glass and called the next toast. "To Nikolai Andreyevich and to all of you." He was about to raise his glass when it struck him that there had to be more. "We are all proud," he said, drawing the Russian words out of himself with his free hand, "we are all proud that you have come to live with us here."

The household responded with a cheer. For a moment afterward they all stood smiling at Shelley. Suddenly, Lapunov reached over, seized Shelley's hand and pumped it vigorously. In a moment everyone had reached out. "We are happy to be here," Nikolai Andreyevich brought out in English. He drew Sofya Aleksandrovna close beside him. Matushka wept.

THE END



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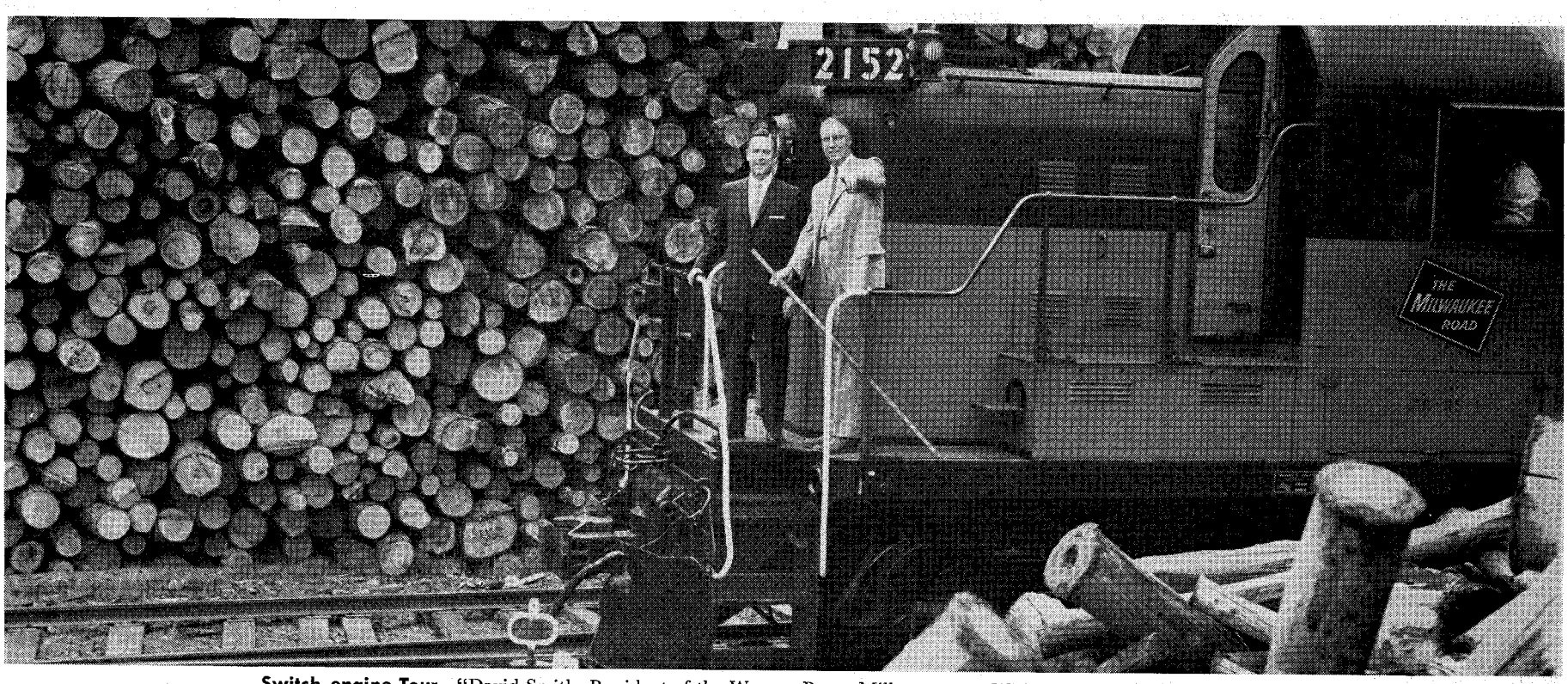


Switch-engine Tour—"David Smith, President of the Wausau Paper Mills Company, took me on a tour through the mill's wood yards, pointed out the 32,000 cords of pulpwood ready to be converted into fine writing and printing papers. With the help of Employers Mutuals people, the paper company has achieved an enviable record of job safety—a subject of great interest to me as a railroad man."

A CHANGING SCENE... AND

AN UNCHANGING WAY OF WORKING

Wausau Story

by **WILLIAM J. QUINN,** *President, The Milwaukee Road*

"My trip to Wausau gave me much to see, and much to think about. For miles the windows of our train had framed pictures of Wisconsin's woodlands . . . beautiful to see, but even more significant when you're reminded that Wausau itself was built to the rhythm of the woodman's ax and the whir of the sawmill.

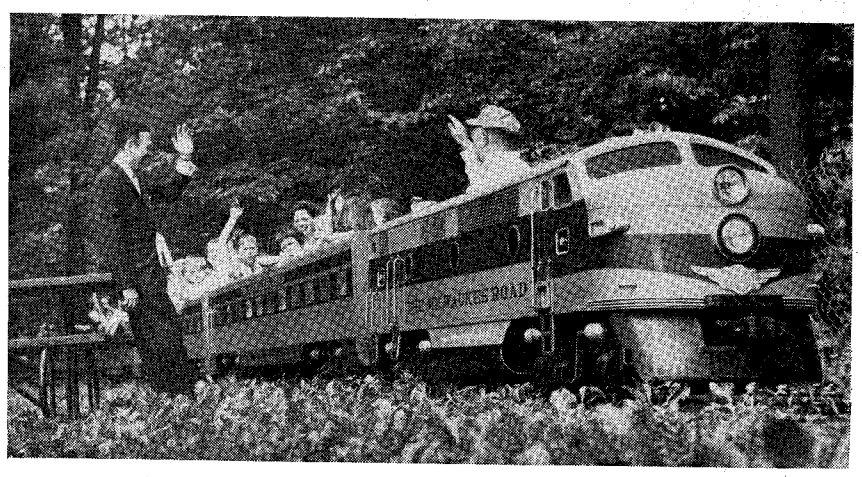
"Lumber was Wausau's first industry and, for many years, its only one. But the mills produced more than lumber. They created the need and opportunity for new industries, new services. That's why the first train puffed its way into Wausau in 1874, just two years after the city was chartered. And, to pay the claims of injured sawmill workers, the insurance company that was to become known as Employers Mutuals of Wausau was founded in 1911.

"More examples could be cited . . . and you'd find them all interesting. But to me, the real story is in the dynamic way Wausau uses the past to build solidly for the present and the future.

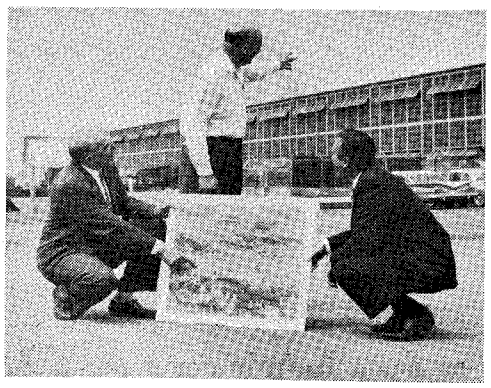
"I saw evidence of this everywhere I visited in Wausau—at the 60-year-old Wausau Paper Mills Company, at the new plant of the Drott Manufacturing Company. Today more than fifty different products are produced by Wausau industry. Additional sites are being opened and new industries are encouraged to locate there.

"This is the 'Wausau Way of working' . . . a way that hasn't changed since the days when lumber was the only industry. It's a friendly kind of helpfulness, a neighborly interest, a pride in doing jobs well. But my visit to Wausau showed me that the 'Wausau Way of working' is *dynamic* too. Surely, people who work this way are 'good people to do business with'."

We're glad you visited us in Wausau, Mr. Quinn. It was a pleasure to show you our city . . . and to tell you our plans for the future.
Employers Mutuals of Wausau now has 109 offices throughout the United States and the scope of our services has enlarged to serve many industries in many ways. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile) and we are one of the largest writers of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest Wausau Man or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

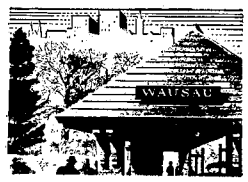


Model tour—"Under the towering trees and around a little lake, a model of the Milwaukee Road's Hiawatha carries many delighted passengers around a Wausau Park. 'Red' Liljequist is engineer."



New view. "In nearby suburban Schofield, a far-sighted Wausau Chamber of Commerce bought nearly 100 acres of land for industrial development, encourages industries to locate there. Harold J. Allender (standing) points to one of his company's new plants, the Drott Manufacturing Company. They manufacture crawler loaders for mounting on diesel tractors. R. J. Pollock (left) representing the Wausau Chamber of Commerce, uses an aerial picture to show me where other industries will locate."

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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Is Herter Tough Enough?

(Continued from Page 31)

and other imperfections. Otherwise he becomes a mere society painter, a concealer of weaknesses and massager of egos.

And I must confess that in this case the attitude of the writer toward his subject is insufficiently cold and distant. I have enjoyed myself too much in his company. In a couple of delightful week-long visits to the Herter plantation in South Carolina I have shot the Herter quail—not many, for I am a lousy shot. I have drunk the Herter rum—rather a lot of it. And I have, on one memorable occasion, when playing bridge as his partner, trumped the Herter ace. And I must admit that I like and admire Chris Herter—the more so because he was so remarkably forgiving when I trumped that ace—and this, therefore, cannot be considered a properly objective report.

Last February, during the most recent of those visits to the South Carolina place, the tragic news came of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles' second illness. An obvious possibility—that our host, then Under Secretary, might soon succeed Dulles—was in the mind of every guest. But every guest was tactful enough to say nothing about it—with one exception. Perhaps it was the rum. At any rate, halfway through a meal I heard myself blurting out, "Any real friend of Chris ought to hope and pray that he doesn't become Secretary of State."

The tactful and charming Mrs. Herter gently changed the subject. But I meant what I said, and I still think I was right. And that suggests another reason why this report cannot be considered entirely objective. For Chris Herter is in bad trouble through no fault of his own. And when a friend is in bad trouble through no fault of his own, it is hard to be coldly objective about him.

At first blush, to be sure, Secretary Herter does not appear to be in bad trouble. His performance in his first few months in the job has been widely acclaimed at home and abroad. He has been criticized rarely, and then in a feeble and nit-picking manner. He has not a single discoverable enemy on Capitol Hill, the natural lair and lurking place of enemies of Secretaries of State. He is well liked—personally and professionally—by the press, which also can make the life of a Secretary of State miserable. And yet Herter may have been right when he recently remarked, "This is the honeymoon. A year from now I could be the most unpopular Secretary of State in history."

That could be. For Chris Herter finds himself in about the most difficult and dangerous situation of any Secretary of State since the republic was founded. Obviously a great deal—perhaps the future of Western civilization—will depend on the way he handles himself in his unique situation. But before examining that situation and considering the factors that make it so peculiarly dangerous and difficult, let us have a look at the man himself. Let us look at him first in the place where this reporter knows him best—at the bridge table. It may seem a bit odd to switch suddenly from the future of Western civilization to the bridge table. But, in fact, you can tell quite a lot about a man when he is playing bridge.

Herter is a very quiet bridge player. Some players, like this reporter, are compulsive babblers at the bridge table. Herter rarely says an unnecessary word, and his handsome face—at sixty-four still oddly boyish behind the thick eyebrows, which have been a godsend to the cartoonists—is absolutely unrevealing.

He is also a very good player. He has the special kind of mental equipment which is required to reconstruct the probable lay of the cards at any time. He is good enough so that, if he made bridge his major preoccupation, he could be one of the tiny minority of really first-class players. He is wily, long-headed, always willing to take a chance, but only after he has carefully calculated the odds. Like all good players he is cheerfully ruthless when he catches an adversary at a disadvantage. As far as the future of Western civilization is concerned, it is an oddly reassuring experience to play bridge with the Secretary of State.

But it takes most players (sometimes to their sorrow) a long time to realize just how good Herter is. That is because he is a very modest player. When he makes one of his rare mistakes he is always the first to point it out, and he often gives credit to his partner for some triumph at the table when the credit is really his.

This almost excessive modesty is not the "pride that apes humility." It is very much part of the man. Herter is simply incapable of blowing his own horn. If you ask him, for example, about his two extremely successful terms as Governor of Massachussetts, he is more likely to dwell on his failures than on his triumphs. "That is something I'm not proud of at all," he will say about some action he considers mistaken in retrospect. This extreme modesty, so markedly uncharacteristic of most successful politicians, is often equated with pliability or weakness, and it lends a certain seeming credibility to the notion that Herter is "not tough enough" to deal with the likes of Nikita Khrushchev.

The next year and a half will provide the final answer as to whether Herter is "tough enough," for in that time his toughness will be most thoroughly tested. But part of the answer, it is already apparent, lies in the answer to another question: Can a gentleman be tough?

The word "gentleman" is not here used in its snob sense. It is used in its literal sense—a gentle man. For Herter meets Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman—"One who never inflicts pain."

It could even be argued that Herter does not meet the strict snob definition of the word "gentleman." Those who like to pretend that there is such a thing as an American aristocracy, which of course there is not, would define a "gentleman" as someone with an Anglo-Saxon name who has inherited a large fortune which has been in the family for at least three generations, and whose ancestors arrived in this country sufficiently long ago so that their lowly origins can be conveniently overlooked. Herter meets none of these qualifications.

Although he has often been called a "Boston Brahmin," he is nothing of the sort. His grandfather was a German, from a family known principally for its expert wood carving, who emigrated to this country and became a successful architect, building palaces for the robber barons. His mother and father were both artists, and they lived much of their lives in Paris, where Herter was born and spent his boyhood—his French accent has been described in the Paris press as "*impeccable*." Herter has always lived comfortably, but his parents were never really rich.

The Herter family is rich now because Herter, in 1917, had the good sense to marry Mary Caroline Pratt. Mrs. Herter, known as "Mac," is not only beautiful, charming and witty but she had the good sense to choose Charles Pratt as her grandfather. Charles Pratt, in turn, had the good sense to form a close business association with a rising young industrialist, one John D. Rockefeller. As a result of this triple display of good sense, Herter has never had to worry about money, even after the appearance of the four Herter children.

Perhaps that is one reason why Herter has tried his hand at such a bewildering variety of jobs. "My whole career has been sort of cockeyed," Herter recently remarked pensively. At one time or another he has had a whirl at being an architect, a diplomat, a bureaucrat, an editor, a publisher, a writer, a college teacher and, of course, a politician. It was only in the latter role, and only when he was well along in middle age, that he began to make his mark.

Before that, Herter seems at first glance to have been engaged in what the British call "swanning"—going gracefully round and round in circles. But if you look a little more closely, two peculiar characteristics of Herter's career become evident. For one thing, Herter is the sort of man for whom everything seems to come out right in the end. For example, he runs for the Massachusetts legislature more or less for the heck of it, is almost defeated by mistake by a colored waiter in his club, and ends up governor. For another example, Harold Stassen, in one of the most ludicrous episodes in recent political history, runs Herter for vice president. As a result, Stassen is finished as a serious politician, while Herter becomes Secretary of State.

The other thing to note about Herter's career is that almost everything he has done—taking a trip to Russia in his twenties, lecturing on international relations at Harvard in his thirties, becoming a professional politician in his forties—has prepared him in one way or another for the job he now holds.

Herter himself recalls that when he was a very young man nothing on earth interested him less than world affairs. He was twenty years old and studying to be an architect in May, 1915, when a fellow student burst into his study and shouted, "The Germans have sunk the Lusitania." Herter remembers wondering idly what all the excitement was about. A little later he was making frantic attempts to get into uniform—he was consistently turned down because he was underweight and because of bad hips which were a forerunner of the arthritis which today half cripples him. "I was classified 5-C," he recalls wryly, "together with the rest of the imbeciles, idiots, morons and habitual criminals." But his older brother, a fine artist whom he greatly admired, was killed in the A.E.F. by a shell splinter which tore one side of his stomach out.

In publicity puffs about Herter it has been said that his brother's death caused him to "dedicate his life to the pursuit of peace." This is nonsense, of course. But it is true that his brother's death moved him deeply, and that this and other experiences at the time of the First World War persuaded him that the ivory tower was not for him, and gave him the interest in foreign policy which has been his one central interest all his life.

Despite this central interest he has become the President's chief foreign-policy adviser by a most zigzag route. After he was graduated from Harvard in 1915 with a respectable *cum laude*—he was a studious fellow in those days, rather shy and withdrawn—he expected to become an architect, like his grandfather. But then he zigged. A Harvard friend persuaded him to take a job as an attaché in the American embassy in Berlin. On his way out of Germany shortly before America entered the war he was arrested as a suspected spy by both the civil and military police. His most vivid recollection of this episode is the way a German noncom knocked a pipe out of his mouth, damaging his teeth. Herter tells the story with a light touch; but one suspects that the present secretary of state, despite his German ancestry, is less instinctively pro-German than his predecessor.

After being turned down for the Army, Herter seemed headed for a career in diplomacy. He was a special assistant in the State Department in 1917 and 1918, and he was secretary of the American delegation to the Paris peace conference in 1919. But then he zagged. He left the State Department to join Herbert Hoover and stayed with Hoover in the Commerce Department until 1924. He did various jobs abroad for Hoover, including a trip to the Soviet Union in 1922, when he got his first look at Communism in action. He has been a devout anti-Communist ever since.

In 1924 Herter zigged again. He abandoned Washington, which he described as a "dirty kitchen in which cockroaches abound," for Boston and a career as editor, publisher and editorial writer, first with *The Independent*, and then *The Sportsman*, a couple of now defunct magazines. He also lectured on foreign

CHRISTIAN HERTER ON THE CHALLENGE OF CHANGE

To the Post's Stewart Alsop, the Secretary of State made this statement, which has important implications for U.S. foreign policy:

"There's trouble in a lot of places in the world today, from Argentina to Korea, from Cuba to Egypt. All these troubles represent a challenge, for this is a time of revolutionary change, quite apart from Communism—remember, in the next year, five entirely new nations will come into existence. We can't meet the challenge of Communism unless we're able to meet the challenge of change, and to do that we have to be able and willing to change ourselves."

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affairs at Harvard, and he seemed well on the way to becoming a Boston intellectual of sorts, when he zagged again. In 1931 a friend asked him whether he would like to run for a seat in the Massachusetts legislature, and Herter allowed as how he might have a whack at it. And so Herter, without really meaning to, gradually became a professional politician.

His whole political career has had a Hairbreadth Harry flavor. It was very nearly snuffed out at the start, when one Philip Courtney, a colored waiter at the snooty Somerset Club, filed in the primary against Herter. Philip Courtney's name sounded more respectable than Christian Herter's, his Somerset Club address was impeccable, and so the voters of Herter's Back Bay silk-stocking district very nearly nominated the waiter. But Herter squeaked by—as he always seems to do.

As an assemblyman Herter did his job conscientiously, but he was a mere dilettante as a politician—coming from a safe seat, he had no call to involve himself in the sweatier aspects of politics. But then he was made Republican majority leader and, in 1939, speaker. As such, he had to become a real politician or fail. So he became a real politician. He was a brilliant parliamentarian and persuasive on his feet. But his greatest success was in dealing with the opposition Democrats. Most of the Democrats were of Irish descent—tough, genial men of the school of James Michael Curley. And from the first, Herter got on very well with them—perhaps because his mother's name was McGinnis, although Herter himself seems the most un-Irish of men.

By the time Herter went to Congress in 1943—he just squeaked by again—he was a professional politician, trained in one of the hardest schools in the United States. That is something to remember about Herter—that despite his gentle manner he is a political pro who has never lost an election, and a pro who has specialized in the art of getting along with the opposition.

In 1947 a turning point in Herter's career came when a Select Committee on Foreign Aid was created on his initiative to go abroad and study the need for foreign aid. "No wives, no dinner jackets," was the rule, and the committee won a reputation for sober, hard work—typically, Herter gives most of the credit to his friend Philip Watts, who was secretary of the committee. The recommendations drawn up by Herter and the committee were largely disregarded. Even so, Herter's creation of the select committee had two important consequences.

First, it made foreign aid respectable, especially among doubtful Republicans—then in control of Congress. The debate on the Marshall Plan afterward centered on what sort of foreign-aid program there ought to be, rather than on whether there ought to be any program at all. Second, the select committee, which got a lot of publicity, for the first time lifted Herter out of the ruck of congressmen and made him a national figure.

As such, Herter was one of the first Republicans-for-Eisenhower, and he was one of those who persuaded the reluctant general that he would have to fight for the nomination if he wanted it. When Joe Martin and other influential persons urged Herter to run for governor of Massachusetts in 1952, he resisted mightily. "You just want to get me out of Washington," he complained, which suggests that he already had his eye on the State Department. But at length he agreed to run—and again he squeaked by. In 1954 he increased his majority handsomely, another Herter habit. There is no doubt at all that he made an excellent governor.

"You ask me whether Chris is tough enough," one of those who observed him closely in his four years in the statehouse has said. "Well, he had a Democratic house in his last term, and he still got about ninety per cent of his program through. You can't do that in the land of Frank Skeffington* if you've got jelly in your backbone. Mind you, Herter doesn't pound the table, and I've only seen him mad once—when he found out about some shenanigans in his own back yard. But he's a man who gets his way."

The job he did was good enough so that for a brief time he was one of the two or three leading potential Republican candidates for President. That was in the autumn of 1955, just after President Eisenhower's heart attack, when it seemed likely that the President would not run again. And in the summer of 1956 Stassen staged his strange, abortive Herter-for-Vice-President drive.

The episode was certainly an odd one. Stassen tracked Herter down by telephone when he and Mrs. Herter were in Rhode Island on an official visit. Stassen told Herter that he had been "doing a lot of studying," and that he had concluded that, as a running mate, Richard Nixon would hurt President Eisenhower the most, and Herter would hurt him the least. This, as Stassen tactlessly intimated, was because Herter was the least well known of all the possible candidates, presumably including Stassen.

Herter did not take the episode very seriously and heard no more about it—until a bevy of reporters descended on him as he was watching a professional golf match, to ask his comment on Stassen's drive to have him nominated for vice president. Herter warded them off until he could find out what the rumpus was all about. Finally he reached Sherman Adams in the White House and found out that it was all about nothing but Stassen's unquenchable hankering for the limelight.

Adams made it perfectly clear that Stassen's *Putsch* had no White House blessing. But he also said that the President had anticipated using Herter "in the international field" after he had finished his second term as governor. Herter then told Adams that he had already decided that he wanted to nominate Nixon at the convention. And so, as everybody but Harold Stassen instantly recognized, the Stassen *Putsch* came to an abrupt, inglorious end.

It was a situation in which Herter might have been made to look silly, which can be fatal; because Stassen was made to look silly by the incident, Stassen's career as a big-time politician was finished. But Herter's footwork in this ticklish situation was faultless. And the hint from Sherman Adams about the President's desire to use Herter "in the international field" was the kind of implied commitment politicians understand very well. In February, 1957, after an abortive attempt to fob off Herter with an appointment as a foreign-policy "consultant," the commitment was honored, and Herter was made Under Secretary of State. Thus Herter is Secretary of State today largely thanks to Harold Stassen's ludicrous Samson-in-the-temple gesture.

Herter soon discovered that there was room for just one big frog in the State Department pond and that one was John Foster Dulles. After being No. 1 frog in a big pond himself, he disliked being reduced to the status of a glorified tadpole. Friends and associates urged him to resign, but Herter kept his mouth shut and patiently stuck it out—another Herter habit. But if his first months as Under Secretary of State were not a happy time for Herter, his last few weeks were worse.

As soon as it became known in February that Dulles had suffered a recurrence of cancer, speculation about his successor began. Herter was by no means considered a sure bet—his old friend, Douglas Dillon, able deputy Under Secretary of State, was given at least an equal chance. On Wednesday, April fifteenth, at Dulles' insistence, President Eisenhower called the press into his headquarters in Augusta, Georgia, and with tears in his eyes and a catch in his voice he announced Dulles' resignation. Asked about Dulles' successor, the President replied that "there are a number of people . . . who have particular talent in this field, and there are all kinds of considerations to be studied."

Everybody instantly took this to mean that Eisenhower had strong doubts about the qualifications of Dulles' most obvious successor, Herter. Washington immediately began playing the old game of "who'll get it?" with more zest than ever, and Dillon was the answer of most players. On Saturday, April eighteenth, the President sent a helicopter to fetch Herter from the South Carolina plantation to which he and Mrs. Herter had escaped from Washington, which then must have seemed more than ever like "a dirty kitchen where cockroaches abound." In the President's office above the golf pro's shop, the President curtly announced Herter's appointment to the press, and then walked out without so much as a hint that he considered his new Secretary of State fitted for the job. Asked to repeat the announcement for the television cameras, he did the same thing all over again.

The net effect of this curious episode was to give the nation and the world the impression that the President had no real confidence in Herter; that he considered him a poor substitute for Dulles, but the only one available. Of course, the President did not mean to give this impression. His decision to appoint Herter actually had been made several days before April fifteenth, on Dulles' recommendation, and subject only to a favorable medical report. But the President's timing had been thrown off when Dulles insisted, lest it be said that he was forced out against his will, that his resignation should be announced immediately—before Herter's medical report was available. Throughout that week, moreover, the President was suffering from the emotional impact of learning that his friend Dulles was dying, and that was the basic reason why he behaved as he did toward Herter.

Yet it is also true that Herter is not really close to his chief—one who has seen them together says, "Chris isn't Ike's kind of guy, the way George Humphrey is, for example." The President shares Herter's passion for bridge, and they have played two or three times. But they very rarely see each other socially; and even in office hours their relations have been correct rather than warm. It is true that Dulles was not "Ike's kind of guy" either, at first, and that in time the President came to admire him extravagantly and to rely on him perhaps excessively. But Herter has not much time—less than a year and a half—in which to gain the kind of unquestioning presidential confidence that Dulles, or Dean Acheson, or George Marshall had, and that a Secretary of State must have if he is to succeed.

During that brief time, moreover, Herter must operate under conditions of divided government. This is not necessarily fatal, as the fine foreign-policy record of the Republican Eightieth Congress under Harry Truman suggests. But there is always the danger that, with an election year approaching, divided government can lead to a kind of angry paralysis.

Herter must also operate under the shadow of John Foster Dulles, who won the admiration of the world for his magnificent display of personal courage in the face of death. Just because Dulles died with his reputation at its highest, Herter is open to the charge of appeasement or betrayal for any deviation from the Dulles policies. An early symptom was the announcement of the aging German chancellor, Konrad Adenauer, that he meant to (*Continued on Page 84*)

*The Jim Curley of Edwin O'Connor's novel about Boston politics, *The Last Hurrah*.

". . . I'll see that and raise you another fifty thousand!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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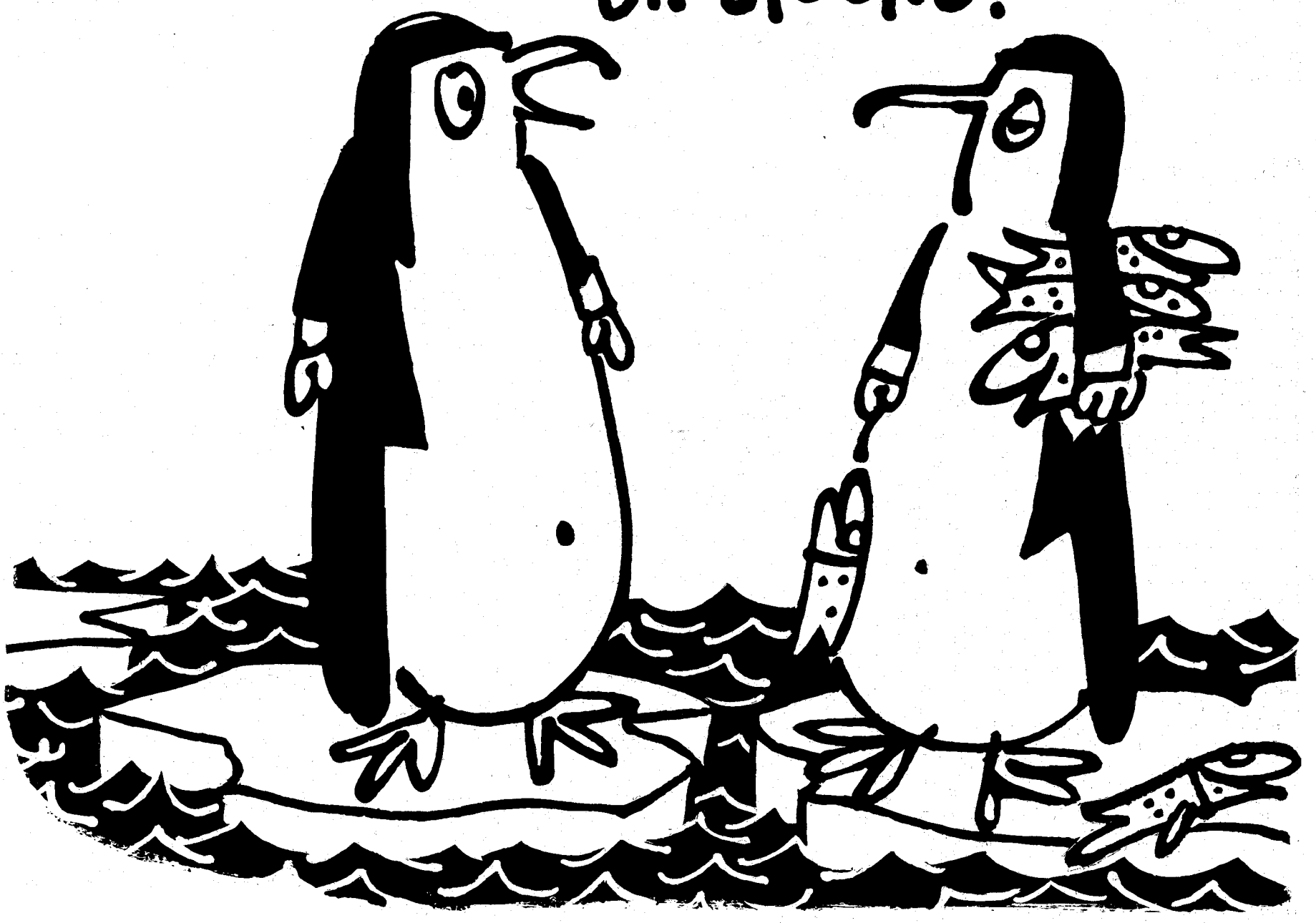

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(*Continued from Page 82*) remain in office to protect the legacy of Dulles' policies—the obvious implication being that otherwise the new Secretary of State might feebly sell the pass.

Thus all the special circumstances of Herter's taking office—the manner of his appointment, the lack of real intimacy with his chief, the shadow of Dulles, the division of the government, the brevity of his probable service—have the same effect. They act as inhibiting factors against any bold, new, imaginative departures in American policy. All tend to force Herter into the role of the temporary and provisional officeholder, the man whose chief function it is simply to keep things glued together, more or less, until he is replaced.

That is a role which the Secretary of State of the United States simply cannot play successfully in the next sixteen months. For Nikita Khrushchev will not permit him to play it successfully.

Some weeks before Herter became Secretary of State, Khrushchev boasted to a Communist Party Congress that the balance of power had shifted decisively in favor of "the peace-loving countries." Whether he was right need not be argued here. The point to note is that Khrushchev undoubtedly thinks he was right. The truculent confidence he has displayed in recent months proves that beyond a doubt. And this confidence in Soviet power superiority serves to underline a basic difference between the situation which confronts Christian Herter and that which confronted his predecessors.

Only a few short years ago Dulles could talk about "massive retaliation" as though retaliation were a one-way street. Since the Sputniks, that is no longer possible. A decade ago, during the first Berlin crisis, Dean Acheson could advise President Truman to stand firm, confident that if the worst came the United States would survive a war intact, and that the enormous resources of this country would ultimately assure victory.

In the second Berlin crisis, with which fate has called upon him to deal, Herter is just as aware as any of his predecessors that knuckling under to the Soviets can lead only to disaster. But he must also take into account not only the risk of the nuclear devastation of much of the United States in case of war but the real possibility that Khrushchev has convinced himself that this country will knuckle under rather than take such a risk. In these ways Herter's situation is basically different from that of any predecessor in his high office.

A smart girl gives a man just enough rope to ring the wedding bell.

CY N. PEACE

No one can say with assurance how far Khrushchev is prepared to go, in Berlin or elsewhere. But one thing is now clear. It is Khrushchev's plain intention to prevent the western position from being kept glued together. Khrushchev undoubtedly believes that his best chance of forcing the West to become unstuck is in the immediate future, at the end of a lame-duck American administration, while the missile gap persists. Later may be too late. That is why Herter simply cannot operate successfully as a provisional officeholder, a bridger of gaps. On the contrary, it is no exaggeration at all to say that Herter will almost certainly face in the next sixteen months the greatest danger and the greatest challenge that any American Secretary of State has ever faced.

Can he meet the challenge and avert the danger?

No one can confidently answer that question now, of course. But to balance the accounts, certain important Herter assets must also be listed on the plus side of the ledger.

To start with the least, Herter is not a lawyer. The legal profession may dispute the contention that this is an asset at all. And yet certain of the weaknesses which Foster Dulles and Dean Acheson shared in office—a tendency to act as advocates, for example, and to regard brilliant argument as a substitute for practical achievement—certainly derived from their shared background as successful corporation lawyers.

A more important and less arguable asset is that Herter, unlike Dulles or Acheson, is a professional politician. Members of Congress have the same sort of exaggerated respect for those who have been elected to office as businessmen have for those who have met a payroll. There is another side of the coin too. Dulles, never having been elected to office, had an excessive respect for Congress, while Acheson had an excessive contempt for it. Because he has been there himself, Herter has for the men on Capitol Hill neither an undeserved contempt nor an excessive veneration, and he knows how to handle Congress almost by instinct.

Herter has other assets. His intelligence is undoubted and, as anyone who has played bridge with him can attest, he is by no means as guileless as he seems. The qualities of modesty and courtesy which have led some to doubt that Herter is "tough enough" are precisely those that make for loyalty in a man's subordinates. Herter's staff includes many very able men who like and admire him immensely, and they will work their hearts out for him. Courtesy and modesty are also qualities that appeal to Herter's Allied opposite numbers, like Selwyn Lloyd of Britain and Couve de Murville of France. Perhaps in part because Lloyd and Couve de Murville are also bridge players—Herter describes them as "very competent"—a much closer personal relationship has been established between the Big Three foreign ministers than ever existed in Dulles' day. The fact is that Herter is a remarkably likable man—it is impossible to find anyone who really dislikes him—and being likable is an asset, even in diplomacy.

Herter has another asset, and a big one. Without being demonstrative about it, he really believes in such things as freedom and honor and truth. He believes, in short, in the cause for which he has been called upon to fight. And then, finally, he has still another asset which is a bit hard to pin down on paper. Herter really is "a man who gets his way." Just how he does it is a trifle mysterious. He never bangs the table or raises his voice. Odd things happen to him, and when he wins he often wins by a hair. But everything seems to come out right for him in the end.

Perhaps it's luck. But perhaps, also, the calm, undemonstrative, longheaded patience which Herter displays at the bridge table, and which he has displayed throughout his career, has something to do with it. And I'm inclined to think that this tall, stooped, gentle man has the kind of inner toughness which does not show itself in a loudly confident manner, but which shows itself when the chips are down—and that may have something to do with it too. Somehow, against all the odds, I think Chris Herter will meet the awful challenge which confronts him. I don't know why I think so, but I know Chris Herter, and that may be why.

The Facts About Me (Continued from Page 36)

Yes—fame must be wonderful. There was a family in Buffalo named Spears. While they were watching me catch a thief on *Dragnet*, a thief cut a hole through the screen door in their kitchen and emptied Mrs. Spears' purse. In print I look like the real villain in this affair. In a Western city a fifteen-year-old boy persuaded a printer that he had some connection with me and got him to make an identification card which read: SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR, STATE OF UTAH. The lad also had a badge with my *Dragnet* number on it, 714. In two or three days he cashed several bad checks, bought a gun, rented a car and set up a fake detective bureau. I suspect the sociologists on the case decided *Dragnet* was at fault.

In Los Angeles a businessman said I used the name of his hotel in a *Dragnet* script, and made the place look like a hangout for hoodlums, When he threatened to sue me I sent him a copy of the original script to show that I had mentioned a fictitious hotel and that the names didn't even sound alike. He replied peevishly that I probably sent him a substitute script.

In Westwood an excited woman phoned the district police station and yelled, "There's a bad fight going on next door. You better send Sergeant Friday right now."

"He's not attached to this station, lady," the desk man said.

"Well, we want Friday!" she snapped. "What station do I call?"

"Ma'am," the precinct officer said wearily, "I like Joe Friday, too, but he's attached to the Los Angeles station of the National Broadcasting Company."

I might also tell Mr. Grant of San Quentin, while I'm on the subject of fame, that one of the more satisfying rewards is having your name in the papers and magazines, even if they make you look like Jack the Ripper. It is especially rewarding when a writer sits with you for thirty minutes, probes your soul and says, as one national-magazine man did: "Jack Webb is pushed by an ambition he hardly understands." I never had the kind of ambition he had in mind and I never felt I was being pushed by anything.

As I look back on my senior year at Central Junior High School in Los Angeles, my real ambitions, such as they were, had nothing to do with show business. I remember among other things that we had fire drills in school, and when a bell rang we all went out on the school lawn. There was a strict rule against talking or moving while we stood under the trees, waiting for the return bell, and I obeyed it until one day an army of ants crawled out of a hole and marched up my leg. I squirmed and grunted and tried to stand still; but the ants crawled higher and higher, and I finally let out a yell and began slapping my pants. Jack Abbott, the vice principal, called me into his office and dressed me down for breaking the rule until he heard my excuse. We often laugh about it today, and he says kiddingly, "I should have known you'd go places. You had ants in your pants even then."

The truth is that neither Jack Abbott nor anyone else could have seen any great spark of genius in me. My long struggle with asthma not only kept me out of athletics but also curbed any extrovert drive I might have had. I found great joy in art and felt I might have a career in the cartoon field. One summer when I was still in school, Sam Ettingoff and I—he was a classmate and close friend—drew twenty-four cartoon strips about a handsome swashbuckler we called Clark Collins. After all that work—and it took us weeks—we didn't have the nerve to submit the strip to a syndicate. I kept those drawings in my files for years and didn't pack them away until Joe Friday made his debut in a daily cartoon strip based on *Dragnet* cases. After seeing the highly professional *Dragnet* strip, I realized, belatedly and sadly, that my schoolboy cartoons would never have made it.

They were good enough, though, to get me a scholarship at the Chouinard Art Institute in Los Angeles. I desperately wanted to keep on studying, but my mother and grandmother—with whom I lived—weren't getting any younger, and they needed help.

Perhaps I was a little cocky about my talents, and I was convinced that Walt Disney was combing the country for a fellow like me. I made up a portfolio of my best pen-and-ink drawings and water colors, took them to the Disney studios and sat back to wait for the phone call with the big offer.

Months went by without a message from Disney, and by that time, compelled to earn a living, I was working as a salesman at Silverwoods, a men's clothing store in Los Angeles. I forgot all about my pictures until one day, eighteen years later, when I leased facilities from the Disney studios for my *Dragnet* productions. I had lunch one day with Walt, told him about my frustrated boyhood dreams, and said I wanted my drawings back.

"Oh, yes, I remember," Walt said. "We called that the year of the locusts."

"Locusts?"

"Yes. You and five thousand other kids all over the country swarmed over us with cartoons and drawings. They all had return addresses, but we couldn't mail yours to a phone number."

I know now that Walt was being kind about my art work, but I'm afraid it is lost forever. I am still trying to convince him that he lost a good man.

"You're much more valuable to me now," Walt said.

"How do you figure?"

"You pay your rent on time."

As this is written I am thirty-nine years old, and time slips through my fingers faster than film through a projection machine. I could use the five years I spent—I was going to say marked time, but perhaps not—selling clothes for Silverwoods. I was a third-rate salesman, as my commission checks would show, and my heart did not belong to Hart Schaffner & Marx. In any case, at the end of five years I had climbed all the way to the assistant managership at the company's store on the University of Southern California campus, but to me it was still just above sea level.

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It seems to me that most of my friends in show business had their eye on the Milky Way from the time they were old enough to fit into somebody's theatrical trunk. I was the backward type. I was twenty-one before I smoked a cigarette, took a drink or learned all about girls—and I was about the same age in 1941 when I was conned into signing up for a part in a small-time melodrama called *The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter*. I was cast as the villain who kept trying to put out the lights when the keeper's daughter was around and, since I had already worked a full day at the clothing store when I reached the theater on Beverly Boulevard in the evening, I didn't have much left for the heroine. Also, we served peanuts, doughnuts and coffee to the audience every night, and the cumulative effect of all those midnight sinkers eventually had me dragging, and I quit the show. I still can't look a doughnut in the hole without feeling like a skin diver wearing a lead belt.

My only other theatrical experience was in a little-theater version of *Hiawatha*, staged by San Marino Hall in Pasadena.

I played Hiawatha and it was easy. I stuck some feathers into a headband, took a bath in body make-up and played the part like a cigar-store Indian. Years later, reviewing my role in *Pete Kelly's Blues*, *Time* magazine said I played that part like a cigar-store Indian, and if they are right I can blame it on Hiawatha. In the final scene Hiawatha and his girl, Minnehaha, are both dead and are floating around in some clouds in the happy hunting ground. We got the cloud effect by pouring a liquid-smoke preparation into long tin troughs behind the footlights, and we poured too much. This acrid stuff, which contained a lot of sulphur and ammonia, billowed out into the audience and knocked out all those who hadn't already fallen asleep. The customers were gasping and crying and milling for the exits when the princess mercifully dropped the curtain, and none of us got to take our bows. The audience applauded wildly when the curtain fell, and we all went home believing that the applause and the tears meant we had a smash. The show ran only one night.

I had barely got the Hiawatha smoke out of my eyes when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor.

My draft board had me in 3-A because I was supporting both my mother and grandmother, but selling suits seemed a meager contribution toward winning the war. I left Silverwoods and went to work on the swing shift at the Byron Jackson steel mill. I was an electric-hacksaw operator for six months, making parts for antitank guns, and I probably could have stayed there indefinitely.

But, like many another young man who was a daydream hero like Walter Mitty, I was hungry for a uniform and a chance to fight. As a small boy, suffering violent asthmatic attacks and spending long hours indoors, I had read everything available on combat flying, and my immortals were Eddie Rickenbacker, René Fonck of France, and Baron von Richthofen of Germany. Now fighter pilots were once again in the news, and the hacksaw job at the factory looked very dull indeed. I enlisted in the Army Air Force.

In recent years, when newspapers and magazines printed millions of words about me and the *Dragnet* show, uninformed writers occasionally went off the deep end. They had me on bomber missions I never made. They had me shooting down German or Jap fighters. Eventually—though I had never discussed the war years in an interview—one magazine openly accused me of faking my war record.

This was a painful punch below the belt. Not only because it was untrue, but because my war experiences represent one of the few barren periods of my life. I went in with a dream. I came out with a blank page. I spent three and a half years as a pilot trainee in California, Minnesota and Texas. I didn't get my officer wings, I didn't get overseas, and the only action I saw—and I didn't even get into that—was the Saturday-night crap game at the post. Worst of all, I failed to measure up to my boyhood paper heroes. But, like most people, I still admire the men who fly faster than sound today and I envy their freedom in the skies.

When I was discharged I went back to Hollywood and had the impudence to apply for a job as a radio announcer. Aside from a few amateur efforts in high school and some Army shows, I had no experience, but I knew radio was for me. There must have been an acute shortage of pros in 1945—I guess most of them were still overseas—and to my astonishment I got a telegram ordering me to report to work at Station KGO in San Francisco.

I drove to San Francisco and checked in, but nothing happened. I was standing around like a wallflower on the third day, waiting for somebody to find me, when an excited woman with too much hat came windmilling down the long corridor.

"Hey, boy," she said, "are you an announcer?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

She grabbed my arm and hauled me behind her like a sack of beans. "I'm due in Studio E for my broadcast right now," she said. "Put me on the air."

I walked into the studio as nervous as a pup at a dog show and I got her on the air. That was my debut on radio in San Francisco, and the jittery lady I didn't know was Miss Hedda Hopper of Hollywood. Years later, when I was considering various police reports to use on *Dragnet*, I heard that Miss Hopper had been threatened by a blackmailer, and I thought it would be nice if I could return the favor by having her case on my program, even though I could not use her name. But I underestimated the lady. When I looked into the affair, I was told that she solved her own case by belting him with a handbag or a column of type or something, and he never bothered her again.

My early radio career was about as romantic as playing "post office" in an old maids' club. I got to the station at 4:30 A.M. every day, pushed a button and said: "And now back to New York." It wasn't really that simple. There were twenty-four of those little buttons, which all looked alike, and I lived in dread of having some listener phone me at that miserable hour and say, "Hey, you goofed. You went back to Hong Kong." Many a foggy morning, when the whole town seemed dead as I came to work, I was tempted to push the whole bank of buttons, and I could imagine the consternation around the world as the network got fouled up. But I never did.

I might have pushed that one button for years and no one would have known the difference had it not been for a chief announcer named—well, let's call him a dear friend. He arrived at 6:45 every day and assembled the news-wire reports. Then he reached into a desk drawer, filled a paper cup with rye and took a big sniff of snuff. "My boy," he would say with a wink, downing the whisky in one easy swallow, "life at best is a task. I'm gonna retire and buy me a chicken ranch." At seven sharp he was at the microphone.

The ritual never varied, and in all the months I was there my friend never made a single mistake on the air. Eventually he did retire, and he did buy a chicken ranch, and I can see him there now with a bottle of rye stashed away in a feed bin and telling his hens, "Chickens, life at best is a task." But while he was at KGO he taught me everything he knew about radio announcing, and he was a master.

One August day at nine A.M. I was fired to make room for one of the regular announcers who had just returned from the service. But by ten o'clock, when I had already left the station, the returned announcer had disagreed with the management and left his job. At six in the evening, when I was in my room packing up to go back to Los Angeles, the station manager phoned and said, "Man, I'm glad I caught you. Come on back to work."

From then on I was a full-time staff announcer and, thanks to techniques drilled into me by my friend, I was able to handle anything. Well, almost anything. My first assignment came on V-J Day, and I was down on Market Street with a hand mike. People were yelling and dancing on the

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who doesn't look forty-one at all?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

m-d MACKLANBURG-DUNCAN CO.
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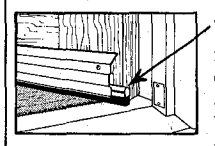
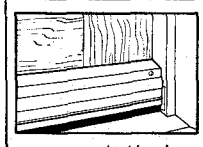
CLEARS CARPET AUTOMATICALLY

Felt bottom raises when door opens. Stops cold drafts — loss of heat. Seals out dust, noise. Ideal *between* rooms. Anyone can install!



THIS HIDDEN BUTTON is released when door opens – automatically *raising* the door bottom to clear rug.



WHEN DOOR CLOSES, button presses against door jamb, automatically *lowering* thick felt bottom to make air-tight seal!

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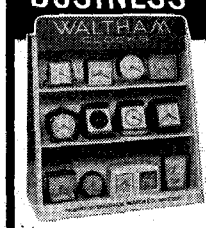

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sidewalks, and I was supposed to stop four or five of these happy citizens and get their reactions. The first passerby I grabbed was a young sailor just off a battleship.

"Hi, sailor," I said. "This is the American Broadcasting Company on a coast-to-coast pickup. Would you mind telling me what you're going to do now that the war's over?"

"Why, sure," he said. "I'm gonna find me a hayloft and a hot little chick to go with it."

The sailor breezed on down the street and left me with my bridgework melted. It was the only time in my radio days that I was ever caught with a sizable hunk of dead air. After that nothing ever seemed to rattle me again.

During that break-in period at San Francisco I met a writer named Dick Breen, who had just been discharged from the Navy, and he came up with a radio thriller called *Pat Novak for Hire*.

In one of those lucky shuffles that fate hands out once in a while, I got the lead role and I played it for twenty-eight weeks. Pat Novak was a sort of hopped-up Joe Friday, a tough, fast-talking, fast-moving private eye and, thanks to unanimous support from the critics, the show soon had top ratings. I was beginning to get a little taste of local fame, and I confess I liked the flavor. But it was short-lived, because Dick Breen heard the call of the Hollywood cash register.

We had our own secure little world in San Francisco, and going to Hollywood seemed like making a trip to outer space. But with all due respect to San Francisco we were still local and there was no place to go. Dick went to work for Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, and I followed him south.

I went back to Hollywood with the same blind confidence most rookies feel when they're called up for a trial in the big leagues. I couldn't miss. For eight or nine weeks I was everybody's hot cake. I played cops, gangsters, burglars and assorted villains on all the major radio shows. I had screen tests and voice tests, and I was exposed to the casting directors at the movie studios.

The future looked so good that I married Julie London, the girl I had been courting for some time. We moved into a twenty-eight-dollar-a-month apartment, put in a telephone and sat around waiting for the big money calls. When you're freelancing there is nothing more exasperating than the ominous silence of the phone bell. You pace the floor and look at the clock and light cigarettes. You glare at that inhuman black box and snarl, "Ring, damn you, ring!"

It didn't ring for me. I was suddenly the forgotten man. The magic carpet unraveled and I couldn't get a job.

Nine months after our marriage Julie and I separated. Many cutting things have been written about my marriage to Julie, and there were many blue moments when I had the impulse to strangle the columnists who were spreading these half-truths. I don't know what makes a marriage fail. I doubt if anyone does. The counselors and the sociologists and the other experts will give you advice, but they're usually working with surface clues. Julie and I tried to solve the mystery ourselves. We stayed apart for a year, then went back together for five years and had two children. And it still wouldn't work.

Since our divorce—and despite the fact that I am happily married now to Jackie—the gossips still stir up the ashes. Some said I paid Julie a million dollars, and others said I didn't pay her enough. I've never quite understood why people are curious about these intimate details, but they are. Perhaps other people's troubles make our own easier to bear. I don't know. But since these are items people seemingly want to read, I think it is only fair to set the record straight.

Julie and I entered into a property-settlement agreement in which we divided our property, and by which I pay her $1750 a month alimony and child support. By the time the children come of age these payments will total more than $375,000, which seems like a lot of money for a man who once had trouble paying the rent.

I'm happy to say that Julie is enjoying a successful career as a singer for records, movies, television and motion pictures.

In the early days, of course, when I was flailing around trying to make enough money to eat, gossip was no problem; neither was alimony. I was living in an apartment with Eddy King, an NBC announcer, and between us we had scraped up enough cash to buy two inexpensive beds and two bureaus. Jobs turned up now and then and finally, after a long drought, I was given the role of Lt. Lee Jones in the movie *He Walked by Night*.

We were standing around the set one day when Sgt. Marty Wynn, the police-department technical adviser for the picture, took me off into a corner.

"Jack," he said, "I can arrange for you to have access to all the cases in the police files, and maybe you could do something with them."

"I doubt it, Marty," I said.

"But we've got some pretty good cases, Jack."

"It just doesn't send me," I said. "There are already a lot of similar shows—*True Detective Mysteries*, *Gangbusters*, and so on."

"Sure there are," Marty said. "And they're all jazzed up and the detectives are all supermen, and they do it with mirrors. Real cops don't work like that."

"That's why the fiction shows have such high ratings," I said.

Remembering that talk with Marty Wynn now, I get a little queasy thinking how I almost missed the boat. Good ideas, as I have learned in television, sprout like weeds and, like weeds, they only mess up the landscape. Every day we are deluged with ideas by mail, phone and messenger, and I have to tell all the enthusiastic people that what we really want is the complete package. The perfect package—and how scarce it is—includes a format, a set of exciting characters, two or three sample scripts, a talented writer and two or three good actors who fit the parts. With all these ingredients available, most producers are willing to gamble from $25,000 to $50,000 on a pilot film, and even then there is no guaranty that a sponsor will turn up.

Marty Wynn's notion had none of these things, of course, and that's why I was cool on it. Ten or eleven months went by, and the idea began gnawing a little hole in my mind. I kicked it around and took it apart. The title came first, I think. The name *Dragnet* popped right up after I had discarded several others, and, as time proved, it was the perfect name for the show. Next I sketched out details on the lead character, a quiet, conservative, dedicated policeman who, as in real life, was just one little cog in a great enforcement machine. I wanted him to be the steady, plodding kind of cop the public never really understood or appreciated or ever heard about. I wanted him to be an honest, decent, home-loving guy—the image of 50,000 real peace officers who do their work without the help of beautiful, mysterious blondes, hefty swigs from an ever-present bottle and handy automatics thrust into their belts or hidden in their socks.

I called him Joe Friday. Some of those who know all the answers have said I was thinking of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday. Or that I thought of it on Friday. I really don't know where it came from, except that I wanted a name that had no connotations at all. He could be Jewish, or Greek or English or anything. He could be all men to all people in their living rooms.

I really thought the name was unique. Long after we were on the air I was at one of the Los Angeles police substations when a uniformed patrolman came up to shake my hand.

"Been wanting to meet you, Jack," he said. "My name's Friday."

I thought it was a gag and I went along with it. "Sure," I said. "I guess a lot of you fellows get called Friday since the show went on the air."

"Maybe so," he said with a wry smile. "But Friday is my real name."

And it was.

He is no longer with the department, but I recall that there were some embarrassed executives at headquarters when we had a meeting about it. The Los Angeles Police Department covers hundreds of square miles and has so many men that someone obviously slipped up on research and overlooked this Friday on the roster. It was too late to make a change, of course. Sgt. Joe Friday was a name known to millions of people, and apparently the characterization was so deeply implanted that many television viewers thought he actually existed. I have been greeted as Joe Friday hundreds of times, and when Police Chief William H. Parker or our technical adviser, Capt. James Hamilton, visits other cities he is often asked, "How are Friday and Smith?"

The public-relations people at Central Division had quite a problem on their hands when visitors came around and insisted on meeting Friday, and for a long time they had no answer. Nowadays, though, they come up with an ingenious reply. "Sorry," they say, "it's Joe's day off."

Next week, in the third and last installment, Mr. Webb describes his most disastrous encounter with the press. —THE EDITORS

NEXT WEEK

DOES IT HELP TO SWAP VISITS WITH THE RUSSIANS?

What Iron-Curtain Visitors Really Think of Us

BOMB-SQUAD COP

New York's Detective Peter Dale

By JACK ALEXANDER

A Report on INDIA'S NATIONWIDE BIRTH-CONTROL PROGRAM

IN COLOR:

Anchorage, Alaska

THE TOWN THAT CAN'T WAIT FOR TOMORROW

THINGS THEY WISH THEY HADN'T SAID

Famous Bloopers by Famous People

By BEVERLY SMITH Jr.

LET'S NOT SURRENDER OUR BATTLEFIELDS

The Commercial Threat to the Places Where Our Heroes Died

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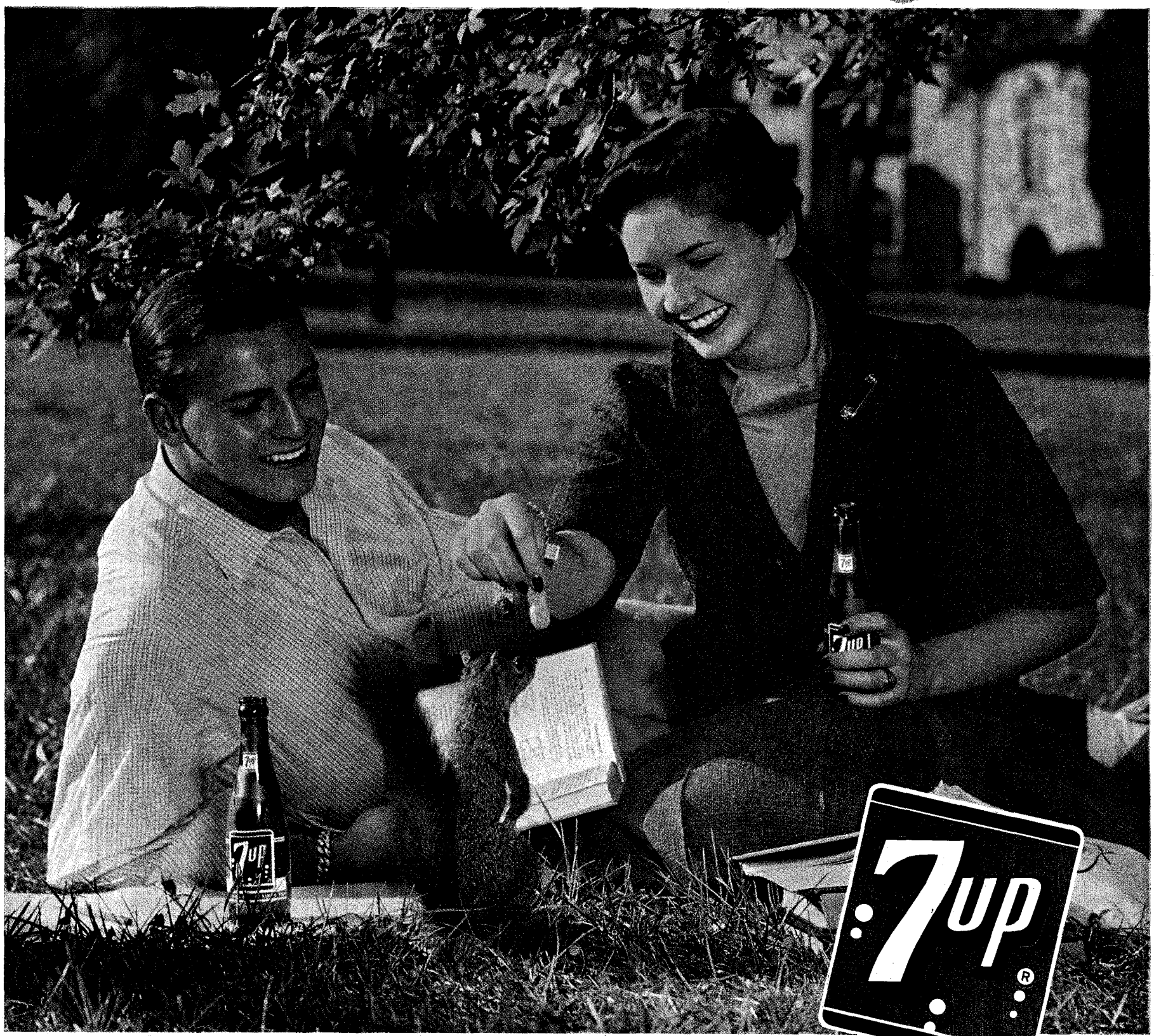

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The Case of the Waylaid Wolf

(Continued from Page 35)

"And then?"

"Then get in your car and drive at once to Arlene Ferris's apartment. Park your car about a block away. Do you smoke?"

"Yes. Why?"

"When you get in front of the apartment house," Mason said, "light a cigarette."

"Isn't that rather unusual?"

"That's why I want you to do something that will tell me who you are. It has to be unusual but not suspiciously so. Light a cigarette when you're right in front of the apartment house."

"Yes. Go on."

"Now then," Mason said, "after you've struck the match and lit your cigarette, stand there for a minute. If the coast is clear, I'll come up to you. If I don't come up and speak to you within a matter of two or three seconds, just keep right on walking past the apartment house. Walk around the block, get into your car, drive back to Santa Monica and forget about the whole thing. Have you got that straight?"

"I think so."

"All right," Mason said. "How long will it take you to get there?"

"I can make it in—oh, I'd say twenty-five minutes from now."

"All right," Mason told her. "I'll be waiting. Remember, if I don't get in touch with you shortly after you've lit the cigarette, keep right on walking. Don't look at the apartment house or look around. Just walk on by as though you had stopped to light a cigarette and that was all. Get started now. That's a good girl."

Mason hung up. Della Street raised her eyebrows in silent interrogation.

"I'm sorry," Mason said, "but you're going to have to wait this one out, Della. Stand by the telephone. Wait for me. Get me my miniature camera and the flash gun. I'll probably want some pictures. Get our photographer to stay on in his studio."

"How long will you be gone?" she asked.

"I don't know. I'm going to try to turn a red herring into a decoy."

"I'll wait," Della Street told him.

"Good girl," he said.

He went to his car and drove to where he could find a parking place within a couple of blocks of the building where Arlene Ferris had her apartment; then he took the camera case from the car and went to stand unobtrusively in the shadows. Soon a young woman walking briskly along the sidewalk paused directly in front of the apartment house, took a cigarette from her purse, scraped a match into flame and held a light in her cupped hands.

She did a good job of acting, letting the match blow out, fumbling for another match, taking time to light the cigarette the second time.

Mason stepped up. "Madge Elwood?"

"Mr. Mason?"

"Yes. Let's go."

"Where?"

"At the moment, to Arlene Ferris's apartment. You're willing to help?"

"Heavens, yes! I'm willing to do everything I can. But will you tell me what this is all about, Mr. Mason? I had the news turned on, on the radio driving in, and I heard that Loring Lamont, son of Jarvis P. Lamont, had been killed. I knew that Arlene had been forced to fight him off —— Tell me, is there any—any possible connection?"

"You said you wanted to help Arlene," Mason interrupted.

"I do."

"All right, then," Mason said. "Come on up to Arlene's apartment."

"You haven't answered my question, Mr. Mason."

"That's a very interesting observation on your part and it's entirely accurate," Mason said. "I haven't. Come on, let's go."

They entered the apartment house, took the elevator to the fourth floor, and Mason said, "You know where Arlene's apartment is?"

"Yes, of course."

"Lead the way," Mason said. "Take this key. Open the door casually."

She looked at him questioningly, then took the key which he handed her, walked down the corridor, opened the door, went in, switched on the lights and held the door open for Mason.

"All right," she said, closing the door behind them. "Now what?"

Mason said, "You're going to have to take me on trust."

"I've done that long ago."

"Arlene says you're a good friend of hers."

"I am."

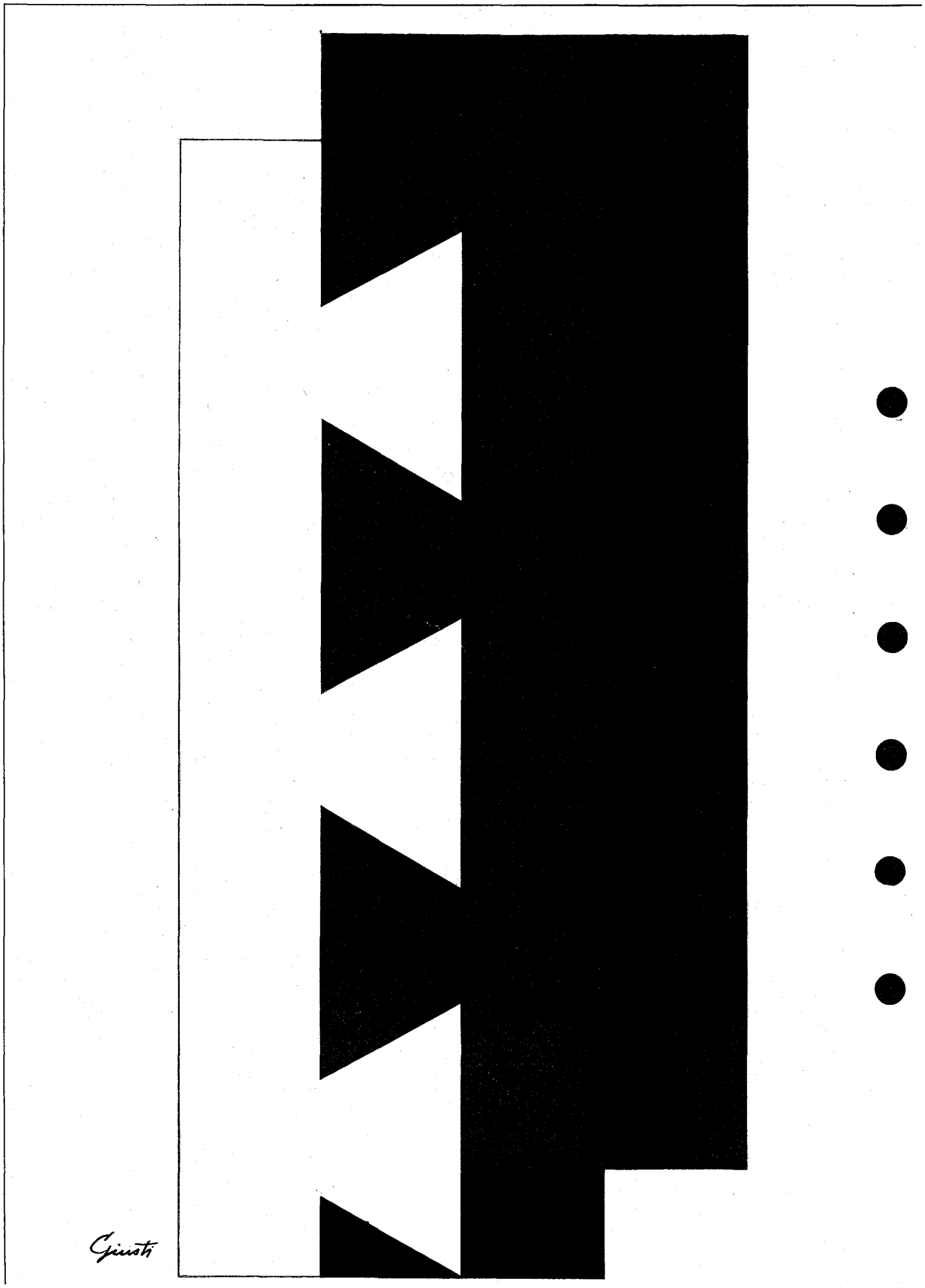
"How long have you known her?"

"Seven years."

"You knew her before she came here?"

"Yes. We were together in the East, and then I came out here and we didn't see each other for a couple of years—but we kept up a correspondence."

Mason said, "You look very much like her. There's a striking resemblance."



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"Isn't it weird? People always take us for sisters."

Mason sized up the young woman, eying her speculatively, then asked, "Where does Arlene keep her clothes?"

"In this closet."

"Find something you can wear," Mason said. "Go in the bathroom and put it on. Take off that skirt and give it to me."

"And then?" she asked.

Mason said, "Then, in case you are questioned, you are to say nothing—absolutely nothing. In the meantime, hold still. I want some pictures."

Mason took out the camera, focused it, took several snapshots and said, "O.K., now go change."

Madge Elwood hesitated. "Are you certain you know what you want? Perhaps I know some things you don't know."

"Look, we haven't time for a debate. Are you willing to help Arlene?"

"Yes."

"You buy your clothes in Santa Monica?"

"Yes."

"Your skirt has a Santa Monica label?"

"Yes."

Mason walked over to the window of the apartment, looked down at the street. Madge Elwood still hesitated, studying him thoughtfully.

Mason saw a police car glide around the corner, come to a stop in front of the building. Mason whirled. "All right," he said, "it's too late. You haven't time to do it now. The police are here. Come on, we've got to go."

"This would help Arlene?" she asked.

"I think it would have helped. It's too late now."

She reached an instant decision, unfastened the belt on the skirt, pulled a zipper, dropped it to the floor and stepped out, clad in panties. "Throw me that skirt. The one on the first hanger," she said.

Mason grabbed the skirt off the first hanger. "O.K., we'll try it. Whip into it. Quick!"

While Madge Elwood was dropping the skirt over her head, Mason took out his pocket knife, made a cut in the skirt Madge Elwood had taken off and ripped out a piece of the garment from the hem.

Madge Elwood, holding the skirt about her with one hand, pulled open the door.

"This way," Mason said.

They raced down the corridor to the stair door and were opening it just as the elevator came to a stop. Lieutenant Tragg and a plain-clothes officer stepped

... ...

Patchwork Weather

By R. H. Grenville

This was a day that nature
put together
Of odds and ends: now
blowing wild, now still;
Now rain, now shine—the
sort of patchwork weather
She fashions, now and then,
with casual skill.
The awesome order of the
universe,
Being law, and masculine,
leaves naught to chance,
But nature clearly thinks
there's nothing worse
Than order unrelieved by
some romance,
And so contrived this medley
of strange hours—
This gray and golden,
gusty-calm, damp-dry,
Incredible day, and crowned
its final showers
With rainbow ribbon
binding earth and sky.

... ...

out into the corridor. Mason pushed Madge Elwood through the door onto the stair landing and let the door slide shut behind them.

Madge Elwood twisted her hips into the skirt, hitched it around, pulled up the zipper, said, "Now what?"

"Now," Mason said, "we go down two flights, sit on the stairs and wait."

"And if someone uses the stairs?"

"We are engaged in low-voiced conversation," Mason said. "I am telling you that my divorce decree won't be final for another three months. You are telling me that if I am not in a position to marry you, you're going to break the whole thing off, that you're tired of being kept dangling on a string, that we can't go on living like this."

"It seems to me," she said, smiling, "that I've read the lines somewhere. I may even have heard them."

"You might have," Mason said dryly. "How are you on acting?"

"We can try. And how long do we keep it up?"

"Thirty minutes anyway," Mason said. "Perhaps longer. We'll light a dozen cigarettes simultaneously and let them burn until they get down to stubs so we

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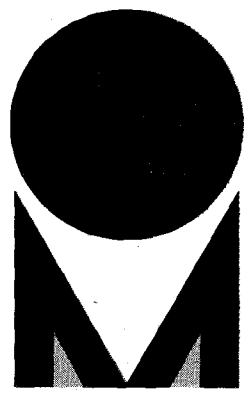

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can have evidence that the conversation has been going for some time."

"I'm in your hands," she told him. "In your position you have to know what you're doing, and it has to be legal."

"Sometimes," Mason admitted, "I wish I had a greater margin of safety, but—well, I can tell you this much: I try to give a client all the breaks. There's a popular belief that circumstantial evidence leads to injustices. Actually, circumstantial evidence is some of the best evidence we have if it is properly interpreted. The evidence that is really responsible for more miscarriages of justice than anything else is personal identification."

"And I take it this has to do with personal identification?"

"It does," Mason said. "I have reason to believe that a certain witness is going to identify anyone the officers point out to him as being the person he saw in a certain car with a certain party."

"How interesting. Don't you have the right to cross-examine such a person?"

"Sure, I have the right," Mason said, "and how much good does it do? According to my theory, you can cross-examine a man by putting him in a situation where his actions contradict his words a whole lot better than you can by trying to get his words to contradict his words."

"That," she said, "sounds very lawyer-like and very Perry Masonlike, if you don't mind my saying so. Shall we go down another flight of stairs and engage in our act?"

Mason nodded.

They walked down the stairs to the flight between the second and third floors. There Madge Elwood gathered her borrowed skirt tightly around her and made room for Mason to sit close to her.

Mason lighted one cigarette after another, left them burning on the stairs until they got down to stubs, then ground them out.

"It really looks as though we've been here a long time," she said.

"I hope so," Mason told her.

"The arm, Mr. Mason."

"What about the arm?"

"It's out of place."

She gently took his left arm and put it around her waist. "Now then," she said, "I'll put my head on your shoulder and in this trusting, intimate position I'll ask you if you've read any good books lately."

"I don't have time to read," Mason said. "I keep too busy."

"I've followed your adventures—if that's the proper word—in the newspapers. You certainly seem to handle your cases in a spectacular way."

"I try to make them interesting," Mason said. "Jurors are human. They'll pay attention to something that interests them. If you start droning through the usual routine of handling a case they'll lose interest and you'll lose the case."

"You mean your client will," she muttered dreamily.

"With me it's the same thing," Mason said.

"With some lawyers it isn't," she told him and snuggled closer.

Half an hour later Mason sighed and said, "This has been a perfectly delightful thirty minutes. Now run down to the door to the second floor, take the elevator down from there. Go through the lobby and walk out. If there's a police car at the curb, just keep on going. Don't come back. If the police car is gone, pretend that you forgot something, come running back to the elevator, take it to the second floor, then come to the stair door and beckon me."

"When will I see you again?"

"I don't know, but get tomorrow off if you can so you will be available for a phone call."

"On my way," she said.

Mason helped her to her feet. She shook out Arlene Ferris's skirt, tripped lightly down the stairs and through the stair door. She did not return.

Mason sat there for another twenty minutes, then he arose, squared his shoulders, dusted off his clothes, walked down the stairs to the second floor, took the elevator to the lobby and walked out.

The police car was no longer at the curb.

Mason walked to the place where he had parked his car and drove to his office building.

Mason latchkeyed the door of his office. Della Street had set up the electric percolator. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee filled the office.

"Smells good," Mason said. "How about a cup?"

"I made it for you," she said. "How did you come out?"

"Yes and no," Mason told her. "The police are on the trail of Arlene Ferris. They've got that far."

He took from his pocket the fragment he had cut from the hem of the skirt Madge Elwood had been wearing.

"What's that?"

Mason grinned and said, "I refuse to answer on the ground that it might incriminate me. Are you hungry?"

"I'm absolutely starved."

"All right," he said. "We have about an hour's nefarious activity to engage in before we eat."

"We can't eat first?"

Mason shook his head. "It's too close—heard anything from Paul?"

"Nothing more."

"Give him a ring," Mason said. "See if there's anything new. Tell him we'll call him again later on in the evening."

Della Street dialed Drake's office, conveyed the message to the detective, put on her hat and coat.

"Do you have an extra pair of shoes in the office?" Mason asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"You're going to get those pretty muddy."

"I have a pair of rather flat heels and some higher heels."

"Wear the high heels," Mason instructed.

"You sound mysterious."

"I am."

"What are we going to do?"

Mason said, "We're going to skirt the outer periphery of illegality. It is a crime to suppress evidence. It is a crime to do certain things in connection with subtracting evidence. But as far as I know, it's not a crime to add, provided it is done in the proper manner. It is only a crime to subtract."

"What, may I ask, are we going to add?" Della Street asked.

"Just a red herring," Mason said, his face a mask of innocence. "We are going to examine. We are going to take some test photographs. And, of course, as we examine and photograph, I am afraid we will leave tracks. If the officers misinterpret those tracks we can't be held responsible for their lack of acumen in judging circumstantial evidence."

"Of course not," Della Street said, smiling.

"Particularly," Mason went on, "if our efforts result in directing the attention of the officers to bits of legitimate evidence which they might overlook otherwise."

She switched out the lights, they closed the office, went to Mason's car and drove out toward the hill. Mason handed Della Street the maps and said, "I want to go up the road toward the country place where the body was discovered."

"Drake told us the police are still there," Della Street warned.

"I know," Mason said, "but it's dark and I am assuming that the activities of the police are at the moment centered on the place itself and not on the approaches."

"And our activities will be centered on the approaches?" she asked.

Mason nodded.

They turned off the freeway onto a paved road, and then the paved road gave place to a graded country road.

Mason switched off the driving lights, turned on the parking lights and eased the car along the road, letting the motor run quietly. Ahead they could see the bright illumination of the lodge. To the left there was a sloping hill. To the right, a cut bank.

Mason stopped the car. "Here's our place, Della."

"What do we do?"

"We get out. You follow instructions implicitly and unquestioningly. If I don't have to make explanations you won't be sure about what's in my mind."

"I think that whatever is in your mind is larcenous," she said, laughing nervously.

"Not necessarily," Mason told her. "There's a narrow line of demarcation and I want to keep on the right side of that line."

He led the way across the road—by this time dried out enough so that footprints would not be readily visible—to the bank which was still moist. Mason said, "I'm going to lift you up on the bank. Double up your knees, then when I've pressed your back against the barbed-wire fence, hold your skirt tightly around you so it doesn't get snagged on the barbed wire and then slide down the bank. I'll catch you—I want you to leave the imprints of heels as you slide down. All ready now? Here we go."

Mason picked her up, raised her to his shoulder, then pushed her back against the barbed wire. "All ready?" he asked.

"All ready," she said. "Let me go and I'll slide."

Della Street, her skirt wrapped tightly around her legs, her knees doubled up, slid down the bank and into Mason's arms.

"How's that?" she asked.

"All right," Mason said.

"Now what?" she asked.

Mason said, "I'm simply testing to see what would have happened if a girl had slid under the fence. She would have left tracks like that, wouldn't she?"

"I'm quite sure she would have—under certain circumstances," Della said.

"And in that case," Mason said, "she would have been very apt to have left a part of her skirt on the barbed wire, wouldn't she?"

"She'd be lucky if she hadn't left part of her hide on the barbed wire," Della Street rejoined.

Mason nodded, reached up and impaled the fragment of cloth he had taken from his pocket on one of the barbs. "That," he said, "should indicate what might well have happened. Now we'll photograph the tracks and the fragment of cloth."

Mason held the camera and flash gun and took two pictures.

"You've left some footprints here in the soft soil," Della Street pointed out, "and so have I."

"I know," Mason said, "but I think those will be eliminated."

"By what?"

"Police psychology," Mason said. "The police will first observe this piece of cloth hanging from the barbed wire. They'll jump out of the car and crowd around to inspect it. After that they'll begin to look for tracks. They'll find your heel tracks coming down the steep bank, and only after that will they begin to wonder where the person came from who left that piece of skirt on the barbed wire and where she went to. By that time the tracks down here at the foot of the bank will all have been trampled into a hopeless mess.

"So then the police will crawl through the barbed-wire fence to look on the other side. They'll fail to find any tracks leading to this particular place, but then they will find the tracks made by Arlene Ferris last night."

"And what will they deduce from all that?" Della Street asked.

"Heaven knows!" Mason said. "I personally am only conducting a test. I wanted to see what sort of tracks a woman would have made in sliding down the hill, and to see whether a piece of cloth would readily impale on one of these barbs. Sometimes, you know, the barbs are dull and rusted and wouldn't be apt to catch a piece of cloth."

"You've made your test?" Della Street asked.

Mason nodded.

"And I take it, it would be embarrassing if a police car should come along the road and catch us here?"

Mason grinned. "Since I observe from your remark that you are hungry, I see no reason to delay getting out of here and going to where we can eat."

"Those," Della Street said, "are welcome words to a woman's hungry ears. Let's go."

Mason backed the car down the road until he came (*Continued on Page 93*)

"I understand they encourage children's accounts."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MIKE KELLY TUCKER
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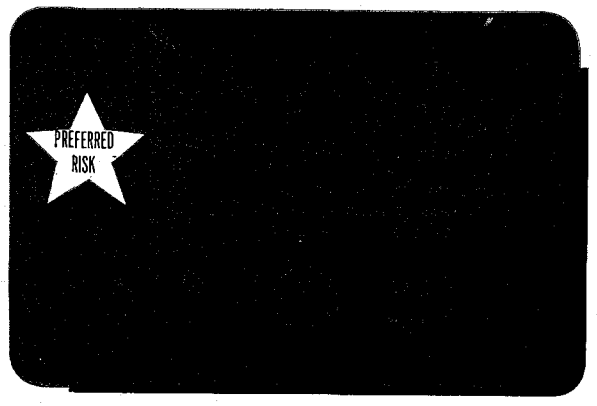

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(*Continued from Page 90*) to a wide place, turned the car, switched on his headlights and drove back to the city.

He and Della Street stopped at the photographer's studio, left films with specific instructions for development and enlargement, had dinner and then rang Paul Drake.

"Know anything new, Paul?" Mason asked.

"Very little," Drake said. "Police are checking evidence out at the place where the body was found. They're also following up the lead that Loring Lamont left the company parking place at about five-forty-five last night and that a young woman was in the car with him at that time."

"I want to talk with you about that," Mason said.

"What are you going to do?" Drake asked.

"I'm driving Della home and then I'm going to bring you some pictures."

Drake said, "Your tone sounds suspiciously smug."

"Thanks for telling me," Mason said. "I'll un-smug it."

"Moreover, I can't tell," Drake said suspiciously, "whether your smugness is because you and Della have had a very satisfactory dinner, or whether you've been up to something."

"Food," Mason said, "always leaves me in an expansive mood."

"Now," Drake said, "I know it was something you two have been up to."

Mason drove Della Street home, then doubled back to the photographer's office and picked up an envelope containing enlargements of Madge Elwood. He drove at once to Drake's office.

"What's cooking?" Drake asked.

Mason said, "We're stealing a card from police procedure."

"How come?"

Mason regarded Paul Drake thoughtfully. "Paul," he asked, "what's the most dangerous evidence in the world?"

"Personal-identification evidence," Drake said, "the so-called infallible evidence of eyewitnesses, but it's something we can't help. Some people have accurate memories for faces and some don't."

Mason said, "It goes deeper than that, Paul. It's an inherent defect in police procedure as well as in the processes of human memory."

"How come?" Drake asked.

Mason said, "Suppose you should be the victim of a holdup. Police listen to your description, they know that a certain ex-convict is in the neighborhood, they bring out mug shots of this ex-con and show them to you. They say, 'Mr. Drake, we have every reason to believe this is a picture of the man who held you up. Now don't make up your mind too hastily. Take your time. Look this picture over, study it carefully —— No, no, don't shake your head—not yet. Remember that photographs sometimes look a little different from the way the individual appears—passport photographs, for instance. Sometimes you have to look several times to be sure. Now you just take your time and study that picture.'

"Then a couple of days later police ring you up and say, 'Mr. Drake, we think we have the man who held you up. We want you to come down and look at him in a police line-up.' You go down and look at the line-up. The ex-con is there. You suddenly realize he looks familiar to you. You're pretty apt to make an identification. Now, are you identifying him because you studied his picture so carefully in connection with the holdup, or are you making the identification because he's really the guy who held you up?"

"I know, I know," Drake said impatiently. "It's one of those things that happen. But you can't throw out all eyewitness evidence simply because some guys react to the power of suggestion more than others."

Mason grinned. "Exactly, Paul. We're going to steal a leaf from the police book. You say that the guard who was on duty at the parking lot saw Loring Lamont drive out about quarter to six with a good-looking young woman in the car. Police think he can identify that woman. Now I want you to take this photograph, contact this fellow and ask him if that's the woman. Ask him to take a good look at the picture, to study it carefully and see if that isn't the woman."

"Now wait a minute," Drake said. "You're getting out on a limb there, Perry. That's tampering with a witness."

"Where's the tampering?" Mason asked.

"Well, you're trying to force an identification."

"I'm doing nothing of the sort," Mason said. "I'm simply asking him if he can identify a picture."

"But the way you want him to do it," Drake said, "is putting ideas in his mind."

"Isn't that the way the police do it?" Mason asked.

"Well—I suppose so."

"All right. Would you say the police were tampering with evidence?"

Drake accepted the snapshot reluctantly. "I'll try it," he agreed. "Provided I find the guy isn't being chaperoned by the police. But I'll do it my way. I won't go out to the plant where police can check me, and I won't try to force an identification."

"O.K.," Mason said. "We'll button it up for tonight, Paul. But remember to get started early in the morning."

It was around eight-thirty the next morning when Perry Mason latchkeyed the door of his private office to find Della Street and Paul Drake studying the morning papers. "How you coming with the photograph identification, Paul?" Mason asked.

"No dice," Paul said. "The guy works the evening shifts and sleeps late in the morning. The police sent a car out there early this morning, woke him up and took him out with them somewhere."

Mason frowned.

"I did the best I could," Drake said. "I didn't want to wake him up for fear that would push us too far out in the open. Then the police moved in and took him in tow. I have a man planted out there at the house. As soon as the guy comes back I'll be notified. Incidentally, Perry, you have your name in the papers, and the police have uncovered some new evidence."

"How come?"

"A little detective work on the part of our friend, Lieutenant Tragg, who is mighty efficient when you come right down to it."

"Go ahead," Mason said, seating himself, "what's the pitch?"

Drake said, "When they searched the body of Loring Lamont they found in one of his pockets a part of a car distributor."

Mason merely nodded.

"Yesterday it turned out that Arlene Ferris, a stenographer employed at the plant, telephoned for a repair service to come out and start her car. She said she had been unable to start it the night before and that water had leaked into the distributor. The repairman found that someone had removed a part from the distributor. It was necessary for him to get a new part and replace it. After that the car worked perfectly.

"The part that the police found in the pocket of Loring Lamont's clothes is identical with the part that was replaced in Arlene Ferris's car, and police have reason to believe it had been removed from the distributor on her car."

"Go ahead," Mason said. "How does my name enter into it?"

"In a rather peculiar way. Yesterday afternoon Arlene Ferris served notice that she must have time off. Mr. George Albert, the office manager, stated that Miss Ferris had a most unusual attitude, that she insisted on being excused. She was away from the office something over an hour.

"Naturally, by the time the investigation reached that point, police were interested in finding out where she went and what was so urgent. By checking with the gate guard, they found that her car hadn't been moved. So their next step was to start checking with the cab company that had a stand at the corner. They had struck pay dirt by six o'clock last night. They found that Arlene Ferris had asked the driver of a cab to get her to this address as quickly as possible, that she had an appointment with a lawyer. After she had left the cab, the driver noticed she had left a piece of folded paper. He picked it up and unfolded it to see if it was anything important enough to turn in to the lost-and-found department. It was just a piece of stationery of the Lamont company with your name, address and phone number on it. He shoved it in his coat pocket. It was still there when police questioned him. He gave it to them. So then police got a search warrant for the apartment of Arlene Ferris."

"I see," Mason said thoughtfully.

"Police couldn't find Arlene, but they searched her apartment and found a skirt with a peculiar rip in the hem. The skirt was of a soft, woven material. Police found that a small triangular piece had been torn out of the garment. Shortly after midnight they had a hunch about the skirt. They started examining the barbed-wire fence along the road leading to the lodge where the murder had been committed. They soon found the missing piece of the garment impaled on barbed wire, with tracks showing unmistakably that some woman more interested in speed than in modesty had slid under the wire, going down the bank on her back, with her feet doubled under her.

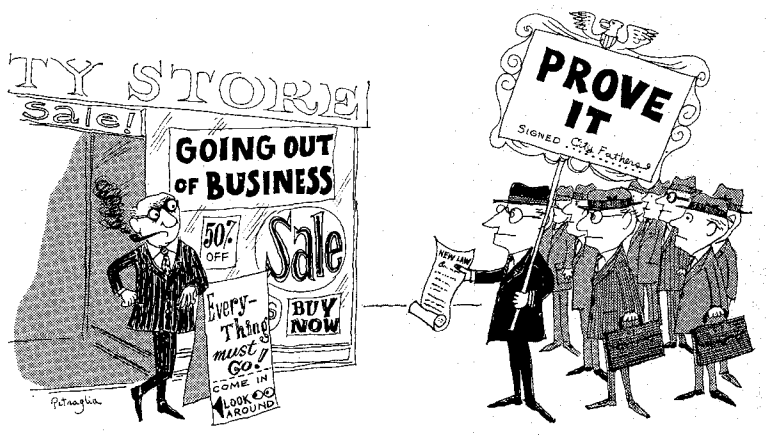
"Search of the Ferris apartment had disclosed panties bearing mud stains, so police came up with the theory that Miss Ferris had been the one who slid under the fence."

"That's a crime?" Mason asked.

"Murder is a crime," Drake said dryly.

"And police are drawing certain inferences?"

"Undoubtedly. But out of deference to the fact that Jarvis P. Lamont is a very powerful industrial tycoon, the police aren't promulgating those theories in print. They have simply stated that they are making an investigation, that they wish very much to talk with Arlene



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Concerned by a wave of phony "going out of business" sales, the city fathers enacted a law requiring merchants to prove that they actually were closing their businesses before conducting such sales. One staid old merchant who had been going out of business annually for years rebelled. Denied a sales permit, he sued.

"Our purpose in enforcing this law," counsel for the city said, "is to prevent our citizens from being fooled into thinking that they are getting merchandise at sacrifice prices when actually they are getting nothing of the kind."

"If I'm robbing anyone," the old merchant retorted, "there are laws under which you can put me in jail. Until then, I have a constitutional right of free private enterprise to conduct my business as I please. What's more, my going-out-of-business sales are all that keep me in business."

If you were the judge, would you give the perennial merchant his permit?

• •

The merchant lost. The court said the city was not interfering with his business, but only forbidding him to advertise a sale which might mislead customers.

Based upon a 1958 New York decision.

YOU BE THE JUDGE is not intended as legal guidance. Laws vary from state to state. Anyone having a legal problem should consult an attorney.

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Ferris, that they wonder what caused Arlene Ferris to go to the office of Perry Mason in the middle of the afternoon and thereafter to be absent from her apartment.

"Also, police have uncovered a witness who saw a young woman park Loring Lamont's car directly in front of a fireplug. The description of that woman tallies with that of Arlene Ferris."

"Who's the witness?" Mason asked.

"A man named Jerome Henley. He lives in the apartment house where Loring Lamont has an apartment, and runs a music store—hi-fi, records, and things of that sort."

"What about the time?" Mason asked.

"Henley isn't certain of the time. His wrist watch was at the jewelers' for repair. He thought the time was around ten-thirty, but he went to sleep right after dinner and admits he just doesn't know what time it was. He had been listening to some new records in his apartment, fell sound asleep, then wakened, went down to a lunch counter, got a cup of coffee, then went back to his apartment and to bed."

"What's the address of the place where Jerome Henley has his business?" Mason asked.

"Thirteen-eleven Broadside Avenue, according to the newspaper."

"All right, Paul," Mason said. "Be certain you aren't being followed. Go to see Henley. Show him the picture I gave you. Ask him if that's the young woman he saw getting out of the car."

Drake reluctantly got up out of his chair and started toward the door. "If they throw me in, you'll have to bail me out," he said and walked out.

Mason glanced through the paper and the morning mail. Twenty minutes later his unlisted phone rang and Paul Drake's excited voice came over the wire.

"It's going to work, Perry," Drake said. "At first the guy was dubious. I kept shoving the picture at him and then he began to weaken. He says she resembles the girl he saw getting out of the car and he thinks she's the one."

"Good work, Paul," Mason said.

"Here's something else," Drake said. "Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide has a stake-out on your car in the parking lot. He evidently has an idea you'll be going out and leading him to the place where your client is hiding."

"You're sure?" Mason asked.

"Of course I'm sure. It's a police car parked in front of a fireplug across the street, and I'll bet it's in telephone contact with Tragg himself."

"O.K.," Mason said. "I'll give that matter some thought. They may have tapped my telephone. Be seeing you, Paul."

Mason hung up the phone, turned to Della Street. "Della," he said, "go down to a pay telephone. Don't use the office phones. Call Madge Elwood in Santa Monica. I told her to take the day off and be available for telephone calls. Tell her to drive in at once. Give her the address of the parking lot where I keep my car.

"Now, Della, this is important. I want her to stage things so that at exactly ten-forty-five she drives into that parking lot. Tell her to park her car. The attendant will give her a parking ticket—so far she won't have attracted any attention."

Della Street nodded.

"I will be waiting in my automobile with the motor running and the car pointed toward the exit. As soon as she starts walking toward the exit I'll drive up alongside and open the door. At that time she is to jump in without hesitating."

"And then?" Della Street asked.

"Then," Mason said, "it depends on whether the astute Lieutenant Tragg tries to spring his trap before he finds out where we're going. I'm inclined to think that he'll give me quite a bit of rope in order to see whether I hang myself—but he may not."

"And just where *are* you going?" Della Street asked.

"Shopping," Mason said, grinning. "Now synchronize your watch with mine and tell Madge Elwood to synchronize hers with yours over the telephone. We want to do this on a split-second timing."

"Shall I tell her anything about Arlene Ferris?" Della Street asked.

"Tell her to convey a message to Arlene. Tell Arlene to sit tight for the moment, but it won't be for very long."

"Ten-forty-five on the dot," Della Street said.

"That's right. Come over here now and synchronize your watch with mine."

Della Street moved over to Perry Mason and said, "There's less than thirty seconds' difference between our watches."

"Mine is right," Mason said. "I keep it right on the button. Set your watch up thirty seconds. This calls for precision timing. I want to have it click right to the second."

"But with traffic and everything," Della Street said, "she may be delayed a few seconds, even in driving around the block. It's pretty difficult to have her drive into a parking lot at exactly a certain time."

"I want it just as close to that time as she can make it," Mason said. "We have a little margin, but not a great deal. Tell her that it's exceedingly important that she do just as I suggest."

Della Street nodded and left the office.

TO BE CONTINUED

MONEY IN THE BANK

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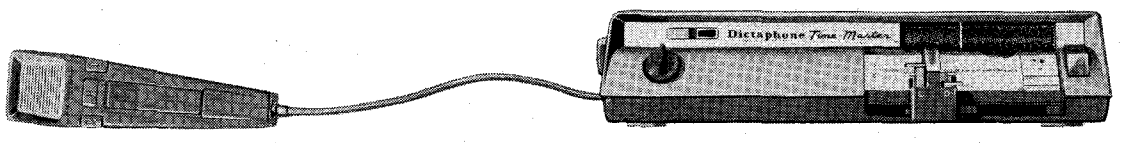

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Stranger on the River (Continued from Page 30)

sorting out. The rock ship and what it meant to her were her own business. The far voyages it took her on would only tempt the family to hoots of laughter, except perhaps the mother.

Hyldure, the mother, demanded of the family head, "Did you go and see who he is, John?" Visitors into Salmon River Canyon were rarities.

John Tinnock returned, "I'll have a peek at him in the morning, never fear."

"You might take him a loaf of my new bread—and bid him to our fire if he looks honest." She grew her own oats and barley, ground them in a hand mill in old Norse fashion, and kneaded them into the very jewel of a bread loaf, and well she knew it.

At noon next day John made known, "He sends thanks for the loaf, but hardly looked around at me. He's placer panning at the sharp bend."

"He won't find any more gold dust there," promised Macklin. Sire and son had sifted every reachable inch of that bend when the Tinnocks first came here.

"Has he a wife?" asked Fair Alice. She was sixteen, a year younger than Robina, but of no mind to be an old maid forever.

"By the neat camp he's made, he's used to doing his housekeeping. And from the way he was sizing up that boulder off the shore and how it sits, I judge he wants to roll it."

Bina went taut.

Stated Macklin, "No man, not even two, can move that chunk." He and his father had tried.

"He's a big one, this fellow."

Alice wanted to know, "Is he young and handsome?"

"Under thirty, I'd say by the back of his neck," replied the father, plainly puzzled. "The seams of age are wanting. All I saw over the hunched shoulder of him was the left-side half of his whiskers."

Macklin summed up, "This sounds as if he has shot someone and is running from it. Or a robbery." The explanation pleased him.

"But I want to watch him pan for gold!" piped young Jamie, who was one of two afterthoughts of the family. Jamie was seven, Florie six.

"Can I go too?" chirped Florie.

"You youngsters are not to go snooking about," ordered the father.

Mrs. Tinnock refused to be dismayed. "Did he say he would come tonight?"

"I asked him to. He only grunted. I make him one of your Minnesota squareheads. Not meaning anything sweeping," John added to his Minneapolis-born mate. "You had the good sense to catch yourself a Scotsman from Nova Scotia."

"Which I've never regretted," affirmed Hyldure Tinnock, and sighed. She had been a pretty woman and still had a golden look about her, for all the gray in her hair.

Early that evening Alice combed her russet cascade and pushed and bound it before a picture from a mail-order book. She wriggled into the pale green frock that she'd made for the Grange parties at Buffalo Hump. Bina did nothing of the kind. A party dress had done little for her when men invited her to dance. "*Halte Jenten*"—lame maiden—her mother called her ruefully. And just now the very mention of that stranger, perhaps coming here, again petrified her. Hadn't he, with that inexcusably prolonged stare, already seen more of her than she permitted even to her brothers? What if the cheeky pipe puffer spoke of it? The thought made her toes curl. And there was that other, that really important matter. Up to now the flat-topped, water-girt rock had been her own. Her visits there to soak up sun and wind, to see the bolt-killed top of the shoreside cedar looming ahead like a carved prow and bearing her off for the high sky-oceans, had been her most treasured moments.

"Robina," prompted her mother, finding her still in dungarees, "aren't you putting on your nice dress too?"

"No."

"Stubborn," declared the mother.

"These are good enough."

Hyldure was provoked. "I suppose you wouldn't even put foot in a glass slipper if it was offered you." She went tender-voiced. "*Halte Jenten.*"

It was dark when the stranger strode into the bonfire glow at the lee of the Tinnock cabin. A great-bearded fellow in logger's hard-used clothes, he sat down on a pine chunk at the end of the row. The far side of his face stayed averted. He accepted a bowl of wild strawberries and, offered both bannock and flat bread by Mrs. Tinnock, chose both. To John Tinnock's straight-out questions and Hyldure's more subtle ones he responded little. He did reveal, though, that he had operated a diesel shovel in the iron pits and a hoist in a mile-deep copper mine.

"Minnesota and Montana," pounced John Tinnock. "And what brought you here to Idaho?"

It was next in the path, said the visitor.

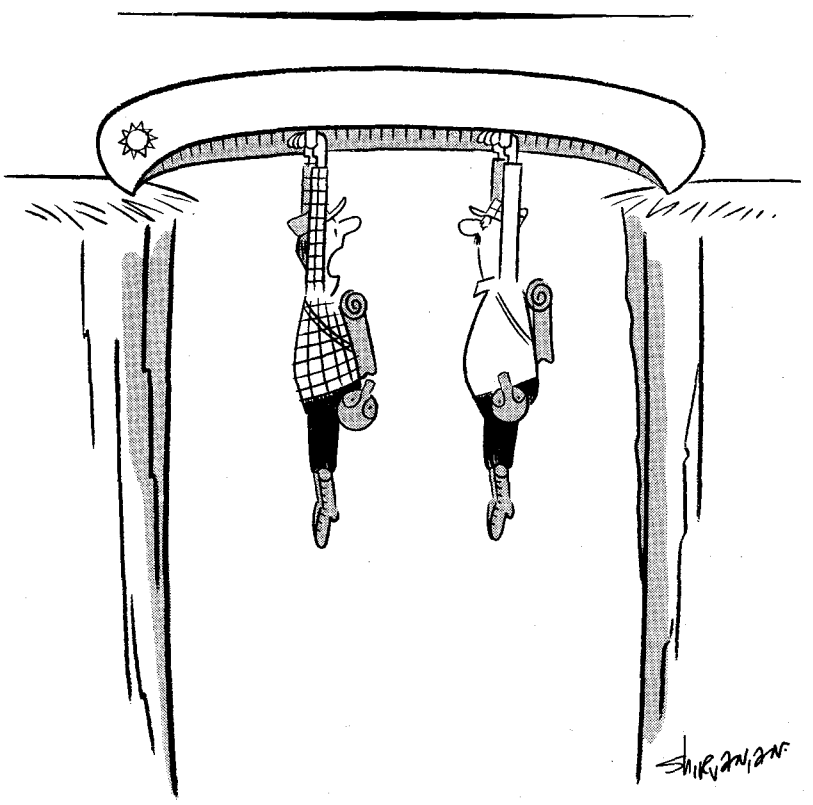
"And where would that path lead to?"

Well, so far it had led to this river, which might have a few crumbs of pay dirt in the crevices.

"There's not enough gold left here to concern a man five minutes," interjected Macklin Tinnock, who had his own plans for this stretch of canyon bottom, and a lass up at Buffalo Hump to match them.

"It's a river to take a man's eye, though," said the caller. "Whither does it run?"

"Well," said John Tinnock, "fifty miles down, or eighty by the windings, it comes



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Would you like to lead for a while?"

Photographed on board the S. S. Santa Rosa, Grace Line

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to Riggins. Sixty or a hundred more and it fetches into the Snake."

"Where does the Snake go?"

To the Columbia, John told him.

"And where ends this Columbia?"

It was John's understanding that the broad Columbia, after a deal of pother, empties into the sea.

"A sea, now," said the man, "I have yet to behold. I'm told that my people, a long spell ago, fared out and back and out and back upon such a place."

Asked Fair Alice, who hadn't been noticed, "Couldn't they make up their minds and stay put? Did they have to keep traipsing and weather-vaning like the folk in the book our mother used to read to us?" She had been trying to get a full look at the man and sounded vexed.

But the visitor kept his face in half shadow, and the logs became dull embers and white ash and he had not turned it her way. When he rose to leave, Mrs. Tinnock asked him directly, "What, sir, is your name?"

The man hesitated. "Peter Lund."

When he was gone, Alice said, "Why wouldn't he let us see what he looked like?"

Her father mulled, "Peter Lund. Where have I heard that?"

Alice wore her pale green the following night and the night after, and her hair was a burnished glory with a sprig of sweet fern poked into it. Bina went to no such trouble. It didn't matter. Peter Lund did not come.

Less for a further look at him than for concern about her rock, Bina went upriver on a day soon after. She went alone, threading the labyrinths of aspen, the aisles of pine and hemlock, and sought out a thicket of dogwood for screen.

Alice was already there behind it. Bina was sharply embarrassed to be caught by her sister in a Peeping Jill role. Alice showed no such feeling. Gesturing caution, she stood a-tiptoe. Bina crouched and parted branches.

The stranger was straining at that rock. Water was above his ankles; shirt was shucked, pants uprolled. His forehead and the palms of his hands were against the granite. His back's muscles knotted from effort; his thick thighs quivered. He paused, panted and tried again. Nothing budged. He turned about and put his back to the boulder. A gasp came from Alice.

Unaware of visitors, Peter Lund bent his knees a little and got finger tips under a projection. Shoulders bulging, he strove to lift. His chest heaved, his face contorted. Fair Alice, enthralled, made low noises in her throat. The all-gathered bull strength of the man went for naught. He sagged, winded, and stood awhile; then turned again, put foot to the ledge and pitched himself up. He stretched out on his back at full length, arms outflung and beard to the sky.

Bina tore herself away and started homeward. Alice caught up with her. "Did you see his muscles swell?" throated Alice, still awed. And, "Did you see what's happened to his face?"

Bina retorted that she was not concerned with the uninvited stranger's brawn nor his carved-up cheek, nor anything else that had to do with him. She was roused to cold, honed-edge fury by that insolent boarding of her secret deck. But she was proud of her stony ship. In the hundred-and-one imaginary rovings that it had borne her on, through a hundred-and-one set-tos of sword and tempest, it had never behaved more stanchly.

"You're funny," pronounced Alice. "You always were an odd one. But if he comes around to take anybody to the Grange dance, you can have him. That buck-raked face!"

At supper Alice regaled all the family with her and Bina's adventure, though Macklin stiffened with disapproval, and the father opened and closed his hand as if regretting there was no spanking for girls of their age. Bina could have smacked her sister for telling.

"And his face!" squeaked Alice. "Like an avalanche has cut through, or a fire has raced."

"He probably didn't know enough to get out of the way," asserted Macklin. "I knew he was dumb. Imagine the man trying to roll that rock."

Some days after, young Jamie burst out with, "He moved it!"

"He put a great pole under and sent it over on its side. We saw it!"

"My, it made a splash!" trilled Florie.

Bina felt sick. The man hadn't merely pirated her ship; he'd utterly and deliberately and forever wrecked it.

"He found lots of gold dust where the rock was," Jamie pressed on.

Chimed Florie, "He put it in a bottle."

Macklin smote the table with his fist. Dishes jumped. "We should have shown him the muzzle of a shotgun that first day. I knew he'd rob us!"

"Na, na, gold's for the man who finds it," retorted John Tinnock. "He simply is stronger than the two of us. Maybe now he means to go away."

But the stranger did not go. In a week the small Tinnocks brought word, "Now he's chopping down trees."

"For a house? Then he's going to homestead." Macklin's tone showed that there went his hope for a private stakeout of this stretch of river bottom.

Alice alone was untroubled. The bimonthly Grange dance was nearing, and Tim Rucker would be coming down from the wheatland plateau as usual to conduct the Tinnocks to Buffalo Hump and ride close at Alice's stirrup.

The steady knock of the stranger's ax now came down to the Tinnock holding whenever the wind was right. The old book of tales that Robina had received from her mother grew tear-stained under her pillow. In the end, though her stone ship was lost, she felt forced to set off and see if the certain cedar itself was one of the trees he was felling. As she pitched along up the trail she heard and felt an earth-slamming thud.

She reached the dogwood thicket. From its cover she smelled the bittersweet balsam and surveyed the desolation. Her cedar was down. Wielding his double-bit ax as if it were a hatchet, the despoiler was hacking away at its gale-wrenched crown. That twisted crown had been as important an element of her voyagings as the rock ship itself. But he had felled the whole tree, apparently, to get at its dead wood. For coals, no doubt, to fry his fish over; to heat his beans. On the shore was a small stack of planks, flotsam from the mills at Salmon City, a hundred miles above. He'd rigged a boom out into the river to trap more.

The ax rose and dropped. Brittle chips flew from the dead tree tip, for all the racked shape of it and the grand character.

"Oh!" she cried at this murder of the last vestige of her cloud cruisings. "Oh, don't!" He whirled about.

"Don't chop it up. Please throw it to the river and let it go where it chooses!" He gaped at her.

She started to enlarge to this stupid man. "It was the prow of Skithblathnir!" She couldn't say any more. How could he grasp that this remote top of a forest tree had been part of a girl's girlhood? That it, in her vivid daydreaming, had been the sky-pointing stem of a warrior ship which his own greed had wrecked—the rock ship that now lay out in the current, an overturned lump?

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Still he stood there, his mouth parting that yellow fan of beard with the horrid scar cleaving one half of it.

She could have told him so much about that snag of unusual shape that he was laying into. That it was six ells long, which would be six times the distance from elbow to fingers. That no ordinary lightning had tortured it so, but the crashing heave of Thor's own hammer. That, viewed from the former top of the capsized rock, it had looked much like the carved stem of a vessel in her mother's handed-down book. For there were pictures in the book—of craft sped along by pointed oars and broad-striped sails; of bows and sterns standing high; of sides hung about with war shields. Onward for far shores the longboats sped, and the people of those shores fled in panic, including the Scots of Scotland, the Arabs of Sicily and the French of France. Aye, and farther the brave ships drove, and by strange routes—over high hills and through deep dales; over fresh water and salt water; and to the outyards of earth. To Niflheim, where fog and rain are, and ten rivers. Over the rainbow bridge called Bifrost. To Asgard itself, and its Valhalla and its heroes, where a spearmaiden is welcome, even a *halte-jenten*, and never mind the kink in her hip.

"Oh!" she cried again, knowing it was no use. She turned and ran. She stumbled and sprawled and she lay there, digging fingers into the grassy soil and knowing what a fool he thought her, and even her limp quite plain to him.

She heard the ax knocking at her fallen tree's tip again. She rose and went on home, heedless of the soil stains to her elbows and knees.

Alice was sliding a pressing iron over that pale green frock. The warm, steamy muslin was fragrant. Inquired their mother, "Robina, don't you want to iron your red dress too?"

"No," said Bina.

"I declare," said Mrs. Tinnock, "I don't know why we ever made it for you."

Alice held the green frock up and inspected it happily, though the dance was still a week off. She had no intention of trying to understand Bina.

Jamie brought word, "It's almost finished!"

"His house?" asked Macklin. "Or does he have the sense to build a tight corral and some stout sheds first?"

"No, his boat," said Jamie.

"A boat! Then he doesn't intend to stay," rejoiced Macklin. "That's a real gain!"

"It's a funny boat," said Florie.

Jamie said, "There's a mast."

"A mast!" exclaimed John Tinnock. "On our narrow river?"

Florie skirled in delicious terror, "And a curved thing up front like a snake!"

Bina sat without stirring. Not since that day on her rock had she felt so frozen.

Jamie corrected his small sister. "It's not a snake, it's a dragon with its neck back and its tongue out."

Bina pushed her plate away. She got up.

"Robina! Where are you going?" asked the mother.

"To look at my dance dress."

"She's left her meal only half touched," Bina heard her mother say to the others.

She went to the little room that she and Alice shared and to its curtained corner. She took the garment down and held it to the light. The goods glowed like her mother's old garnets. She sat down on her bed and studied the dress seam by seam.

It was time for the family journey to Buffalo Hump. Tim Rucker, the solid young wheat farmer from the plateau, came riding down to join them. He stayed overnight in the barn. In the morning Fair Alice, rowel-bright, appeared in her whip-trim dungarees, her party frock wrapped for tying at the cantle. Bina, too, was in dungarees for the saddle, but her parcel wasn't ready. There was no hurry really; the Tinnocks did not intend to make their usual early start and nobody was impatient but Alice. For Jamie and

... ...

Head of the House

One power controls our
cans and can'ts
With dictates strong and
strange and drastic.
Our family knows who
wears the pants
And also knows those pants
are plastic.

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... ...

Florie had brought word that the stranger, since yesterday, had been breaking camp and stowing cargo. Hyldure, their mother, insisted that all should tarry and wave Godspeed to him as he passed.

"The poor man, he shall have a few loaves of my oat-and-barley bread," she said. "There's the strengthening potato meal in it, too, this time."

"Strength isn't what he lacks," said Alice.

"Who is this fellow?" asked Tim Rucker.

John Tinnock told him, "Peter Lund. There's something I can't call to mind about the name."

"Lund? Has he a badly burned face?"

"He has, and a horrid sight it is, I'm told, though he kept it from me."

"Lund. You don't know who that is? Well, I'll tell you. That's the logger who pulled three people out of the great forest fire in Coeur d'Alene valley. He went into that fire three times to do it, and he lifted a tree off one and a roof beam off another. There were two more in the flames, but nobody told him, and when he learned of it afterward he got up and walked out of the hospital without a word."

Macklin said, "I remember that fire. It was on the radio."

"The people of Wallace wanted to make a hero of him, but they couldn't find him. He must have thought he was to blame for letting two people die."

"So that's what he's running away from," said John Tinnock. "I shall put a sack of corn aboard this boat of his."

"He'll be too busy with the rapids to use a rifle," said Macklin. "Since he's going, I'll toss him a haunch of deer meat."

Hyldure trotted for her kitchen. She put a jar of butter and two more loaves into the bag, making eight.

Jamie had gone up to the first bend as lookout. "Here he comes!" he shouted.

The dragon prow was the first thing seen around the elbow of shore. Then the mast, which was short and bare, for the current of this river provided all the power needed. Then the whole was in view.

"'Tis indeed a new shape for a river barge," declared John Tinnock.

Clumsy it was, for a man can do little more with flotsam planks and forest pitch, but it handled well. Bina scarcely noticed the boxlike lines. Her eyes were for the prow. Yes, it was a dragon. Axdressed from a tree's dead tip by a seeing mind and sure hand. For this, she realized, he had felled the cedar; to employ

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the snag as it deserved, out where the spray flew—not to make cook wood of it.

The vessel came swiftly down the long riffle, and the helmsman, seeing the group, brought it briefly to shore.

John Tinnock said severely, "You comprehend what's ahead in this lather of water?"

"This ship will make it." The man's full face was in view of them all. His fist gripped a steering oar that was in a rope at the high sternpost, as Bina had been sure it would be. His arms looked as big as logs.

"Sir, I'd like to shake the hand of the man that went into that fire three times," said Tim Rucker, and did it. The clamp that he received made his knees buckle, though he was a stout lad.

John Tinnock advised, "If it's further supplies you need, you can get them at Riggins. There'll not be another town before Lewiston—that's a hundred more miles." John handed the sack of corn aboard, and Hyldure's loaves. Macklin passed Lund the deer meat. The voyager took the gifts in his curiously silent way.

"And please have this," urged Bina, pressing her own gift on him. The folds fell open in his hands. It was a cloth nearly square, of wide red and blue stripes. "It should be bigger," said Bina, "but at least it's a sail. I made it as strong as I could. The blue's some overalls." The red had been her party dress.

"Bina!" screamed Hyldure and Alice.

"Voyage stoutly. For the outyards of earth," Bina went on, her voice trembling.

Cried the big man from Minnesota, "Over high hills and through deep dales!"

"And over fresh water and over salt water."

Exclaimed Hyldure as the full idea smote her, "And if you come on any Scots, give them a good drubbing!"

"Voyage safe and true for. Bifrost," Bina urged.

"In Skithblathnir the Second," supplied Peter Lund.

"For Asgard."

"And Niflheim."

"Where the fog and rain are. And the ten rivers."

"Come," Peter Lund said.

She stepped aboard in her old worn dungarees and shirt.

"Robina!" squalled her father and Macklin. "Bina!" screeched Alice and Florie and Jamie.

"Take bow and watch for rocks in the rapids," directed the steersman.

"Bina!" her mother remembered to shriek out as the boat bobbed into the first lather, "there's a church down at Riggins!"

The current is as wild as a Pict below the Tinnock place. Beyond that it is pure unleashed violence. But it shouts a grand song as it shakes its canyon, and the few who ride its plunges joyously sing with it.

Word spread upriver by the horse trails, and to all the riverside holdings, of an odd craft with high stern and mast and outlandish dragon prow that stopped an hour at Riggins. Then it swept out of view between blue-green cliffs. It was reported from Hell's Canyon, where the Salmon meets the Snake. Two weeks later it was reported by Lewiston and after that by a variety of dam and lock keepers of the Columbia. It was beheld off the mouth of the Willamette below Portland. It appeared at Astoria.

Here, where the Columbia widens to many miles and the fish smell rivals Bergen, the craft wintered and underwent a strengthening and decking and general replacement of parts, including taller mast and larger sail. But the prow remained the same, and the new sail was striped red and blue. With spring, dragon prow and colored sail worked for a while with the fishing fleet beyond the bar; then the strange craft disappeared. Weeks later it was sighted from green headlands beneath white mountains. It beached, and its fan-bearded skipper did some placer mining—but only for enough to buy fresh supplies and warm clothing at a cannery port. Then it passed on—for what outyards of Alaskan earth no one could say. But the woman at sail and the man at steering oar appeared quite content to find that out when they got there.

THE END

"Don't feel too badly, dear—that's just one clerk's opinion."

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Masters of the "Lost Art"

(Continued from Page 25)

Cram and a few other perceptive architects wanted was a fresh appreciation of the translucent color patterns that the ancient craftsmen employed to add life and mystery to vaulted space within the sanctuary.

Burnham and Reynolds today are respected elder statesmen who, as young artists, helped guide the craft back to fundamentals that are just as valid in contemporary art and architecture as in the past. They remain leaders in the creation of windows in the medieval tradition, and the pictures (pages 24 and 25) illustrate their most recent work at the Kirk in the Hills, near Detroit.

When Dr. Harold C. DeWindt, minister to the kirk, was asked by his trustees to select window artists to complete the new church, he traveled to most of the outstanding Gothic churches in America—the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and Riverside Church in New York City, the Washington Cathedral, the Princeton University Chapel. He found windows in all of them credited to Burnham and to Reynolds who, incidentally, are not partners but operate separate firms in Boston. He also had found their windows in France, in the American Church in Paris and in the Memorial Chapel at Belleau Wood. If the kirk was to enjoy a fitting ministry of color, he reported to the trustees, their choice should lie with the two elderly artists in Boston.

The work had to be split between Burnham and Reynolds to have the windows finished in time. They began work nearly four years ago, fashioning almost two-score windows which cost approximately $300,000.

The Kirk in the Hills, which was consecrated and put to use late in 1958, was ten years in the building. Its massive limestone walls and turreted tower rise from a gentle hillside on the shores of Island Lake, twenty miles northwest of Detroit, at Bloomfield Hills, on property that once was the estate of the late Col. Edwin S. George.

It was eccentric but canny Colonel George who influenced the design of the kirk, and also provided $3,750,000 of the $4,500,000 cost. The colonel and his architect, the late Wirt C. Rowland, turned to ruined Melrose Abbey in Scotland for guidance in design of the church, which was built and joined by an abbey cloister to the colonel's Tudor home; the home is now used for the kirk offices and for social affairs.

The congregation of the kirk first met in the colonel's home and later in the lower level, or undercroft, of the new church before the walls were up. The new building was nearing completion in 1957 when it was ravaged by an $800,000 fire. From that time until the new kirk opened its doors, services were held in the auditorium of the Bloomfield Hills High School.

One of the huge clerestory windows on the west side of the church, one of Burnham's works, was a total casualty of the fire. Restoration was not a problem, thanks to the procedure that is followed in the design and construction of stained glass. The first step is the artist's sketch, a miniature painted, as a rule, in water color on a black background. This is followed by a full-size black-and-white drawing known as the cartoon which, after the thickness of the leads is drawn in, shows the exact size and shape of each piece of glass to be used.

A duplicate of the cartoon is cut apart, and numbered pieces of paper given to the craftsman who cuts the pieces of glass to match them. The color and the shading of color within each individual piece are determined by the designer and by the skill of the glass cutter, who must remain acutely aware of the whole composition as he selects the glass fragment by fragment.

The shading in color is often determined by the thickness of the glass; the color itself is produced by metallic salts fused in as the glass is made. Cobalt oxide, for instance, is the source of blue. Both copper and iron oxides are used for red. The medieval craftsman fused his glass in a charcoal-heated pot, and even though the source of heat may now be electricity or gas, the finest glass is made in this fashion and known as "pot metal." It is blown, while still in the molten state, either by producing a cylinder which is cut and flattened to produce a slab, by spinning a disk known as a roundel, or by blowing into a mold to produce what is known as Norman slab bottle. The sides and bottoms of these square bottles are then cut apart; the bottoms, in particular, yield interesting variations in thickness and shade.

The individual pieces for a window are first assembled on a sheet of plate glass with wax between them to duplicate the lead that eventually will fasten them together. This trial assembly is then held up to the daylight. Some pieces, if the color is out of key, may be replaced. The artist then adds a black or brown pigment where shading is desired. This is later fused to the surface of the glass by firing

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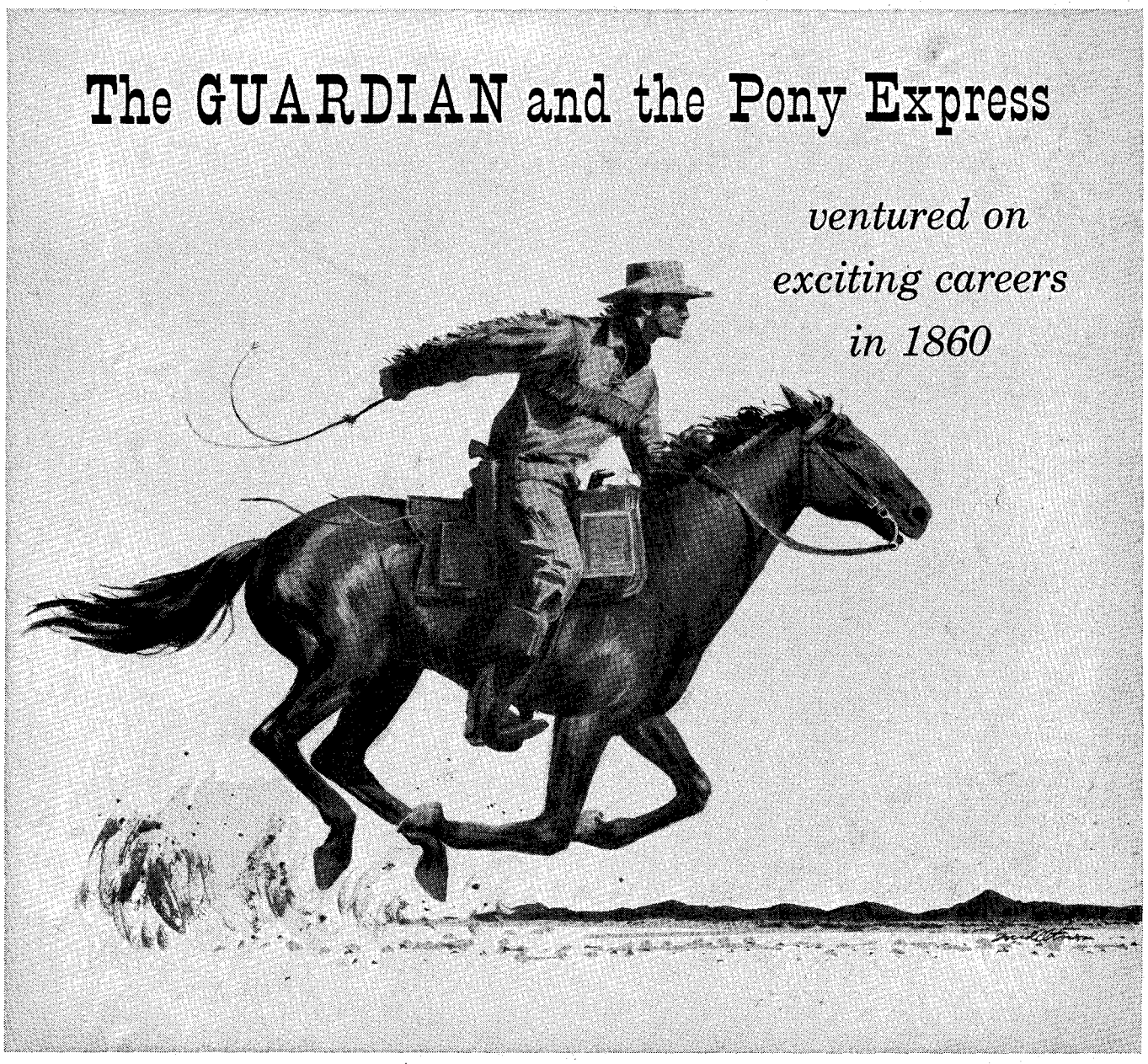

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in an oven. Shading and firing may be repeated two or three times. The only color stains ever added to the surface of the glass are tones from yellow to orange, produced by brushing on silver nitrate and then firing. The final step is to join the pieces of glass with strips of lead; these strips are then soldered, and the window is waterproofed with a cement brushed into the crack between the glass and the lead.

Clear, deep blue—Chartres' blue is the goal—and ruby red predominate in Gothic windows and are the key to the ministry of color within the Kirk in the Hills. Doctor DeWindt, in discussing the dominant windows—the largest of them, in the kirk baptistry, is thirty feet high—distinguishes them as "Burnham's red" or "Reynolds' blue" in addition to identifying them by the iconography, or scenes portrayed. All the hues in the rainbow are utilized, of course, but they remain subordinate, with white and primary yellows carrying the highlights and weaving all together.

The iconography at the kirk was a joint task by the artists and by Doctor DeWindt. He evolved the theme for the windows, which portray the life of Christ, with his passion at the Crucifixion portrayed above the chancel and his Resurrection shown in the narthex, at the opposite end of the church. The minister began by sending pages of notes to the artists after their first visits to the kirk. Rough pencil sketches led to prolonged correspondence and changes to the point where color sketches were produced and approved by Doctor DeWindt and his trustees.

The verses of the Lord's Prayer fill seven small windows along a side aisle in the church. The treatment for these windows baffled Doctor DeWindt until he hit upon their use to portray the Lord's Prayer. As he wrote to the men in Boston:

> You will observe that the windows are in pairs, and that the Lord's Prayer—with one or two exceptions—lends itself admirably to the twin expression. . . . I hope you will do these windows with very tiny figures, smaller than those used in the great clerestory windows. I am very anxious that we should achieve a jeweled effect.

He did not say, for it was self-evident, that these aisle windows, small and at eye level with the congregation, were apt to be of more interest for their iconography, or the picture messages they convey, than any others in the kirk. His concern, however, showed in letters to Reynolds and Burnham, running to page after page of notes on the intent and meaning of each phrase in the Prayer.

These letters went in duplicate to Boston, so that each artist would understand the other's work. Burnham, for instance, executed the first, third and fifth of the Lord's Prayer windows. Reynolds did the second, fourth, sixth and seventh. One of the largest windows, in the west transept, which is railed off and known as the Melrose Abbey Chapel, is half by Burnham, half by Reynolds. They have worked together on several occasions, notably in the creation of a huge rose window for the Washington Cathedral (*The Saturday Evening Post*, July 26, 1952).

The Melrose Chapel windows portray Old Testament scenes, and in the east transept, on the other side of the church, the area is set aside as a baptistry, where the window iconography is devoted primarily to the apostles of Christ.

"I doubt, however," says Doctor DeWindt, "that more than a handful of our people ever will study each figure and detail of the literally hundreds portrayed in the kirk windows. They will furnish many sermons for me, I know; and we will explain their significance in a booklet available to visitors to the church.

"A great deal of thought and certainly weeks of my time went into the message the pictures are meant to convey. But to anyone who steps within the great nave of our kirk they are secondary to the warmth and purity of color which is not just an ornament, but a part of our holy place."

The U-19's Last Kill (Continued from Page 43)

valves, we started talking about the countless things that were wrong or half wrong with the ship. Linc started to laugh quietly, and we all burst into sudden laughter. Rosa was there at the time, and she looked at us, shaking her head and smiling sardonically, almost fondly, as though we were a bunch of kids.

All of a sudden one day I was sick of nothing but work. Late in an afternoon, climbing up out of the sub for the hundredth time, to get a tool from the dock, I turned at the top of the ladder and stood staring out at the ocean instead. Below me I could hear the delicate, steady tap of a screw-driver blade on metal—Lauffnauer adjusting a piston on a trim-tank pump—then the sudden clatter of a tool dropped on the metal deck, and Moreno cursing deep inside the sub somewhere. But now, suddenly, I was no longer interested in the sub. I stood staring out at the water and fingering my new beard—I couldn't get used to the feel of it—and saw Rosa, sitting on the dock, looking up at me.

I acted on impulse. Beckoning to her, I climbed down, jumped over to the dock and walked out, up the path toward the shack and the jeep parked in back of it, Rosa following. I climbed in under the wheel, Rosa watching me questioningly. "Got the keys?" I said. She nodded, and I said, "Get in then," and held out my hand for the keys.

Driving fast over the two-lane county road, I went into the village, parking on the main street just out of the business district; we always tried to draw no more attention to ourselves than necessary, but Rosa lived in the area, and they knew her long since. I had a little over forty dollars in the wallet in my denims, and I took it out and handed it to her. "Get some liquor," I said. "Whisky, gin, highball mixes, potato chips, olives, cold cuts and all the rest of it. Get plenty, and get a big sack of ice cubes; I'll pick you up outside the liquor store." I grinned at her. "Tonight we're having a party."

Her eyes lighted up, and she climbed out, nodding eagerly; then, standing beside the jeep, she frowned. "Do you think we should?"

"Hell, yes. We're on schedule; ahead of it, in fact. We'll make May seventeenth with a couple days to spare. Go ahead, get the stuff; we're having a party."

We didn't even eat supper that night. Back at the shack, while Rosa was setting out our supplies on the table, I went down to the dock, and banged on the hull with a wrench. "Come on out," I yelled, "up to the shack! Everybody out!"

Someone yelled, "What?" but I simply repeated it, and when Vic's black-bearded face—he no longer looked unshaven; it was beginning to be a beard—rose up out of the tower, I just beckoned and walked on out, up toward the shack, and I heard Vic calling the others.

Moreno didn't like it. He stood in the kitchen in his dirty tan coveralls, looking down at the table covered with food, liquor, glasses and ice in a big crockery bowl; then he swung to me. "What's the matter?" he said. "Ten days' work more'n you can take? You tired or something?" Suddenly his face flushed, the cords in his neck standing out as he yelled, "We haven't got time!"

Lauffnauer touched his arm and, when Moreno's head swung around, Frank nodded before speaking. "Yes, we have," he said softly. "And we will work better for this; it is a good idea, Ed."

Moreno yanked his arm away, his mouth opening to answer; then Linc reached past him, picked up a glass, dropped an ice cube into it and called over to Rosa, who stood leaning against a wall, arms folded on her chest, glaring at Moreno. "What'll you have, Rosa?" Linc said quietly.

She smiled, pushing herself from the wall to step over to the table. "Whisky," she said, "with ginger ale," and stood waiting while Linc began mixing her drink, and Moreno swung around and walked out the door.

I went after him. I caught up with him on the path and said, "Wait a second, Ed." He turned swiftly, jaw muscles working, eyes narrowed, and I said, "You're wrong. You're a good commander; you've bulled this through in ten days, and we're nearly done. You've organized the work, done a beautiful job, forgot nothing. A good commander, but still a mustang. Put stripes on your sleeve and you're tougher than any officer ever was before you; drive, drive, drive, to prove you can command." I grinned at him. "But leave's important, too, and that's what this is—leave in port just before the fight. And tonight that's as important as the work; you'll have a better crew for it. That's something a commander ought to know too. Now, come on back and have a drink."

He stood looking at me, jaw muscles still working, eyes narrowed, but he made himself weigh what I'd said. It must have been hard for a man like him; all his life, I suppose, he'd simply lashed out when opposed. Then he said it—sullenly, reluctantly—but saying it. "All right; I made a mistake. It's time to knock off for a night"—he was thinking aloud. "It's true; we got to be a good crew; damn good. And this'll help." He nodded shortly, not wanting to, but doing it. "O.K., lieutenant, let's go back."

We had a good time. We drank a toast first, standing around the kitchen table holding our first drinks. "To the U-nineteen," Vic said, standing there black-bearded and grinning in his grease-streaked blue denims. "May she have a lot better hunting her second trip out."

The party was started. Like a bunch of office workers at a party, we talked at first only about the work we did together, lounging on the cots, wandering back to the table for food or drinks. Then all of us had sub stories to tell, and we might have spent the evening that way, just talking and relaxing with our drinks.

But Rosa got bored after a while, and she walked over to the radio, turned it on and found some dance music. Then she stood swaying beside the radio, softly snapping her fingers in time to the music, looking very graceful in her black slacks and sweater. Lounging on a cot, Vic watched her for a few moments, then asked her to dance, and they did.

We all danced with her then, except Moreno. He didn't know how to dance, he muttered, and when Rosa offered to teach him, he just shook his head and got up to mix another drink, his face tight and sullen. "It's eleven-thirty," Moreno said then. "Let's knock it off now; we got work to do in the morning." And the rest of us (Continued on Page 102)

What's Going On Here?

A young officer, so technically skilled that he held a temporary command while of grade-school age, fails an examination for promotion to lieutenant because he cannot answer certain theoretical questions. For nearly forty years thereafter, he never manages to attain high rank. He is sixty and obscure when the Civil War breaks out. Although he has reasons for sympathizing with the South, he gives his allegiance to the Union. At first he is ignored. Then he commands a successful campaign along the Mississippi. Eventually he becomes the highest-ranking officer of his service. Who is he?

Aston J. Waters

Answer on Page 102

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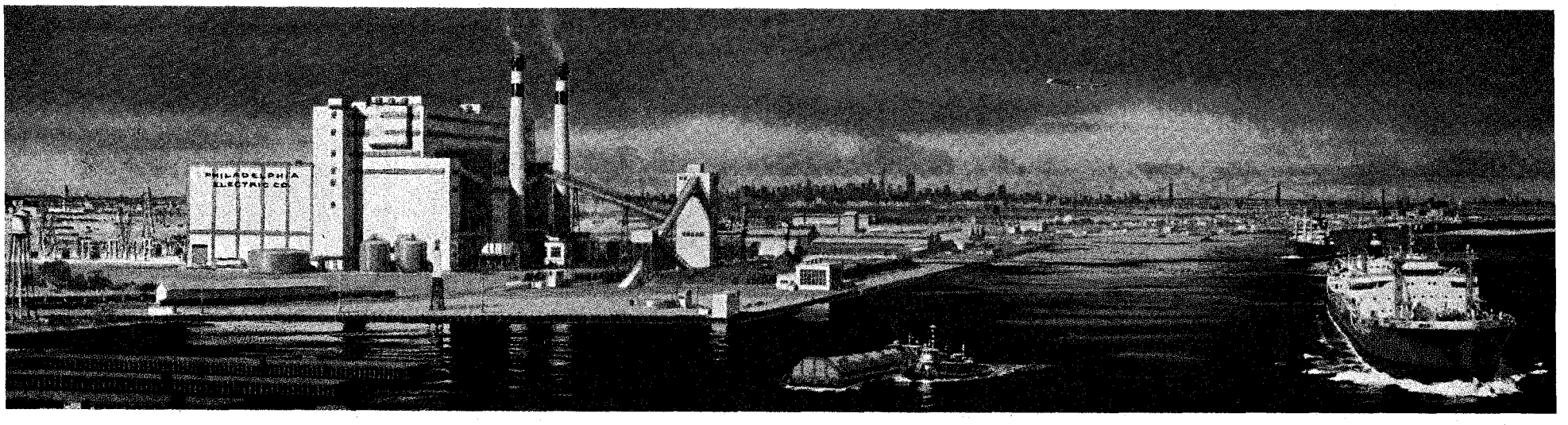
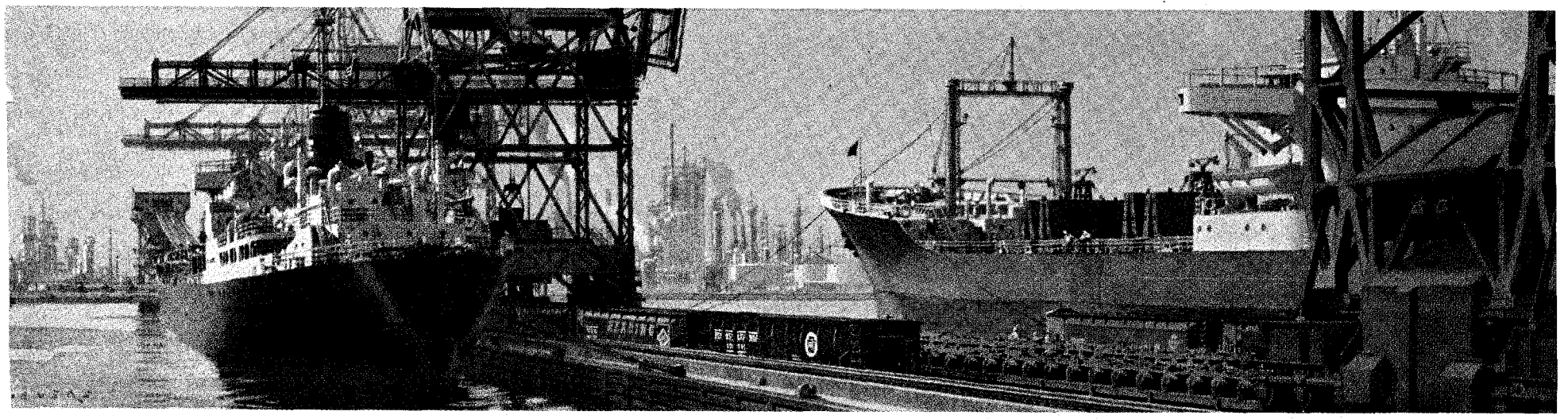
In Greater Philadelphia industry gets plenty of what it needs



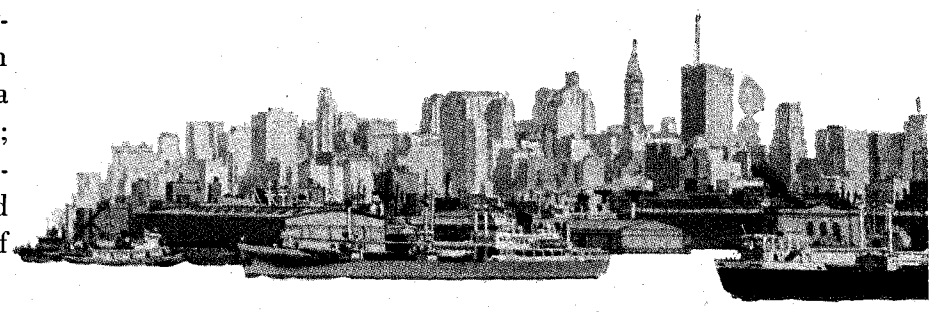
PLENTY OF ELECTRIC POWER



PLENTY OF RAW MATERIALS

PLENTY OF SKILLED WORKERS

There's a sound reason for more than 400 of the nation's 460 basic industries being located in the Greater Philadelphia area. Here is everything that industry needs in order to prosper: a great port with modern facilities that easily handle enormous quantities of raw materials; a highly skilled manpower force attracted by excellent living conditions; a big transportation network which brings a third of the nation within overnight delivery distance; and all the electric power required for present and future needs, at low rates. Has your firm investigated this Land of Plenty? It may be just the place you want for your new plant.



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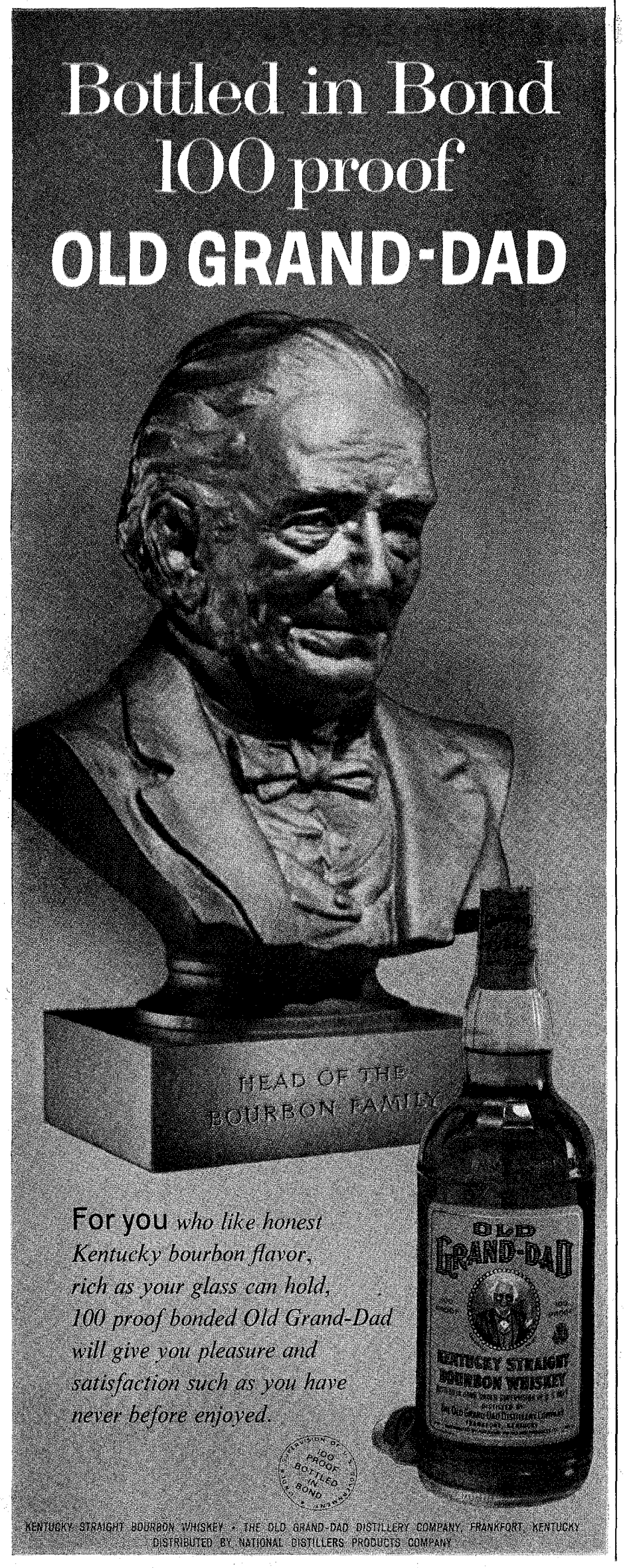

(*Continued from Page 100*)

looked up surprised; no one else had been watching the time.

I don't blame myself for what happened then. Our little party was over, and Rosa, smiling at something Linc was saying, stood shrugging into her red jacket with the peg buttons. Then she pulled the jeep keys from her pocket and stood with them dangling from her fingers as Linc finished. Rosa had gone home every night by herself, in the jeep. But watching Rosa get ready to leave, I thought someone should see her home tonight. We'd had a party, she was a girl going home and tonight it seemed inappropriate to let her just walk out the door by herself. I looked over at Moreno, who was walking toward his cot, trying to catch his eye and suggest with a nod that he ought to drive Rosa home. But he sat down and began untying his shoelace, and I got mad. I walked around the table and touched Rosa's arm. "I'll see you home," I said. "You were the belle of the ball and deserve an escort."

She smiled, bowing her head in acknowledgment, but I saw her glance at Moreno from the corner of her eye before replying. He wouldn't look at her; still unknotting his shoelace, he wouldn't glance up or acknowledge that he'd heard, but I saw the muscles bunch at the corners of his mouth. "Thank you," Rosa said to me then, handing me the keys. She turned to call a general good night to the others; they answered, and we walked out.

In the jeep we crawled along our own rut road for a quarter mile. Then, turning onto the asphalt county highway, I shoved down the accelerator till we touched sixty-five and held it there. But only two or three minutes later we were slowing, pulling into the dirt driveway beside Rosa's house, and I hated to stop, unwilling to end the evening, go home and to bed, and back to the submarine in the morning. And when Rosa turned to me, eyes still sparkling from the drive, to ask if I'd like coffee, I was glad to accept.

Rosa put coffee on to boil immediately, then took off her coat and hung it on a nail in the back of the door. I sat down at the table, and she got out cream, sugar, cups and spoons, then sat down across from me, and I took out cigarettes, gave her one and lighted them. She smiled happily. "I had a wonderful time dancing," she said. "I was almost forgetting I was a woman till tonight."

"Well you are that," I said.

"Yes." She nodded slowly. "And being escorted home—that completes it. You make me feel very good tonight, Hugh."

I just nodded, smiling pleasantly; I wasn't trying to start anything. But Rosa sat staring at me. She hadn't had a lot to drink tonight, but she'd had some; and it was also the first really good time, I think, that she'd had in months. Now her eyes were happy, exuberant, and she smiled at me mischievously. "Would you like to kiss me?" she said. Her eyes laughing at me, she added, "You made me feel like a woman again, with your party tonight; it is your fault."

I looked at her, sitting there across from me in that high-necked black sweater, ripe and desirable, her olive-skinned face still flushed at the cheekbones from the wind. "Sure," I said carefully, "any man would."

"Oh?" Her brows rose, and she nodded. "I see." She was still laughing at me, teasing me. "So it is any man, and you are simply no different from any other; you do not commit yourself personally. Well, then"—she leaned toward me suddenly, across the table top—"go ahead, Mr. Anyman; kiss me."

I leaned forward till our lips met, our hands on the table top supporting us as we leaned far over it, not touching in any other way. Then I kissed her, feeling the soft fullness of her lips, our mouths pressing hard together, our heads moving. Then I yanked my face away, knowing I had to if I were ever going to stop.

Rosa—a magnificently handsome, full-figured woman sitting across from me—folded her arms on the table top and smiled. "So," she said. "That is better. I did not wish to be taken home by Mr. Anyman just because I am any woman." She picked up her cigarette from the saucer in which she'd laid it and stood up. "Now we will have our coffee."

We just sat talking then, drinking our coffee. This, I realized, was still a girl from a little Italian fishing village, alone and widowed in a foreign country, courageous and self-reliant; and, sitting there, I felt very fond of her.

I finished my coffee and stood up, thanking Rosa for it, and she walked to the door with me. At the door she thanked me again for taking her home. Standing in the doorway, I put an arm around her waist, drew her to me and kissed her again. But she responded only slightly, her mind somewhere else, and I let her go; the party was over, and I set out to walk home.

I'd been there twenty minutes, I suppose; it took me another twenty to walk home; and the drive to Rosa's house couldn't have taken more than five minutes. So when I turned off the road to walk the quarter mile down to the shack, I'd been gone about forty-five minutes. The shack was dark, I saw, walking toward it; then I saw a cigarette glow on the little stoop, and I knew Moreno was waiting for me.

He stood up when I was a hundred yards from the shack and walked toward me. When we met on the path, we stopped, facing each other. "Well?" I said.

"Where you been?" he said quietly.

"You know where I've been; taking Rosa home."

"Take you this long to walk back?"

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 100)

Not Ulysses S. Grant, but David G. Farragut, whose career closely parallels Grant's. Farragut, as a boy midshipman of twelve, commanded a prize ship in the War of 1812, but missed glory in the Mexican War in 1846. A Southerner by birth, his sympathies were suspect in 1861. Finally given command of a Navy squadron, he opened the lower Mississippi for the Union by capturing New Orleans while Grant hammered away on the upper river. At Mobile Bay, steaming ahead, Farragut uttered one of the war's most-quoted sentences: "Damn the torpedoes!" In 1866, he became the first admiral of the United States Navy, a rank created especially for him by Congress. Like Grant, he was physically unimpressive, but tremendously determined.

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I was about to explain that we'd had coffee, but I stopped myself; I owed Moreno no explanations. "What's it to you," I said, "how long I take?"

He was silent for a moment or two, and I knew he was keeping a grip on himself, forcing himself to reply quietly. "You know damn well what it is to me," he said then. "I'm going to marry Rosa, and you or nobody else is going to start hanging around her."

"Why, sure," I said pleasantly. "Of course. I won't spend another second alone with Rosa. Or say any more than hello, good-by and how are you ——"

"See that you don't."

"—— from the moment she tells me what you've said. Just have your fiancée tell me, Moreno, that she's going to marry you. And from then on I won't even look sideways at her."

"She doesn't have to tell you; *I'm* telling ——"

"Oh, yes, she does." I leaned down a little to stare into his eyes. "She has to tell me. You've been talking about marrying Rosa for a long time now, but I haven't heard her say a word about it. You just have your fiancée say so, Moreno, next time I ask to take her home. Because there's sure going to be a next time now."

He grinned a little in the faint starlight—mean and nasty. "You want trouble, pretty boy?" he said softly. "You'll get it; a lot more than you want." Then he turned and walked back to the shack. I followed, and inside the shack we got undressed in the darkness without another word and went to bed.

First thing in the morning we hoisted the torpedoes out of the ship through the torpedo hatch, using the chain hoist in the dock—an awkward, but not very hard job. There were four spares plus two in the tubes, and we hauled all six of them out and lowered them to the dock along one side of the sub, and Moreno began working on one of them.

This was his field, his specialty, and, though I watched him from time to time, as we all did, I didn't even try to understand what he was doing. But his job was to convert at least one torpedo to a dummy; to take off the war head, remove the TNT and replace it with a small flash charge. We'd often used dummies in the Navy for practice firings; they go off with a flash and a lot of smoke, for easy sighting, but with no force to speak of.

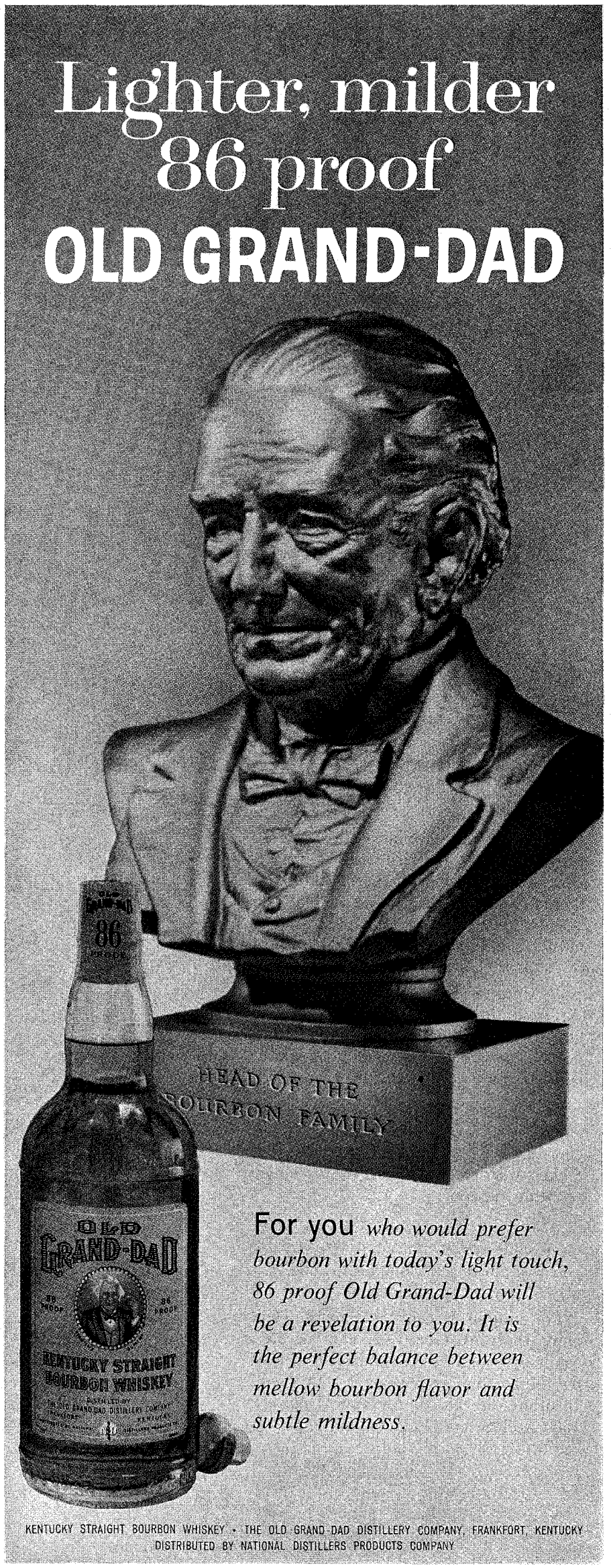
Actually a practice head is different from a war head, but Moreno said he could make these do, and I knew he could. Just the same, I'll admit it made me a little nervous, standing on the dock with Vic, Lauffnauer and Linc, watching him get ready to remove that blunt and deadly red-painted war head from the first of the torpedoes. He grinned up at me nastily, so I made a point of standing there watching, even after the others left. I stood watching him remove the detonator in the war nose first, then unscrew the war head, and open up the compartment which held the TNT. These were small, short-range torpedoes—only a thousand yards—but each of them held more than four hundred pounds of TNT, a terrible and devastating force when exploded. Presently Linc brought our rowboat into the dock, and Moreno laid the big sticks in the bottom; then Linc rowed far out to dump them overboard.

Moreno had bought whatever he needed for the harmless flash charge; the difference in weight between it and the big charge he'd removed would be made up, he'd said, with sea water. Once the TNT was out of the war head, I didn't hang around; Moreno and I weren't speaking any more than necessary, and the rest of us were to begin testing the sub.

We weren't finished working on her; not quite. There were still odds and ends to finish up yet. But the engines and motors were working—beautifully, and in perfect adjustment. The compressor worked as well as it ever would, and the tanks held air. All valves and vents were in reasonably good working order; and all fuel, air, water and electrical lines were in excellent condition. The periscope worked smoothly; all we'd had to do was clean and oil it. And my switchboard worked perfectly the first time I'd tried it. All outside parts were free and moving again, though they were terribly eroded and pitted and worked loosely.

But though it wasn't a lot, we'd done just about all we could. Lauffnauer had stripped off (*Continued on Page 105*)

"Rough day at the garage?"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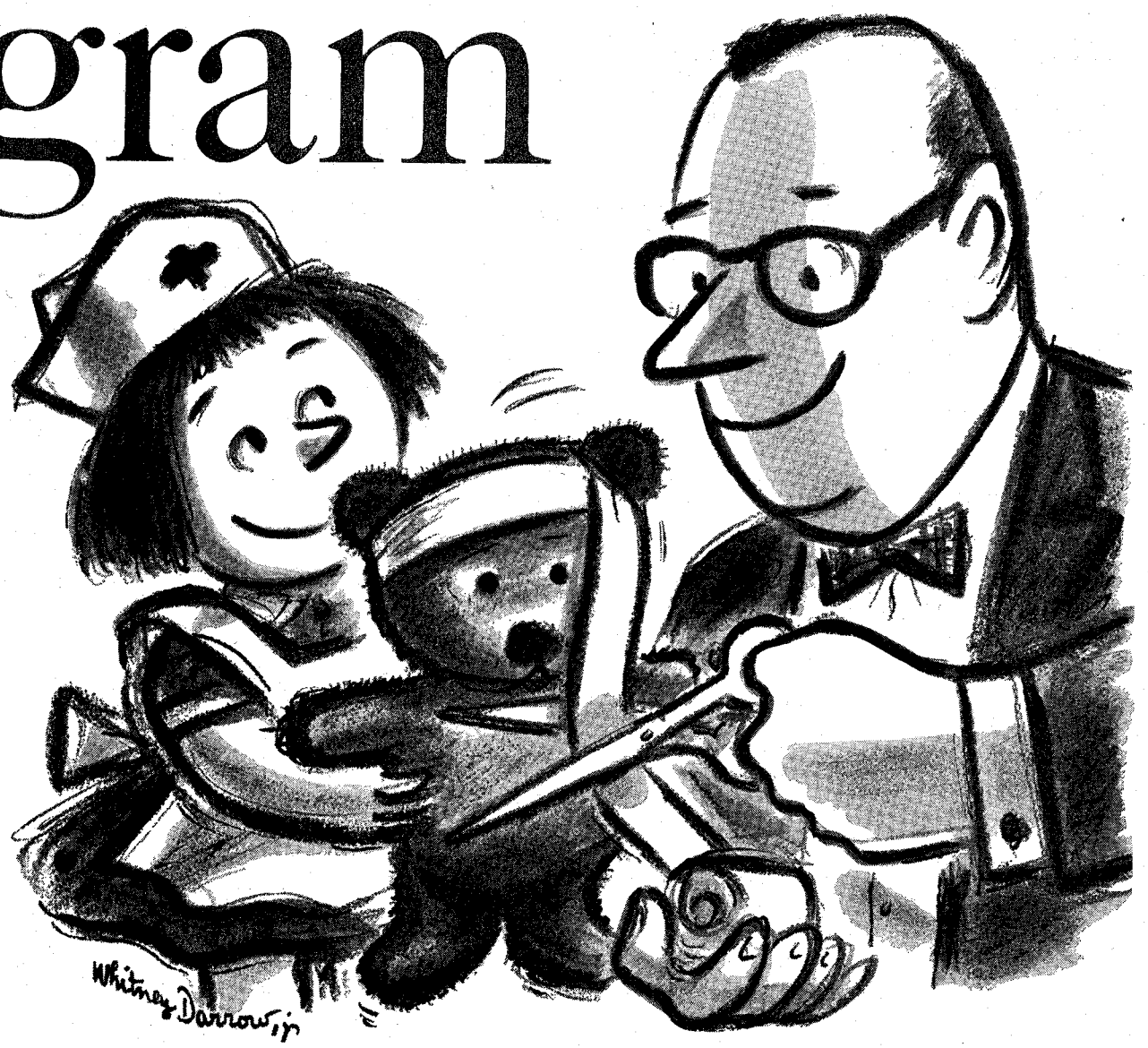
Simplified Security...home style

INA's Family Accident & Sickness program



Here's good news for nice dads—INA's program backs you with cash when sickness or an accident threatens hard-won family security . . . an income if the breadwinner is disabled; payment of most normal *and major* hospital/medical costs for the entire family.

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(*Continued from Page 103*) the sodden deck gratings and was going to knock together a new set. We had two inflatable rafts to buy, Linc had a radio to buy, and I had to get chargers. But essentially we were finished; now we had to test what we'd done.

Inside the submarine we blew the tanks, and the sub rose to float high in the dock, gently nudging the old tires nailed to the sides. This much we'd known would happen; we knew we could blow the tanks. Then we opened the dock doors, and Lauffnauer, in the tower, searched the water with a pair of Navy binoculars that belonged to Moreno—stolen, I imagined. There was nothing in sight, and the rest of us shoved the sub out with poles; there was a fresh breeze, and the water was choppy today, but we didn't want to test her under only ideal conditions anyway. I climbed down inside to the engines, Linc coming along to take the rudder wheel; Vic stayed on deck with his poles to fend her off if necessary. Lauffnauer hadn't replaced the old deck gratings yet, and Vic had a job staying on deck. Then I started the diesels, Linc swung the rudder wheel, and we curved out to sea. Vic came down then, Lauffnauer still in the tower. We went a mile out, cruising back and forth along the coast for half a mile in either direction, testing the engines at various speeds, Linc and Vic getting used to the way the rudder responded. We had all our batteries, and we'd bought them charged, and after a time I ran the motors with them. We'd used up some of the battery charge, and not all of them had been charged to capacity in the first place. So I used the batteries for only a minute; they worked fine.

From time to time we flooded to just above negative buoyancy, then blew the tanks, testing them over and over. Then, finally, we made our first dive test—in twenty-five feet of water. Moreno had told us where to find clean bottom at that depth, and we sounded with a line and found it right away. We expected no trouble; the tanks had blown when we raised the sub; and in any case we could flood and escape at this depth without even using diving lungs. I threw out the engine clutch, Frank came down, closing the hatches behind him, and we flooded the tanks, very slowly. We sank then, the tanks not completely filled, at just below positive buoyancy, and the depth gauge worked. The needle moved to five, then ten, then fifteen feet; a moment or so afterward we felt the sub's keel nudge the bottom, and the needle stopped at twenty-six feet. We didn't move; we held our breaths, listening. But there was no sound of water, either inside the hull or from the ballast tanks. Then we moved through the sub, inspecting for leaks, and found none. We hadn't expected to; the sub, after all, had withstood the pressure of a hundred-foot depth for forty years. It was our work on the ballast-tank valves we'd come down to test; if the tanks wouldn't blow, we'd have to flood and escape, leaving the sunken submarine forever.

Finally Lauffnauer gave the word, Vic yanked the air-flask levers, and we heard the gush of sound—always wonderful to hear, always a relief—of sea water forced out by the rush of air into the tanks, and we felt the sub stir and saw the depth-gauge needle quiver and begin to move back, and knew we were rising. Vic shut off the air then, closed the valves, and I started the motors, as Lauffnauer and Vic took the fore and aft dive-plane wheels. Then, at just above negative buoyancy, we maneuvered the little submarine at a depth of about fifteen feet, Lauffnauer commanding. We rose toward the surface, then nosed down toward the bottom, the sub responding well, as Frank and Vic heaved at their wheels, Linc steering. We kept it up for only two minutes, then I shut down my motors; I wasn't risking running out of juice for the trip back. The sub rose of its own buoyancy then; we surfaced, and, as Lauffnauer broke open the hatches, we were grinning at each other. We still had other—and far more severe and dangerous—tests to make, but our submarine was operating so far, and we felt certain, in that moment, that it would continue to do so. Then I connected the diesels, started them and we headed for home. I wanted the batteries fully charged for the rest of our tests, and I hadn't yet had a chance to get chargers, so we were through for the day.

Moreno had two torpedoes ready when we got back and was working on a third; he'd already rowed out and dumped the TNT, he said, grinning up at me, as though I were the one who needed reassuring about that. He'd decided to convert all six, he said then; we were standing in the dock watching him. While we needed only one dummy, there was no point in depending on only one when we had five spares on hand. He'd convert them all, he said, and the rest of us agreed.

"Hugh," he said, glancing up at me, and I was surprised; his voice was pleasant and he even smiled agreeably. "This might be the best time to pick up your chargers and the rafts. Linc can go along to pick up his radio. . . . What's on your schedule, Frank?"

"I will make the new gratings. I can ride along to the village, order the two-by-fours and ride back with the lumber truck. I will buy paint, too, and bring it back on the truck, and I want to see if there is mail for me at the post office. I am expecting a letter sent general delivery"—and he grinned at us—"from Argentina."

"O.K." Sitting on the dock beside his partly assembled torpedo, Moreno nodded. "Hugh? . . . Linc? That O.K. with you?" he said, and we nodded. "Vic, maybe you could give Frank a hand on the deck gratings."

"Sure," Vic said, and Moreno yanked open the first couple of snap fasteners at the neck of his tan coveralls, then pulled out a little leather sack hanging from a chain around his neck. He took a thick roll of bills from the sack, carefully counted out seven hundred and fifty dollars, then handed it up to me.

"Bring back the change," he said, grinning, and I took it, not answering. Then Linc and I left to go up to the shack and get dressed for the city. I dressed in clean denims and work shirt; Rosa had washed and ironed them. Then I went out to wait while Linc washed and dressed.

Rosa had a cheese sandwich and a glass of milk ready for me, and I sat at the kitchen table eating, watching her prepare a sandwich for Linc. It was the first moment I'd been alone with her since I'd been at her house, and now I thought about last night and about my encounter with Moreno on my way home. Rosa was slicing Linc's sandwich in half, standing at the drainboard of the sink, wearing a high-necked yellow sweater, the sleeves pushed up over her elbows, a dark-green skirt and low-heeled shoes, her hair coiled in braids on top of her head; she looked very, very pretty. "Want to ride along, Rosa?" I said casually. "Spend a couple hours in New York?"

She swung around, her eyes lighting up; then she frowned and glanced out the window toward the dock.

"Listen," I said angrily, "are you marrying that guy? If you are, I wish you'd say so."

"He says I am." A slow, mischievous smile crept over her face. "He asked me again this morning—even before breakfast, as soon as I arrived. He told me, that is; this time he didn't ask."

"And what did you tell him?"

"Nothing." She shrugged. "I'm not ready to be married again; my husband is dead only four months. But in time I will marry again."

"Moreno?" I persisted.

"Maybe."

"Don't marry Moreno," I said, and Rosa smiled, her brows rising.

"Oh?" she said. "Are you proposing to me, then?"

"No, I'm not. But you can do a lot better than Moreno."

"And a lot worse!" she said suddenly, angrily, leaning toward me, her hands on her hips, her black eyes glittering. "You don't like him, but I could do much worse—a very great deal!"

I shrugged. "Suit yourself," I said, and just to irritate her, because I felt angry myself, I added, "You'll have plenty of money to console you, anyway."

She just laughed at me; a single, contemptuous snort of laughter. "Money," she said. "You are like children, all of you; Moreno too. I think I will not marry any of you; you are stupid. But, yes, I will go to New York with you."

Linc came out a moment later, wearing clean wash clothes. I yelled for Lauffnauer then, and a moment or so later, when he came plodding up the path, we all walked out, turning toward the back of the shack and the jeep. We climbed in and, as Lauffnauer approached the jeep, he glanced at Rosa beside me, then at me—warningly, his eyes narrowed—but he said nothing and got into the back with Linc.

We didn't do anything special in New York. At the first gas station outside the tunnel I stopped, and Linc and I copied half a dozen addresses each from the classified section of the phone book—radio- and auto-supply houses and a couple of surplus stores. I put Rosa in a cab then; she was going to Fifth Avenue, at Linc's suggestion, walk up it, and we'd pick her up at a spot in Central Park.

It took Linc and me a little over two hours to buy what we needed. I got my chargers right away, and then two small inflatable life rafts at a store in the same block. But Linc and I visited half a dozen radio-supply places before Linc—looking over radios, asking questions and pricing them—found what he wanted.

We picked up Rosa then—it was a little past five—and started back for the tunnel. She'd had a good time, she said.

It was dusk, almost dark, when we reached the shack, and Linc hopped right out, picked up the carton containing his radio, surprisingly small and compact, and carried it around the corner of the shack toward the dock. Then—I was startled, and had just time to wonder if she'd been thinking as I had—Rosa turned to me, lifting her arms easily and naturally, as though there were nothing else that could occur, and my arms slid around her, and I was kissing her. I held her tight to me and kissed her long and hard. When we stopped, it was only for an instant.

... ...

Rued Awakening

She dreamed of a knight in
bright armor,
Scoffed at mechanic and
clerk,
Eloped with a traveling
charmer,
And wakened, alack, with
a jerk.

Julian Brown

... ...

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Casters
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Then I was straining her to me, kissing her again, and it was wildly exciting, and I never wanted to stop.

But as suddenly as she'd begun, Rosa was pulling loose, and she leaned back against the door away from me, a hand rising to her hair, the other hand holding me off, and I got mad. "What the devil was that for?" I said.

"I don't know." She shrugged. "No reason. I just felt like it. Is everything you do for a reason? Perhaps I was just trying to find out how I feel; I cannot remain a widow forever, and I will remain one only as long as I feel like one." She frowned angrily. "Anyway, Ed Moreno doesn't own me. Not yet."

I grinned at her. "I guess that answers my question; you weren't kissing me, you were just defying Moreno."

"You think too much."

"Maybe; so let's quit thinking." I leaned toward her, putting an arm around her waist, drawing her toward me, and said, "No thinking now; this time it's just for the fun of it." She hesitated, frowning a little, then raised her arms, and I grabbed her to me and kissed her once more, this time long and lingeringly.

Then she broke loose, twisting suddenly and angrily from my arms. "This is stupid!" she said. "Like children! You don't love me! And I don't love you! You are nothing but a big, good-looking man, and I am ashamed of myself!"

I reached forward and put a hand on her arm. "Now who's thinking too much?" I said gently, smiling at her, and after a moment she smiled back, but grudgingly.

"There is lipstick on your face," she said shortly. "Wipe it off."

I reached for the handkerchief in my back pocket, then stopped. I don't know how I suddenly knew that Moreno was waiting somewhere in the almost complete darkness around us; I don't think there'd been a sound of any sort, though maybe there had been. But I knew, and I said, "You go on ahead. I've got to haul the rafts and chargers down to the dock."

Rosa nodded and got out, and before she reached the door of the shack, I opened my door and moved quickly out away from the jeep, onto the rut road and in the clear—crouched, turning, watching every direction. But Moreno didn't rush me. There were no stars, no moon, but there was still light, the very last of the day, high in the sky. And now the indistinct silhouette of Moreno's squat, powerful figure walked out from behind the shack. Then, in the faint light, I saw the dull shine of the knife in his hand.

I don't know anything about knife fighting beyond the little I've read here and there, which is that it can be highly skilled, a whole system of offensive and defensive lunges and parries. In any case, I didn't have a knife of my own. But I was certain Moreno was skilled with a knife; the very way he held it, walking slowly toward me, seemed professional and deadly. Standing half crouched, my hands out and open, watching him move closer, I knew that this time there'd be no talking, that he was going to use that knife to kill me if he could.

I was—quietly and with utter calm—very frightened. I don't think my pulse beat even increased; I couldn't let my fear affect me. If I were going to survive the next minute, I had to be as deadly and purposely thoughtful as the man with the knife—not four yards away now—walking toward me, the haft in his fist held at stomach level, the blade pointing at me. Now, silently, not saying a word, he was ten feet away, and I whirled and ran—purposely awkward and stumbling, simulating blind panic. I ran three or four steps up the road away from the shack, then darted a look over my shoulder. Moreno was running hard after me, but not gaining, and I stumbled again, my outthrust hand brushing the tall grass beside the rut as though I were about to fall, letting him come closer.

Then, my feet pounding in the dry, powdery dust of the deep rut, I stooped, still running, grabbed up a thick handful of dust and whirled to face Moreno. Very fast, but with absolutely careful aim, I shot my arm out, opening my fist, and flung the handful of dust squarely into Moreno's face. He came after me still, but stumbling, blinded, his free hand swiping across his eyes, and as I backed carefully away, maintaining a yard's distance between us, he began to curse, not loudly. He was shaking his head violently, eyes blinking rapidly, the knife still outthrust, and now I kicked. With all my strength, aiming with the very point of my toe, my foot flashed upward and the blunt tip of my work shoe caught his hand squarely. The force of it flung his arm straight overhead, the knife flashing up out of his hand. Then I hit him, with every ounce of force I had, aiming for the belly, but missing and catching him squarely in the chest, knocking him over and rolling.

He continued to roll, very quickly, out of my way and onto his knees and feet, arms and fists out, low and in front of his belly as he crouched. He was blinking still—I could see the whites of his eyes—but I knew from the way he moved that he could see, and I stood waiting for him.

We fought then for a long time—through many minutes, though I don't know how many. We swung at each other's jaws, and struck a shoulder bone instead, or grazed a head, or missed completely, stumbling against each other and struggling frantically for balance, feet sliding. We clinched awkwardly, holding each other up. We grunted with effort, heaving for breath. We both went down again and again, half knocked down by a blow, half stumbling and falling.

The fight didn't end at all; it just dwindled to a stop. We were standing in the darkness pressed against each other, arms hanging onto each other, and I think that if either of us had been able to step aside, the other would have fallen on his face in the road.

We couldn't talk; we stood slumped together, holding each other erect, the breath actually whistling in our throats, chests swelling and collapsing in struggle for air. Our shirts were soaked with sweat. Moments passed, then we staggered apart and stood swaying, staring at each other. Then—not a word had been spoken—we stumbled down the road toward the shack, arms actually around each other's waist holding ourselves up.

Rosa was alone in the cabin, standing at the sink rinsing dishes. As we stumbled in through the door, she turned to look at us, and her eyes widened, but she didn't ask needless questions. She swung around, yanked two chairs out from the kitchen table and pulled them to the sink, gesturing at them with her head. We sat down, fell into them actually, and Rosa took two clean dish towels from the little shelf over the sink made of an old crate nailed to the wall. Soaking them under the tap, she said, "Take off your shirts," and we each began fumbling at them. The tails were out long since, the shirts ripped and grass-stained, most of the buttons missing. But they were wet and clinging with sweat; neither of us could get ours off, and Rosa helped us.

Then Moreno and I slumped in our chairs, heads resting on the backs, our faces upturned, still gasping. Rosa stood before us, a wrung-out towel in each hand and washed our faces—roughly and mercilessly, not sparing the bruises. She flung the towels in our laps then, telling us to sponge ourselves off, and stood, her weight on one hip, arms folded on her chest, grinning down at us. "Idiots," she said. "*Stupidi!* Look at you; like pigs in the mud. I wouldn't touch either of you with gloves. Clean yourselves up!" Then she walked out.

We mopped away at our chests and arms for a little time, our breathing quieting down. Then Moreno said, "You're out of condition, lieutenant; if you could of gone one more round you could of killed me."

"One more round would have killed me," I muttered, glancing up at him; then our eyes met, and Moreno grinned.

"I was mad," he said. "Really mad. I'd of killed you." He smiled and shook his head. "But the fight must of drained it out of me; I got nothin' left now. Maybe it's Rosa who needs a boot in the tail."

I nodded. "I wouldn't be surprised."

We were silent for a moment; I wanted a cigarette, but didn't feel like moving. Then Moreno said quietly, "Let's cut it out now; that all right with you? There's too much at stake to fool around."

"Suits me." I nodded.

"O.K. It's my fault; I'm crazy jealous. I can't help it. But I got no real claim on Rosa. It's your fault, too, for stirring things up. Now let's stay on the job; Frank's heard from Argentina, the news is good and we're about ready to roll."

"What's he heard?" I asked.

Moreno grinned, but he didn't answer directly. He heaved himself out of the chair with his hands, like an old man, then stepped to the open door and yelled down to the dock. "Frank! . . . Vic. . . . Linc! Come on up here; Brittain's back!"

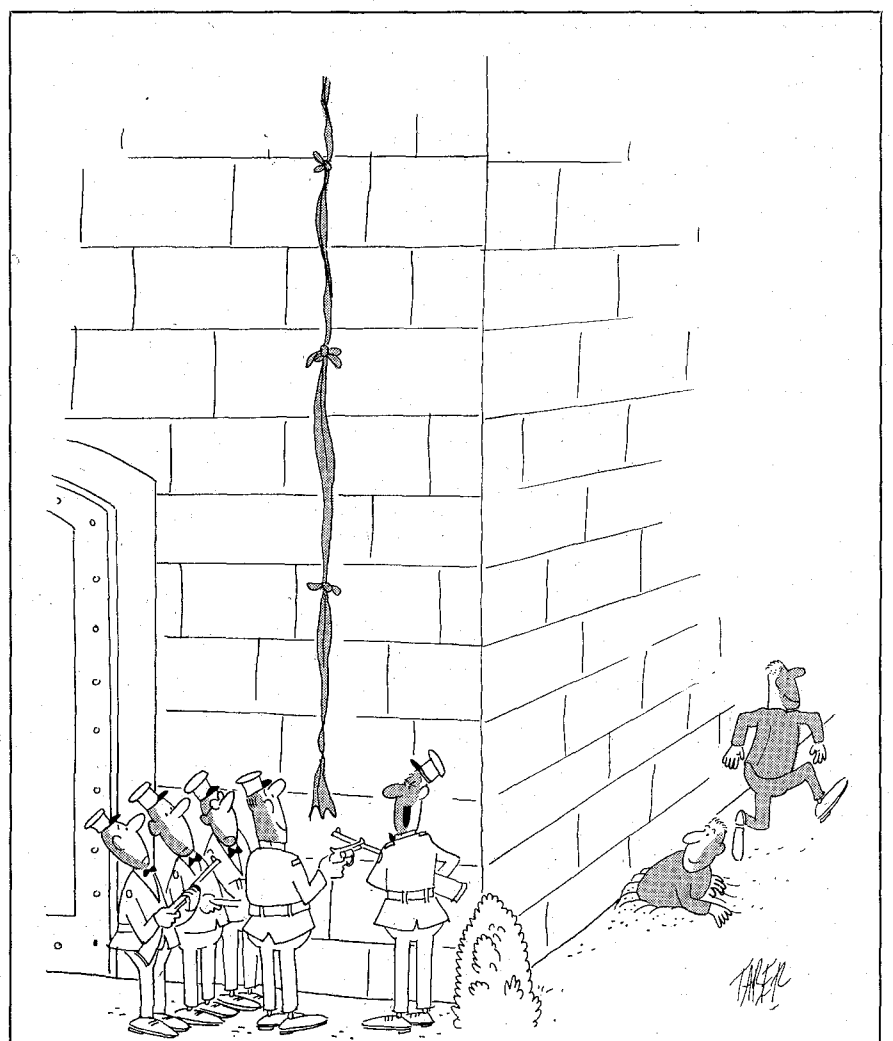
He waited at the door. Then we heard the murmured voices and the scrape of shoes on the rocky path. They came in then, glancing curiously from my face to Moreno's, but no one saying anything. Frank pulled an opened envelope from the hip pocket of his denim work pants, dropped it in my lap, and I picked it up. It was addressed to Frank, care of general delivery at the local post office and bore a canceled Argentine stamp, the envelope imprinted for airmail in both English and Spanish. I pulled out the letter inside, and there were four snapshots lying in the fold. I picked them up, and Frank reached for the letter in my hand. "This is in German," he said. "I will tell you what it says." Then he stood waiting as I studied the photographs, and Linc came around to the back of my chair to study them, too, over my my shoulder.

The top one was best; it showed a man lying back in a lounge chair, wearing shorts and some sort of pull-over jersey, and reading a book. In the background were plants, a short palm tree, and a high garden wall of whitewashed brick or perhaps adobe. The snapshot was about three by five inches and a good one. The sun struck the man's face from the side and well overhead; he wasn't squinting, and the features were clear. It was the heavy face of a man in his early fifties, with a full head of dark hair turning gray at the sides; and I felt I would know him if I saw him.

The others were clear, too, but taken at greater distances and from different angles. They'd all been taken at the same time obviously; the man lying back in his chair, reading in the garden. I looked up at Frank, and he nodded at the photographs in my hands. "This is Reinhold Kroll," he said, "reading peacefully in the garden of his villa in a Buenos Aires suburb only a few days ago." He grinned suddenly. "You will know him when you see him?"

I grinned, too, and nodded. "Yeah," I said. "These are good." And I handed the snaps up to Frank. "Who took them?"

Frank nodded at the letter in his hand. "Walther, the man who writes me. He is employed in the Kroll household; he is there twelve (*Continued on Page 108*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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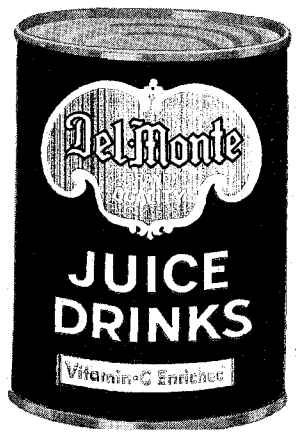

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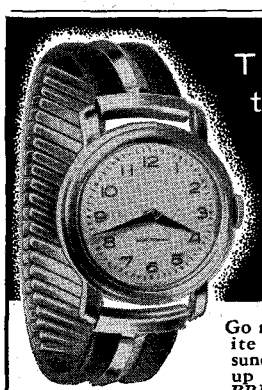

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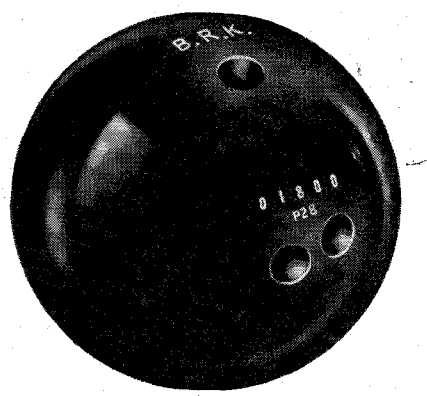

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Offer good in continental U.S. only, until December 31, 1959. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
824 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

(*Continued from Page 106*) days now, as a sort of houseman. Highly recommended to *Herr* Kroll"—Frank grinned again—"by a man who quit suddenly two weeks ago. Walther took his photographs from inside the house through windows above the garden; he is a competent man."

Frank opened the letter and began scanning the angular script. "Kroll comes to New York at some time in the next two days, Walther says. He will fly from Buenos Aires, bringing his trunk, in a private plane belonging to a friend—simply to visit New York, as far as American officials are concerned, and entering on his own Argentine passport. But actually he will leave the United States almost immediately, using the name and American passport of someone else. This is all Walther has been able to learn; whose passport this will be, he does not know, but Kroll does not have it now. He will receive it in New York; Walther does not know where, or where he will stay. Walther gives his description." Frank looked down at his letter again. "Kroll is of medium height, weighs about a hundred and sixty pounds, a little heavy in the belly, and he has brown eyes and black hair, turning gray at the sides and back." He looked up, glancing around at all of us. "We will find him all right."

"Yeah," I said, "if he's there to find. What if he flies, Frank? And why shouldn't he? He's flying here; why not all the way? Why come to New York at all, in fact? Why not go directly from Buenos Aires?"

"No." Frank shook his head, smiling a little. "He must come to New York in order to leave on an American passport—with hundreds of other American tourists, inconspicuously and secretly under a false name. Reinhold Kroll cannot openly leave Argentina directly for Europe; he might not be welcomed on the other side. Nor can he fly from New York in a commercial plane; it is impossible; Walther has heard this discussed a little." I raised my brows questioningly, and Frank softly explained. "The trunk, Hugh; it is too big, too heavy. You are allowed only hand luggage to keep with you on a commercial plane overseas; the trunk he would have to send separately by air freight, and undoubtedly not even on the same plane. And this is unthinkable; Kroll will not do that. The trunk must be with him at all times." Frank smiled. "Do not worry; he will not fly past New York. He will travel as arranged, Walther assures me."

Very softly Linc murmured, "So we're all set," almost as though he'd never quite believed, until now, that we would be. Then, while Rosa began fixing supper, Frank, Vic and I studied the photographs, passing them around among us, memorizing the heavy face of Reinhold Kroll.

We worked that night, but only till about ten. Frank had knocked together a set of deck gratings during the afternoon, and now, propping them up against the end of the dock, he and Vic began to paint them—black. And I rigged my chargers down in the sub and got them started. But mostly we just wandered through the sub, looking her over, fooling with this or that, not doing much of anything, really. There wasn't much left to do any more, and we had two more days and nights left; this was May fourteenth, and we were to sail on the morning of the seventeenth.

We tested the sub around noon the next day. We moved out as before, this time towing the rowboat, and found a hundred feet, sounding with the boat's anchor line. Then Vic and I climbed into the boat, untied her and rowed clear. Moreno was back at the dock finishing up his torpedoes; Lauffnauer and Linc were going to make a stationary test dive.

Linc climbed down, and we heard the hatch slam after him. Then, waiting a hundred and fifty yards clear, Vic and I saw the deck lower and disappear; then the water crept up the rusting side of the tower and closed over it. We waited—five minutes, then six, then seven. Suddenly the water boiled, continued to boil, and the conning tower broke surface, then the decks, the water gurgling from the sub's drain holes. Linc broke open the hatch then and waved his arms, hands clasped together, and we paddled over to her.

She'd tested out as we'd expected, yet after the sub was back in the dock, drying from black to dull orange again, I stood staring down at her with the others, wondering what was going to happen out in the ocean in this little boat far beyond any help. She was so little! Standing on the dock beside her, I knew I could jump over onto her bow and actually make her bob in the water from my weight. "Damn it!" I said, swinging angrily to the others. "Let's get this thing painted so it at least looks like a sub!"

Moreno, standing beside me, arms folded on his chest, nodded. "Yeah," he said, and grinned, "I'll feel better too. You get the paint, Frank?" Frank nodded, and Moreno said, "We'll paint her today, soon as she's dry, right after lunch. Maybe the paint'll help hold her together."

The next day, the sixteenth, there was almost nothing to do. We'd painted her the day before, right down to the water line at low tide, using ordinary gray house paint and just slapping it on; we didn't care how long it lasted.

Around three in the afternoon we loaded the torpedoes in, lowering them down into the sub one at a time with the chain hoist in the dock, then manhandling them forward until we could lift them with the sub's hoist in the forward compartment. We loaded the first two right into the firing tubes, and Moreno scratched an X into the paint just above one of the tubes. "This is the one we'll try first," he said. "I think it's in the best condition."

Then suddenly, in the late afternoon, there was nothing more to do. Rosa brought down a plastic hamper full of waxed-paper-wrapped sandwiches, fruit and cookies. And she had three vacuum bottles washed and drying on the drainboard of the sink, ready to fill with hot coffee in the morning. At supper we ate almost in silence, each of us quiet with thought. When Rosa had finished the dishes, she and Moreno set up an extra cot, in the kitchen; Rosa was staying here tonight. Then Moreno, Linc and Rosa began a rummy game, sitting on a cot, dealing the cards out on a blanket, while Vic, Frank and I lay on our cots.

But around nine-thirty the rummy game died, and Moreno stood up. "Let's have a drink," he said, and Rosa got our half-filled whisky bottle from a cupboard. Standing in the little kitchen area then, we all had a drink—straight, without ice or water. "Here's luck," Vic said. Moreno growled, "We'll sure need it." And we all grinned wryly and tossed the drinks down.

Then Moreno set his glass on the wooden drainboard of the sink. "Celebration's over," he said. "In bed now—everybody." From his pocket he brought out a little brown-tinted bottle, unscrewed the white plastic top and began shaking the little capsules it contained toward the bottle mouth. "Here," he said, offering them around. "These are sedatives; I want a full night's sleep for everybody," and we all held out our palms. I was glad to have one; I was wide-eyed and tense—rigid—with excitement, and sleep would have been impossible without it. We went to bed then, sleeping half dressed; Rosa in her black slacks and sweater, sleeping fully dressed; and before ten o'clock the little shack was silent. Then I was asleep.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Pigskin Preview (Continued from Page 33)

rather have seven points and let the other team try for eight points any time. Quite a few games were lost last year trying for two extra points."

This season it's easier to get specialists into the game. Any time the clock is stopped, a single substitute may enter. In group substitutions, however, each player is still limited to two appearances per quarter. Most coaches will train kickers, passers and punt returners as "opportunity" substitutes. A few may experiment with a three-platoon system similar to the one which Paul Dietzel of Louisiana State employed so effectively and colorfully last year.

Probably the most popular rules change is one limiting any penalty to one half the yardage from the enforcement spot to the offending team's goal line. It eliminates the gift touchdown which resulted so often when a team was penalized to its one-yard line. Henceforth, too, there's this novel option after touchdown: if a team makes good a one-point kick from the three-yard line and there is a violation by the defense, it can decline the score and try for two points with a run or pass from the one-and-a-half-yard line.

Any frill to make the college game more exciting is welcomed particularly by those schools so situated as to compete directly with professional football for fans. Notre Dame plans a delayed Sunday-afternoon telecast of all its games, condensed to forty minutes of action on video tape. A big audience is expected in the Chicago area where, with two National Football League teams, there is always a pro game at home—and thus always a pro television blackout.

Army is returning to New York City for the first time since 1953 to play its initial game with the Air Force Academy. California, U.C.L.A., Southern California, Washington and Stanford, now operating as the Athletic Association of Western Universities, following the demise of the Pacific Coast Conference, hope the scheduling of more national opponents will increase their home crowds.

There are stirrings at some of the schools which have dropped football. Santa Clara, once a big-time power, is resuming the sport on a basis described as "simple and for fun." Vic Obeck, athletic director at New York University, is "convinced we can restore the game." John P. Netherton, dean of students at the University of Chicago, recently told students and alumni, "I feel that football has a unique value as a spectator sport in this country. A college ought to give a student access to this experience." There is reason to believe that even Massachusetts Institute of Technology may field a team within the next few years.

University of Missouri alumni established a precedent by insuring themselves against losing their coach. They gave Dan Devine a $150,000 life-insurance policy. If he leaves the job voluntarily, he forfeits all interest in the policy; if he's fired, he retains an equity. 'Tis a pity that a Pigskin Previewer, on the brink of rating the teams and players, can't take out some sort of insurance.

EAST

No. 1 Team: Army.

Runners-Up: Syracuse, Penn State, Navy, Pittsburgh, Boston College, Holy Cross, Boston U., Rutgers, Villanova, Colgate.

Ivy League Champion: Dartmouth.

Runners-Up: Princeton, Cornell, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Yale, Brown, Columbia.

Best of Rest: Lafayette, Lehigh, Buffalo, Gettysburg, Delaware, Bucknell, Hofstra, Cortland State, Muhlenberg, Rochester, Geneva, Hamilton, Hobart, Ithaca, Carnegie Tech, Franklin and Marshall, West Chester, Juniata, Lycoming, Westminster, Scranton, Pennsylvania Military College, Western Maryland, Lock Haven, Bloomsburg State, Moravian, Johns Hopkins, Haverford, King's Point, Grove City, Susquehanna, Swarthmore.

New England: Connecticut, Brandeis, Northeastern, Maine, Tufts, Rhode Island, Trinity, Williams, Amherst, New Haven State, Worcester Tech, Coast Guard, Colby, Vermont, Massachusetts, Bates, Middlebury, Wesleyan.

In sharpest focus here are two of the nation's youngest new head coaches—Dale Hall, thirty-five, of Army, and Wayne Hardin, thirty-two, of Navy, both moving up from staff assistants. Army set West Point records last season for passes completed and yardage gained as Col. Earl Blaik, one of the game's great innovators, produced the academy's first unbeaten team since 1949, then announced his retirement. With the East's most effective passer in quarterback Joe Caldwell and an All-American halfback in versatile Bob Anderson, Hall plans to pass even more in further exploiting Blaik's "lonely end" formation. But on occasion the opposite end might replace Capt. Bill Carpenter as the lonely one. Can you captain a team and never be in the offensive huddle? Carpenter at least must develop a two-way communication if he is to exert some of the influence within the huddle that Pete Dawkins did last year in improvising dramatically effective plays.

Navy revised its offense in spring practice and determined to utilize three platoons this fall, making the most of two senior quarterbacks, Joe Tranchini and Jim Maxfield. The sudden resignation in April of Coach Eddie Erdelatz didn't change this plan. Clearly, the Annapolis brass considered Erdelatz unsympathetic

Next Mail

By Thomas John Carlisle

Until or for the next mail
literally I live
To see what sliver of life will
be addressed to me.

A machine not of my
acquaintance stamped my
name
On one of one million
once-in-a-lifetime offers.

A magazine I paid for brings
me word
Of worlds I visit from an easy
chair.

A statement sternly notes an
amount I owe.
A postal card announces
another meeting.

O courier, discover in your
generous pouch
That message singular, private,
intimate, and mine.

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Jewelite FREE
Ladies' Hairbrush & Comb

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PRO DOUBLE DUTY
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Buy the two Pro Double Duty Tooth Brushes shown—one with Nylon bristles—the other, Nylon and natural bristle center. Use both for 30 days, then write Pro Brush Co., telling which brush you prefer, and why. Enclose both labels and coupon on the package. Pro will send you the Roll Wave Jewelite Hairbrush & Comb Set above—regular retail value, $4.50—absolutely FREE! Offer expires October 31, 1959.

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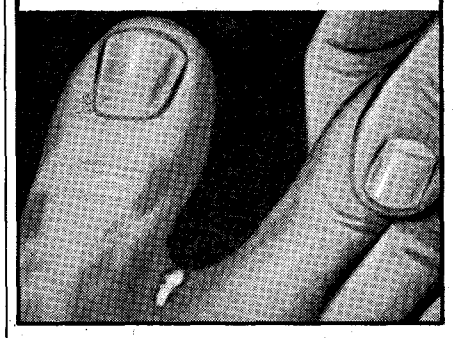
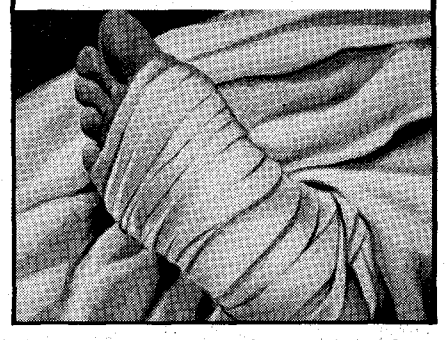


BECOMES THIS!



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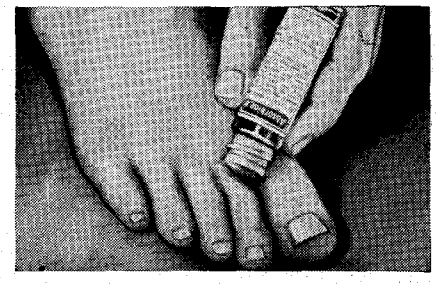

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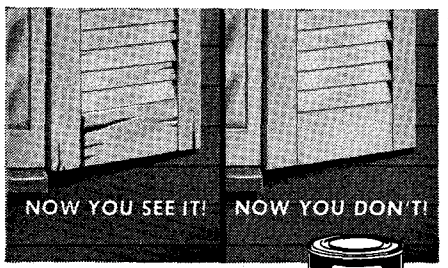

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with Navy's problems, while he resented the fact that certain privileges extended to his football players had been terminated.

Syracuse returns twenty-five of its first thirty-three Orange Bowl squadmen; and in rookie halfback Ernie Davis the Orangemen may have "another Jim Brown," but there is no proved quarterback. Penn State has a good one, Richie Lucas, but lacks a go-all-the-way runner and a reliable linebacker. Pittsburgh is slow; even end Mike Ditka's pass catching and punting hardly can stave off four or five defeats. Boston College is thin at the tackle posts. Holy Cross, with sharpshooter Tommy Greene gone, will be more of a running team. Boston University lost only three of its 1958 starters and adds capable sophomores. Rutgers, last season's major-college scoring leader with 301 points, misses brilliant halfback Bill Austin, yet still can move the ball. Villanova is unusually well fortified at guards and tackles. Colgate beckoned Coach Alva Kelley from Brown to revitalize its Red Raiders.

Dartmouth, strong up the middle and blessed with a superb runner in Jake Crouthamel, is a solid favorite to retain the Ivy League championship. Princeton counts heavily on an injury-free Dan Sachs at tailback; he is one of seven returning regulars. Cornell fields the Ivy's most formidable line. Harvard's intact backfield accounts for its strongest challenge in ten years. Pennsylvania is vulnerable at guards and tackles. Yale still has quarterback worries. At Brown, where twenty-one seniors were graduated, new Coach John McLaughry has twenty-three September working days to put in his sidesaddle T. Columbia's comeback is jarred by captain and tackle Brian Dennehy's midsummer decision to quit school.

Lafayette's Middle Atlantic Conference title hopes center on the line crashing of fullback Don Nikles—Lehigh's, on its resolute defense. Buffalo, which earned the 1958 Lambert Trophy as the East's No. 1 small-college team, has another strong team. Rochester tries to extend a nine-game winning streak accomplished by a squad of only twenty-seven, eighteen of whom had academic scholarships, none athletic scholarships.

EASTERN STARS: Linemen—M. Ditka (e), Pittsburgh; R. Davis (g), Syracuse; Carpenter (e) and Usry (e), Army; Dunn (c), Navy; Simms (e), Rutgers; Prebola (e), Boston U.; Popp (g), Penn State; Ball (t), Boston College; Promuto (g), Holy Cross; Berlinger (e), Pennsylvania; Pyle (c), Yale; Szvetecz (c), Princeton; Badger (e), New Haven State; LeClerc (c), Trinity.

Backs—Anderson and Caldwell, Army; Lucas, Penn State; Crouthamel, Dartmouth; Tranchini and Bellino, Navy; Boulris, Harvard; Toncic, Pittsburgh; Sachs, Princeton; Choquette, Brown; Schwedes, Syracuse; Nikles, Lafayette; Evans, Buffalo; Davidyock, Gettysburg; Turner, Delaware; Terhes, Bucknell; Horan, Connecticut; Stegeman, Williams; Greene, Vermont; Kelly, Johns Hopkins.

Sophomores—E. Davis (b), Syracuse; Kuhns (t), Army; Huffman (c) and Kochman (b), Penn State; Vignali (g), Pittsburgh; Kirouac (e), Boston College; Swinford (g), Harvard; Lepeska (g), Dartmouth; Wisner (b), Yale; Graham (g), Brown; McKelvey (b), Cornell; Warren (b), Columbia; Doleschal (b), Lafayette; A. Ditka (b), Bucknell; Taylor (b), Lehigh; Thompson (t), Tufts.

SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE CHAMPION: North Carolina.

RUNNERS-UP: Clemson, South Carolina, Duke.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE CHAMPION: West Virginia.

RUNNER-UP: Virginia Tech.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Maryland, North Carolina State, Wake Forest, Virginia.

BEST OF REST: Citadel, V.M.I., Richmond, William and Mary, Davidson, Furman, George Washington, Lenoir-Rhyne, Presbyterian, Newberry, East Carolina, Appalachian State, Catawba, Randolph-Macon, Emory and Henry, Guilford, Hampden-Sydney, Washington and Lee, Maryland State, South Carolina State.

Coach Jim Tatum, prior to his sudden death July twenty-third, had spread the word that this should be North Carolina's year. He termed his five quarterbacks, headed by Jack Cummings, "the finest group I've ever had." They'll operate a new "swinging end" formation behind a rugged line. If the Tar Heels hurdle the defending Atlantic Coast Conference champions, Clemson, in their opening game, they could make Tatum's dream come true.

Clemson, too, has exceptional quarterbacks in Harvey White and Lowndes Shingler, who are among twenty-three returning lettermen. However, the Tigers are dangerously shallow at fullback. The top fullback in the league is John Saunders of South Carolina, first in rushing and first in blocking. He and aggressive tackle Ed Pitts typify the Gamecocks' vigor. Duke, strong in the middle of the line, has backfield problems. The Blue Devils will run less, pass and punt more, trying to better last year's five-five record. Maryland's key operative in new Coach Tom Nugent's offense is star 1957-58 guard Rod Breedlove, switched to right halfback because of his quickness, blocking ability and pass receiving. North Carolina State, returning only four regulars, may exhibit the best sophomore quarterback in the land in tall Roman Gabriel, the Sammy Baugh type. Wake Forest depends upon an above-average backfield to break its six-game losing streak. Hapless Virginia, scoring only fifty-nine points in the last eight games against their opponents' 269, reverses the popular trend by dropping the wing T for the ball-control split T.

The Southern Conference, like the A.C.C., abounds in sparkling sophomores, especially backs. Depleted West Virginia relies on newcomers to extend its streak of twenty-eight league victories. Virginia Tech's improved ground attack should ease some of the pressure on expert pass catcher Carroll Dale. William and Mary boasts its best all-round backfield in recent years, V.M.I., although returning only one regular, believes in its air attack. Citadel's prime gun is quarterback Jerry Nettles. Richmond offers the unusual sight of ex-tackle Pat Lamberti at fullback. Davidson is strongest at ends and tackles. Furman fields thirty-nine sophomores. George Washington rebuilds the middle of its line. Wofford's unusual offense sends fullback Jim Dunn in motion on every play, as decoy, blocker, pass receiver—or ultimate ball carrier.

SOUTHERN STARS: Linemen—Stallings (t), Mueller (g) and Goldstein (e), North Carolina; Pitts (t), South Carolina; McGee (g), Duke; Dale (e), Virginia Tech; Cordileone (t), Clemson; Schwarz (g), Maryland; Minyard (t), North Carolina State; Manning (e), Wake Forest; Boone (c), Richmond; Lashley (t), William and Mary.

Backs—Saunders, South Carolina; Cummings and Klochak, North Carolina; White and Cline, Clemson; Snead, Wake Forest; Dempsey, Virginia; Horner, V.M.I.; Breedlove, Maryland; Nettles, Citadel; Benson, Davidson; Raines, Emory and Henry.

Sophomores—Gabriel (b), North Carolina State; Bargeloh (b), West Virginia; Gassert (t), Virginia; Ferris (b), North Carolina; Houser (b), Maryland; Hunter (b), South Carolina; Reiley (b), Wake Forest; Barnes (e), Clemson; Wright (b), Duke; Hale (b), William and Mary; Speck (b), Virginia Tech; Otey (e), Emory and Henry; Whitlock (b), Wofford; Stoudt (b), Richmond.

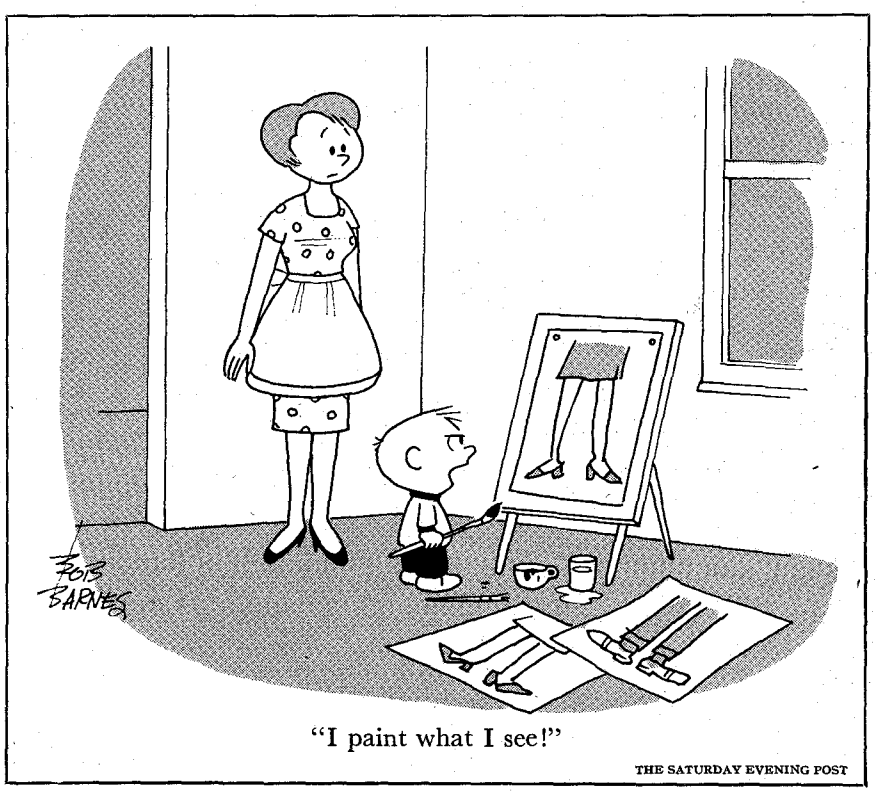
SOUTHEAST

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Auburn.

RUNNERS-UP: L.S.U., Mississippi.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Florida, Georgia Tech, Vanderbilt, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Mississippi State, Tulane.

BEST OF REST: Miami, Florida State, Mississippi Southern, Memphis State, Louisiana Tech, Middle Tennessee State, Chattanooga, Tennessee Tech, Northwestern Louisiana, Southwestern Louisiana, McNeese State, Southeastern Louisiana, East Tennessee State, Western Kentucky, Florence (*Continued on Page 112*)



"I paint what I see!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A MISSISSIPPI PINE is about to topple as future utility poles are cut on an L. N. Dantzler Lumber Company tract, near Perkinston. With 110,000 acres of forestland—under a scientific reforestation program—Dantzler is the state's largest independent tree farmer.

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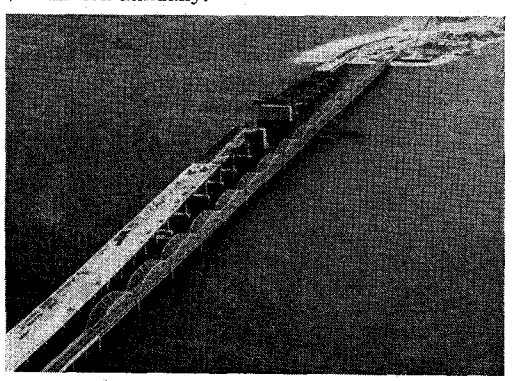

NEW LANDMARK OF PROGRESS is the nearly-completed, four-lane bridge across St. Andrew Bay—built to handle the increasing traffic flow between fast-growing Panama City, Florida, and its 23 miles of beaches. The bay is part of the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway, from Brownsville, Texas, to St. Marks, Florida. The new span is seen at the left of the existing bridge.

KING AND QUEEN OF MARDI GRAS, in Mobile, Alabama, are shown at their coronation during this year's 128th annual celebration. A time of general gaiety, Mardi Gras celebration in this country was originated in Mobile. The day climaxes several weeks of festive parades and colorful balls, held by "mystic" societies. Gracious Venetia Barney and Dan Van Antwerp were 1959 rulers.

A PICNIC IN FEBRUARY is enjoyed by the William T. Price family—newcomers to Dixie. Originally from California, Bill Price is a nuclear engineer specialist, assigned to Lockheed-operated Georgia Nuclear Laboratories at Dawsonville. With job, shopping centers and schools only minutes away from their lakeside home, the Prices find life in North Georgia ideal.

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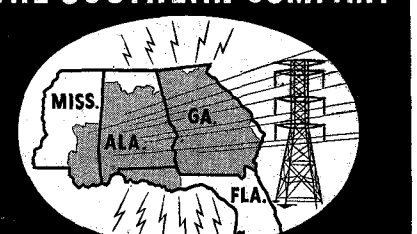
In Dixie's golden cycle of progress The Southern Company and its operating affiliates — Alabama, Georgia, Gulf and Mississippi Power Companies and Southern Electric Generating Company—have expanded steadily to supply power needs in the four-state service area. They are now engaged in a $500-million, three-year construction program to meet future requirements.

The last half of the twentieth century belongs to the South!

THE SOUTHERN COMPANY



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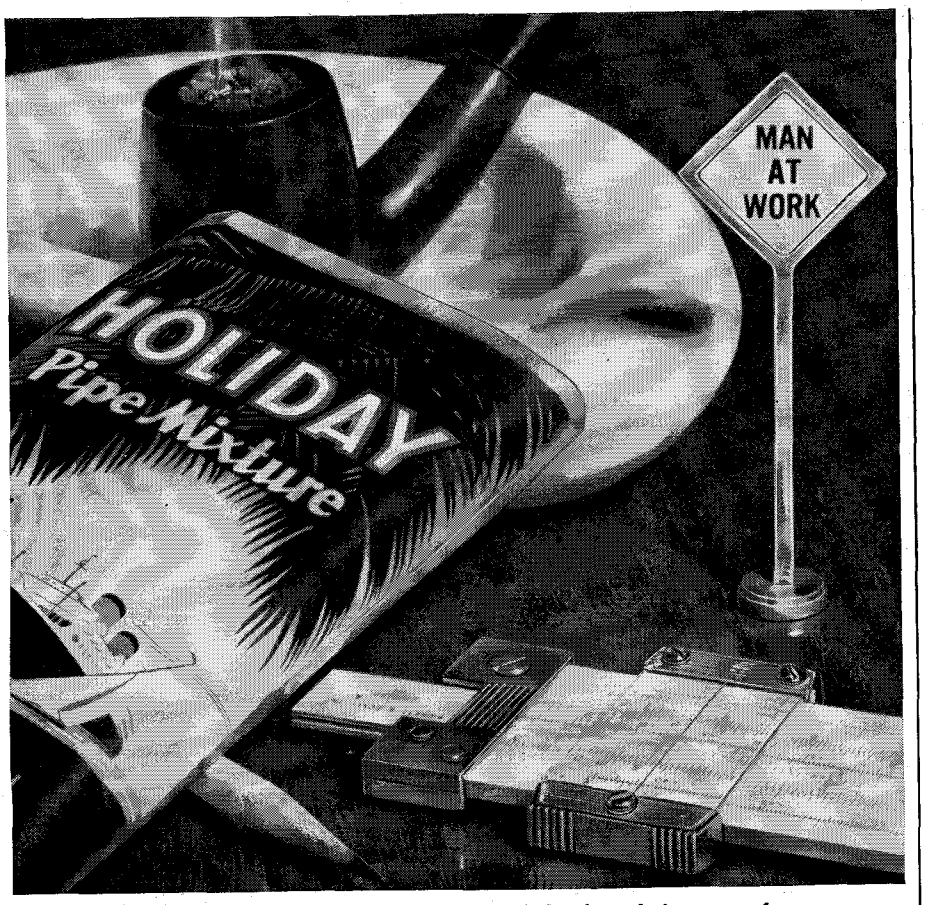

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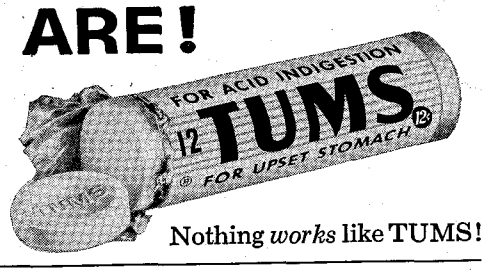

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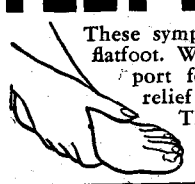
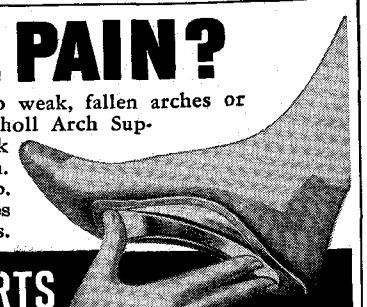


These symptoms are nearly always traceable to weak, fallen arches or flatfoot. With exercise and the proper Dr. Scholl Arch Support for that condition, you'll have quick relief and enjoy real walking ease again. Thin, light, flexible. $2.00 pair, up. Expertly fitted at Shoe, Dept. Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops.



Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort® Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble

(*Continued from Page 110*) State, Louisville, Tampa, Eastern Kentucky, Murray State, Jacksonville State, Sewanee, Austin Peay, Mississippi College, Florida A. & M., Tennessee A. & I. State.

For any team to finish on top other than Auburn, L.S.U. or Mississippi would stun the Southeastern Conference. L.S.U. sustains exceptional spirit in thirty-one returning lettermen, all rated first-stringers last year, when Paul Dietzel operated with three separate units: the White team, playing both offense and defense; the Go team, offense; and the Chinese Bandits, defense. If anything, this year's L.S.U. squad is better equipped than the 1958 national-championship team.

For speed, All-American Billy Cannon and associates can be approached only by Mississippi's fast steppers and quick hitters, who'll be bent on retaliation October thirty-first after losing to L.S.U. last year for the first time since 1950. Enormous Auburn, playing neither L.S.U. nor Mississippi, figures to extend its streak of twenty-four games without defeat, mainly on fresh scoring punch from stellar sophomores plus continued superior defense, spearheaded by center Jackie Burkett and guard Zeke Smith.

Florida blends a veteran line with a young, versatile backfield. Georgia Tech, still not enthusiastically readjusted to having the same man play both offense and defense, counts on more muscle at tackle and added striking power at fullback. Vanderbilt, surprising fourth-place finisher last year, is stout at ends and tackles, and harnesses one of the league's most consistent gainers in workhorse halfback Tom Moore. Both Alabama and Kentucky will attempt to alternate three platoons in a manner similar to L.S.U.'s. Kentucky strives to turn loose breakaway threat Calvin Bird, junior speedster. Alabama again will be tough under forcible Coach Paul Bryant, the great rehabilitator. Tennessee, bigger than usual up front, trusts new tailback talent to soup up its single-wing attack.

Georgia has no first-rate fullback since converted center Dave Lloyd's defection to the professional Cleveland Browns, but may recapture a share of its old glory on improved passing. Mississippi State, foremost S.E.C. flop of '58, tries the double-wing formation against a killer schedule. Tulane, although better balanced, misses quarterback Richie Petitbon, who signed with the Chicago Bears.

Miami, booking top national attractions for its cosmopolitan audience, will be underdog in eight of its ten games. The Hurricanes might also fizzle against up-and-coming Florida State, now coached by Perry Moss, former Miami assistant. Mississippi Southern, returning only four regulars from its unbeaten, untied team, will be quarterbacked by a celebrated transfer, Don Fuell, key figure in Auburn's present probation by the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

SOUTHEASTERN STARS: Linemen—Z. Smith (g), Burkett (c) and Rice (t), Auburn; Fugler (c), L.S.U.; Terrell (g) and Kirk (c), Mississippi; Hudson (e) and Cox (g), Florida; Wagner (t) and Akin (e), Vanderbilt; Schaffer (t), Tennessee; Baughan (c) and Burch (e), Georgia Tech; Suggs (t), Mississippi State; Cochran (g), Alabama; Mueller (e), Kentucky; Roland (g) and Dye (g), Georgia; Painter (t), Tulane; McInnis (e), Mississippi Southern; Romeo (e), Florida State; Booth (e), Northwestern Louisiana; Thomas (t), Tennessee Tech; Turley (e), Louisville; Garris (e), Louisiana Tech.

Backs—Cannon, Robinson and Rabb, L.S.U.; Moore, Vanderbilt; Franklin and Flowers, Mississippi; Faucette, Georgia Tech; Bird, Kentucky; Milby and Deal, Florida; Brown, Georgia; Curci, Miami; Pickard, Florida State; Pettus, Auburn; Colon, Tulane; Purvis, Middle Tennessee.

Sophomores—Hunt (b) and Gross (t), Auburn; R. Smith (e) and Laird (b), Mississippi; Harris (b), Gros (b) and Booth (g), L.S.U.; Causey (c) and D. Jones (b), Florida; Gann (b) and Powell (e), Georgia Tech; Neighbors (t) and Trammel (b), Alabama; Goode (c), Kentucky; Glass (b) and Shields (b), Tennessee; Murray (t), Vanderbilt; Cornett (b) and Spinella (g), Tulane; Hill (b), Mississippi State; Wright (b), Memphis State.

MIDDLE WEST

BIG TEN COCHAMPIONS: Purdue, Wisconsin.

RUNNERS-UP: Ohio State, Northwestern, Michigan State.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota.

NO. 1 INDEPENDENT: Notre Dame.

BEST OF REST: Miami U., Marquette, Detroit, Bowling Green, Kent State, Xavier, Dayton, Toledo, Marshall, Wittenberg, Heidelberg, Western Michigan, Ohio U., Central Michigan, Baldwin-Wallace, Muskingum, Denison, Ohio Wesleyan, Akron, Otterbein, Western Reserve, Capital, Wooster, Marietta, Hope, Hillsdale, Hiram, Oberlin, St. Olaf, Wheaton, Albion, Carleton, Western Illinois, Alma, Butler, Valparaiso, St. Joseph's, Coe, Ball State, Gustavus Adolphus, Southern Illinois, Evansville, Bluffton.

If you can keep your head while those around you are losing theirs, you are probably the boss's son.

PEP MEALIFFE

Any one of five teams could win the bruising Big Ten struggle. Strength is well distributed, and sophomore material is rated the best in history, a paradox in the face of some coaches' claims that they are being outrecruited by the "free ride" schools. Financial aid can be given Western Conference athletes only on the basis of need.

Purdue's twenty-four returning lettermen played almost 70 per cent of the time last season, and Coach Jack Mollenkopf calls the backfield, paced by spirited line cracker Bob Jarus, "the best I've ever had." Defense-minded Wisconsin has a seasoned line, featuring mobile guard Jerry Stalcup, and a well-stocked backfield, led by pass interceptor and punt-return artist Dale Hackbart.

Among Ohio State's top holdovers are end Jim Houston and fullback Bob White, but there's so little experience at some line spots that sophomore backs have been shifted there. My dark horse is Michigan State, despite last season's poor three-five-one record. Dangerous runner Blanche Martin is back after a year's absence due to knee surgery, and Dean Look, shifted from halfback, could prove to be a quarterback whiz.

Northwestern's continued comeback depends upon its adept backfield duo, Ron Burton and Dick Thornton—and no injuries. Defending champion Iowa suffered unprecedented losses by ineligibility—quarterbacks Mitch Ogiego and Ed Trancygier, halfback Willie Fleming and end Al Miller; the resourceful Hawkeyes still can be potent if Wilburn Hollis develops as a passer. Illinois was jolted by star end Rich Kreitling's summer decision to join the Cleveland Browns, followed by the scholastic ineligibility of halfbacks Bernie Clay and Dick McDade;

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nevertheless there will be a supreme effort to make Coach Ray Eliot's last season a winning one before he retires to become assistant athletic director.

Surprising Indiana, winning the close ones last year, leans heavily on sophomores. Michigan, under new Coach Chalmers (Bump) Elliott, stresses speed in its change to the balanced-line wing T, a strange sight at Ann Arbor. Minnesota looks to a niftier backfield to improve its one-eight record.

Line problems plague Notre Dame, where eleven of last year's top hands are missing. If the defense jells, Red Mack's running, George Izo's passing and Monty Stickles' field goals could score enough points for new Coach Joe Kuharich's first team to equal Terry Brennan's six-four record. This would satisfy the university administration for one season, but hardly as a regular diet.

Of all the new coaches, Ed Doherty of Xavier (Cincinnati) got the latest start. He took over in late July, his first game is September thirteenth.

MIDWESTERN STARS: Linemen—Houston (e), Ohio State; Stickles (e), Notre Dame; Stalcup (g) and Heineke (t), Wisconsin; Merz (e), Iowa; Callahan (g), Michigan; Maltony (g), Purdue; Andreotti (c), Northwestern; Burrell (g), Illinois; Faison (e), Indiana; Cobb (g), Miami U.; Zimpfer (t), Bowling Green; Boeke (t), Heidelberg; Rutkowski (t), Ripon.

Backs—Jarus, Purdue; White, Ohio State; Jeter, Iowa; Hackbart, Wisconsin; Martin and Look, Michigan State; Izo and Mack, Notre Dame; Thornton and Burton, Northwestern; Smith, Indiana; Noskin, Michigan; Serieka, Xavier; Mestnik, Marquette; Maher, Detroit; Coleman, Western Michigan; Girbert, Miami U.; Mostardo, Kent State; Cooper, Muskingum; Lancaster, Wittenberg; Whipple, Wheaton; Stewart, Butler; Topping, Coe.

Sophomores—Ballman (b), Michigan State; Hollis (b), Iowa; Purdue (e), Ohio State; McGuire (b), Purdue; Schade (g), Wisconsin; Blackaby (b), Illinois; Stephens (b), Minnesota; Trainer (e), Indiana; Clark (b), Xavier; Andrie (e), Marquette; Lupori (e), Akron; Pietila (g), Otterbein; Smith (e), Toledo; Kwiatkowski (c), Bowling Green.

MISSOURI VALLEY

BIG EIGHT CHAMPION: Oklahoma.

RUNNER-UP: Missouri.

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Houston.

RUNNERS-UP: North Texas State, Cincinnati.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Oklahoma State, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa State, Kansas State, Tulsa, Wichita.

BEST OF REST: Drake, Bradley, Southeast Missouri, Missouri Mines, Pittsburg State, Washington U., North Dakota, South Dakota, Augustana, Kearney State.

Last year the Oklahoma Sooners found fun in defense, holding league opponents to a combined total of twenty points and allowing an average of only 4.9 per game throughout the season—best figure in the nation. This year Oklahoma has a new toy called the "isolation ward" offense, in which both ends and one halfback flank wide, with none of them going into the huddle. If this helps to beat Northwestern and Texas in early-season intersectional games, Oklahoma can take 'em all, including Army at Norman on November fourteenth. Prentice Gautt, first Negro to play under Bud Wilkinson, is rated a better all-round fullback than past O.U. heroes Leon Heath and Buck McPhail.

An invitation to the Orange Bowl awaits the Big Eight runner-up, Oklahoma being ineligible to return until next year. Missouri hopes to qualify on its stronger attack, engineered by tall quarterback Phil Snowden. Kansas packs power, too, but has no elusive runner. At Colorado, new Coach Everett (Sonny) Grandelius has installed the Michigan State-type offense, and possibly yearns for a safer defense against alumni than his fired predecessor, Dallas Ward. Transfers are prominent in Nebraska's plans. Iowa State's offense radiates from wiry tailback Dwight Nichols, twice the total-yardage leader in the Big Eight. Passing again is Kansas State's best chance to move the ball. Oklahoma State, with a young squad, looks forward to its first season of Big Eight participation in 1960, hoping it may become the first league member to beat Oklahoma since—imagine it—Kansas in 1946.

In the well-balanced Missouri Valley Conference, the 1958 champion, North Texas State, returns eight first-stringers, including versatile halfback Abner Haynes. However, Houston has more team speed and perhaps a more skillful runner in Claude King, abetted by hard-hitting fullbacks. Cincinnati's top assets are Jack Lee's passing and captain Jim Leo's end play. Wichita is toughening its defense, which gave up thirty touchdowns last season.

MISSOURI VALLEY STARS: Linemen—Lewis (t) and Davis (c), Oklahoma; Leo (e), Cincinnati; Magac (t) and LaRose (e), Missouri; Salerno (g), Colorado; Carrico (g), North Texas State; Van Der Heyden (t), Iowa State; Hitt (c), Oklahoma State; Colvin (t), Houston; Lakes (c), Wichita; Danenhauer (t), Pittsburg State; Coleman (t), Bradley; Schott (t), Southeast Missouri.

Backs—Gautt and Boyd, Oklahoma; Nichols, Iowa State; King, Houston; Snowden and West, Missouri; Weiss, Colorado; Lee, Cincinnati; Soergel, Oklahoma State; Dean, Wichita; Haynes, North Texas State; Keeling, Tulsa; Jarrett, North Dakota; Wheeler, Missouri Mines; Macke, Drake.

Sophomores—McClellan (b) and Milstead (g), Oklahoma; Weidner (b), Colorado; Martin (b), Nebraska; Mongeau (e), Iowa State; Kouneski (c) and Blaylock (b), Kansas State; McClinton (b), Kansas; Dillard (b), Oklahoma State; Kreider (b), Tulsa; Maddox (e), Wichita; Oblak (b), Cincinnati; Noble (g), North Dakota.

SOUTHWEST

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE CHAMPION: S.M.U.

RUNNERS-UP: Texas, Rice.

BEST OF REST: T.C.U., Arkansas, Texas A. & M., Baylor, Texas Tech.

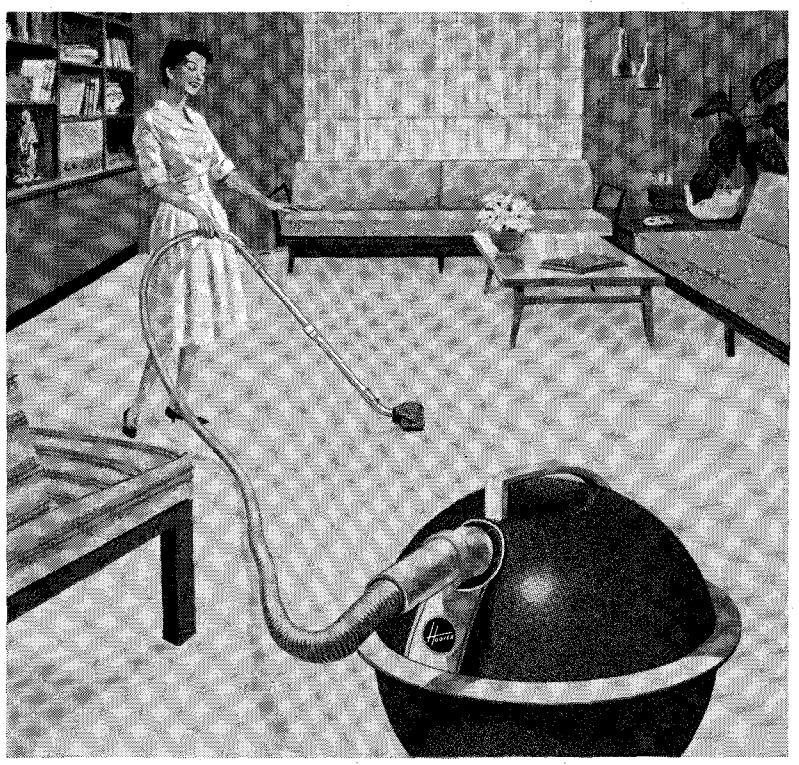
BORDER CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Hardin-Simmons.

Critical Situation

By S. Omar Barker

Few groups are more
boresome
Than a two-couple foursome
Engaging in neighborly
chatter,
When spouses (oh, brother!)
Correct one another
On little details that don't
matter.

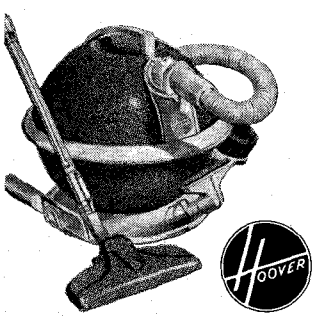
Saves you the hike back to the cleaner



First canister cleaner with the on-off switch on the handle

Now on the cleaner that walks on air—Hoover's new Under-the-Thumb Control. Saves you the hike back to the cleaner. You use your thumb to save your feet!

When the phone rings, or you want to move the furniture, it turns on and off right where you are, not way back at the cleaner. See the new Hoover Constellation with double-stretch hose, new low-silhouette nozzle, full horsepower motor and complete set of attachments. Easy budget terms available.



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RUNNERS-UP: Arizona State, New Mexico State, Texas Western, West Texas State, Arizona.

BEST OF REST: Trinity, Abilene Christian, East Texas State, Texas A. & I., McMurry, Austin, Arkansas Tech, Conway State, Arkansas A. & M., Southwest Texas State, Lamar Tech, Arkansas State, Flagstaff State, Stephen F. Austin, Sam Houston State, Prairie View, Southern U.

Southern Methodist hitches its wagon to Don Meredith, destined to be professional football's No. 1 draft choice. This dazzling thrower, surrounded by good runners and receivers, infuses the Mustangs with enough zip to outscore almost any rival on a given day. Gravest fear is injury. There's no adequate replacement for such a quarterback.

Fleet sophomores furnish Texas with the speed that Coach Darrell Royal has been pining for, and the return of Monte Lee after a year's absence bolsters the end position. If a good punter develops, the Longhorns could grab it all. Rice's starting line-up, all set despite the loss of outstanding ends Buddy Dial and Gene Jones, features one of football's top brother acts in Rufus and Boyd King, at guard and center. Another rarity is a sophomore good enough to be No. 1 fullback, slashing Roland Jackson.

Although defending champion Texas Christian retains twenty-nine of its first thirty-three players, including tackle mainstay Don Floyd, its defense may be impaired by the scholastic ineligibility of ace line-backer Sherrill Headrick. Ambitious Arkansas, a perennial S.W.C. "sleeper," will have scoring punch, particularly if electrifying runner Lance Alworth, its top sophomore, lives up to his advance label of "best in the school's history." Texas A. & M.'s single wing has expanded into a multiple offense, operated by ubiquitous senior quarterback Charley Milstead.

If light, inexperienced Baylor is to leave its two-year confinement in the league dungeon, a passer must be found to operate the "pro-type T" brought from the Baltimore Colts by new Coach John Bridgers. Texas Tech, which begins competition for the S.W.C. championship in 1960, has only seven upperclassmen among its first forty-four players, but one is its greatest center of all time, E. J. Holub.

Hardin-Simmons sticks to the air route charted by Coach Sammy Baugh in bidding for another Border Conference title. Its top pass grabber is Sammy Oates, a deaf mute. Chief contender Arizona State, under fire from the N.C.A.A. for alleged recruiting excesses, may be hard pushed by sophomore-loaded New Mexico State. At Arizona, light halfback Dave Hibbert, holder of the new collegiate record for passes caught—sixty-one—has been returned to quarterback.

SOUTHWEST STARS: Linemen—Floyd (t), T.C.U.; Holub (c), Texas Tech; Lee (e), Texas; R. King (g) and Miller (t), Rice; Christian (c), S.M.U.; Witcher (e), Baylor; Harris (c), Arkansas; Locklin (t), New Mexico State; Meyer (t), West Texas State; Mackey (e), East Texas State; Arant (t), Arkansas State; McLeod (e), Abilene Christian; Hornsby (g), Prairie View.

Backs—Meredith and Gregory, S.M.U.; Milstead, Texas A. & M.; Ramirez, Texas; Spikes, T.C.U.; Monroe, Arkansas; Bucek, Rice; Hibbert, Arizona; O'Brien, McMurry; Hedrick, West Texas State; Johnson, New Mexico State; Butler, Hardin-Simmons; Jones, Arizona State; Thomas, Southern U.

Sophomores—Alworth (b) and Fullerton (b), Arkansas; Oates (e) and Wharton (b), Hardin-Simmons; Reese (t), S.M.U.; Cotten (b), Collins (b) and Saxton (b), Texas; Jackson (b), Rice; Bull (b), Baylor; Street (e), Texas A. & M.; Furman (b), Texas Western; Gollareney (g), Trinity; Seals (b), Prairie View.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

No. 1 INDEPENDENT: Air Force Academy.

RUNNER-UP: Montana State.

SKYLINE EIGHT CHAMPION: Wyoming.

RUNNERS-UP: New Mexico, Brigham Young.

BEST OF REST: Utah, Colorado State U., Denver, Utah State, Montana.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONFERENCE: Colorado College, Colorado Mines, Idaho State, Colorado State, Western State, Adams State.

To fly as high as they did last year, the fabulous Falcons of the Air Force Academy must clear a midseason hump of four formidable foes—Oregon, U.C.L.A., Army and Missouri. Coach Ben Martin, who makes football a pleasant contrast to the daily cadet routine, has lost his four top tackles, but is well stocked with backs, including adroit passer Rich Mayo and field-goal kicker George Pupich.

Wyoming, defending Skyline Eight champion, brings back sixteen of its top twenty-two players, augmented by three promising transfers. New Mexico, which was the league's biggest surprise in 1958 with its ascent from fifth to second place, counts heavily on ace ball carrier Don Perkins. Both Brigham Young and Utah State have new coaches and new offenses.

Utah will be stronger defensively. Colorado State U.'s schedule is its toughest ever. Denver has quarterback worries. Montana's student body taxed itself an extra five dollars per quarter to raise money for football scholarships to help get the school off the bottom of the Skyline Conference.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STARS: Linemen—Bronson (g), Air Force Academy; Black (e), New Mexico; Kuczewski (g), Wyoming; Dennis (g), Brigham Young; Eifrid (c), Colorado State U.; Meglen (g), Utah State; Holland (c), Montana State; Tripp (t), Idaho State; Lands (e), Montana; Covey (t), Western State.

Backs—Perkins, New Mexico; Mayo, Air Force Academy; Walden, Wyoming; Perciavalle, Montana State; Wilson, Utah; Tesone, Colorado Mines.

Sophomores—Williams (c), Wyoming; Bobko (t), and Baucom (b), Air Force Academy; Scott (e), New Mexico; Zito (b), Utah; Reed (t), Colorado State U.; Olson (e), Utah State; Ramos (b), Montana.

PACIFIC COAST

BIG FIVE CHAMPION: Southern California.

RUNNERS-UP: California, U.C.L.A., Washington, Stanford.

No. 1 INDEPENDENT: Washington State.

RUNNERS-UP: Oregon State, Oregon, College of Pacific.

"Superior Laundry?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BEST OF REST: San Jose State, California Poly, Idaho, Fresno State, Santa Barbara, San Diego State, San Francisco State, Nevada, Humboldt State, Sacramento State, San Diego U., Whittier, Los Angeles State, Redlands, Occidental, Willamette.

The football map on the Pacific slopes has been redrawn. With the new Athletic Association of Western Universities—Big Five—now headed by highly regarded Tom Hamilton, former Navy player and coach and Pittsburgh athletic director, there may be expansion into a national, or "airplane" league. The Rose Bowl has allied with the new group, effective January 1, 1961. This season all members of the dissolved Pacific Coast Conference are eligible for the game at Pasadena except California, because it represented the P.C.C. last New Year's Day, and Southern California, because of N.C.A.A. probation.

Southern California's big, fast junior line, led by 230-pound Dan Ficca and the McKeever twins, Mike and Marlin, should open many holes for Trojan backs, who'll function best if oft-injured senior quarterback Willie Wood stays healthy. California retains thirteen of its top fourteen 1958 linemen and expects gifted Wayne Crow, shifted from halfback, to flourish as a split-T quarterback. U.C.L.A., faster than in many years, is bullish on tailback Bill Kilmer, but uncertain of its ends and tackles. Washington yearns for a top-grade pass receiver and a slippery runner. Reflecting on last season, when the longest Washington run was thirty-one yards, Coach Jim Owens said, "What we need is a 'lonesome halfback' who likes to get himself in the clear."

Washington State is well balanced offensively, with ends Gail Cogdill, holder of the N.C.A.A. one-game record for most yards gained on pass receptions—252—and Don Ellersick providing two exceptional targets. Oregon State lost key players and its first four games are away from home. Oregon's small forward wall jeopardizes its defensive record, best on the Coast the past six years.

College of Pacific's halfback Dick Bass and guard Carl Kammerer might make many All-American selections if they played more formidable opponents. Bass, the 1958 national leader in total offense with 1440 yards gained, covered more yards running with the ball—1361—than anyone else could gain throwing it. Kammerer last season was credited with twenty-one per cent of all the tackles made by College of Pacific.

Stanford rebuilds its line from tackle to tackle but brandishes a spectacular aerial weapon in Dick Norman's passes to tall, sure-handed maneuverer Chris Burford, end and captain. Idaho has an amazing pass defender in Jim Norton, who intercepted nine tosses last season and hauled the ball back 222 yards.

PACIFIC COAST STARS: Linemen—Ficca (t) and Marlin McKeever (e), Southern California; Burford (e), Stanford; Jones (c), California; Kammerer (g), College of Pacific; Kaohelaulii (t), Oregon State; Allen (g), Washington; R. Peterson (c), Oregon; Colchico (e), San Jose State; Baldwin (c), U.C.L.A.; Cogdill (e) and Ellersick (e), Washington State; Prestel (t), Idaho.

Backs—Bass, College of Pacific; Kilmer and R. Smith, U.C.L.A.; Norman, Stanford; Wood and Coia, Southern California; Crow, California; Stinnette, Oregon State; Lincoln, Washington State; McKeta, Washington; Sochor, San Francisco State; Norton, Idaho; Messer, Fresno State; Campbell, Whittier.

Sophomores—Cottle (c), Stanford; Willis (b), California; Shirk (g), U.C.L.A.; Coones (g) and Gaskill (b), Southern California; Overstreet (t), College of Pacific; Podesto (b), San Jose State; K. Peterson (e), Oregon; Carolan (e), Idaho.

My preratings of the top twenty teams and the players most likely to attain All-American recognition appear at the beginning of this article. Some individual selections:

LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Jim Houston, Ohio State.

BACK OF THE YEAR: Billy Cannon, L.S.U.

SOPHOMORE LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Chris Cottle, Stanford.

SOPHOMORE BACK OF THE YEAR: Roman Gabriel, North Carolina State.

Any football forecaster has to be an optimist, which reminds me of the University of South Carolina player who was taking a complete-the-sentence quiz under Coach Warren Giese. One question was, "If you don't score ——" The answer was supposed to be, "you can't win." However, this lad was a true positive thinker. He filled in the blank space with, "you might get a tie." THE END

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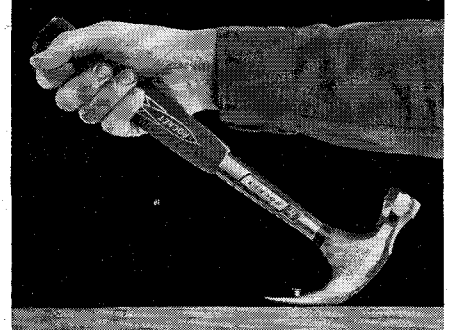
Head is permanently locked to tubular-steel handle. Grip won't slip, even when wet. Shake hands with a JET ROCKET at your hardware store today. True Temper, 1623 Euclid Ave., Cleveland 15, O.



Also see the ROCKET® at $5.25, with polished octagon head—the carpenters' favorite. ROCKET and JET ROCKET are excellent nail pullers.

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THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE RIGHT JOB

Keeping Posted

The Prophets Disagree

One day last spring, Dr. Spencer P. Thornton, a Nashville, Tennessee, surgeon, publicly placed in a bank vault a sealed prediction of the outcome of the Kentucky Derby. After the race his forecast was found to be absolutely accurate: "Tomy Lee in a photo finish over Sword Dancer with First Landing third." Just a happenstance? No. Thornton, who studies extrasensory perception as a hobby, has won nationwide attention as a forecaster of future events under rigid test conditions. Being human, he sometimes misses, but his win score is remarkable. All of which brings us to another Nashville forecaster about whom the same can be said—**Fred Russell,** compiler of the annual football preview on page 32. Fred, an analyst, not a clairvoyant, recently phoned us: "Doctor Thornton disagrees with some of my selections. Want to print his predictions?" Why not? The more, the merrier.

Russell has placed Oklahoma first in his Top Twenty teams and Louisiana State fifth; Thornton, "tempted to put L.S.U. first," makes it a strong second. Russell omits Baylor from his Top Twenty, while Thornton names Baylor fifteenth. Russell has Southern Cal. fifteenth; Thornton has it ninth. For a pinpoint prediction Thornton says North Carolina will beat Clemson, Atlantic Coast Conference defending champion, by two touchdowns in their vital opening game. These matters will be checked up after the gridiron wars end. Meanwhile Doctor Thornton, who is married, will have entered Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, planning to become a medical missionary to the Orient.

Soothsayers Russell and Thornton gaze into the mystic football.

New Kind of Adventure Book

Long before *The Post* introduced its highly regarded ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series on April 26, 1958, the men in that picture began seeking articles by some of the world's most creative thinkers. Now you see senior editor **Richard Thruelsen** and contributing editor **John Kobler** before a blackboard on which they keep a running "score" of the intellectual experiences you will enjoy in the future. This week on page 28: THE CONFLICT OF CULTURES by **C. P. Snow.**

Editors Thruelsen and Kobler in the intellectual-adventures office.

Thruelsen and Kobler have two gratifying pieces of news to report. One is that **Loren Eiseley,** whose article, AN EVOLUTIONIST LOOKS AT MODERN MAN, opened the MIND series and evoked an avalanche of reader reaction, last month was named provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Previously the internationally respected Doctor Eiseley was chairman of Penn's department of anthropology.

Since the MIND series got rolling, thousands of readers have requested publication in book form, and its editors are happy to announce that a selection of twenty-one of the stimulating articles will be published by Knopf on September twenty-first. Anticipating a heavy early sale, *The Post* has arranged a money-saving advance reservation price for the special friends of the series: $4.00 (plus postal and handling costs) for the regular edition, $5.00 for the de luxe volume. Mail your orders to *The Post*, specifying Box 1823, with a postmark dated no later than September twenty-first; but don't send money—a bill will come along with the book.

Our Unwary Cardplayer

On a recent evening, *Post* editor **Stewart Alsop** picked up the following eye-popping bridge hand: ♠ K J 9, ♥ A K Q, ♦ A K Q 4, ♣ A K Q. With no encouragement at all from his partner (Mrs. Alsop) Stew found himself bidding six no-trump. But his opponent on the left, Secretary of State Christian Herter, outbid him at seven spades. Alsop gleefully doubled. Herter redoubled. As you have already guessed, Herter made his bid, and Alsop, despite his fabulous cards, lost his shirt.

Says Alsop: "As the play continued, an indefinite premonition of doom began to overcome me, as my magnificent, my unbeatable, my incredible hand was eroded away into nothingness. As Herter cashed the thirteenth trick, I was perspiring even more freely than the temperature warranted."

When you see the other hands you realize how Alsop was had:

NORTH
(Paul Nitze)
♠ 8 5 4 3 2
♥ J 8 6 5
♦ 10 9 7 3
♣ ———

WEST
(Tish Alsop)
♠ ———
♥ 10 9 7 4 3 2
♦ J 8 6 5 2
♣ 6 5

EAST
(S. Alsop)
♠ K J 9
♥ A K Q
♦ A K Q 4
♣ A K Q

SOUTH
(C. Herter)
♠ A Q 10 7 6
♥ ———
♦ ———
♣ J 10 9 8 7 4 3 2

Herter had fixed the cards, of course, so that Alsop held the famous "Duke of Cumberland's hand."

"Chris Herter is a very polite bridge player," says Alsop. "By the luck of the draw he has often drawn me as his partner. It was soon agreed between us that at every session I should be allowed two mistakes—Alsop's Major Booboo and Alsop's Minor Booboo, as they are called by Herter. But I am pleased to record that Herter has always accepted both the major and minor booboos, as they ineluctably occurred, without so much as a sigh or a grimace."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Does it Help to Swap Visits With the Russians?"

Two international experts report their studied conclusion.

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